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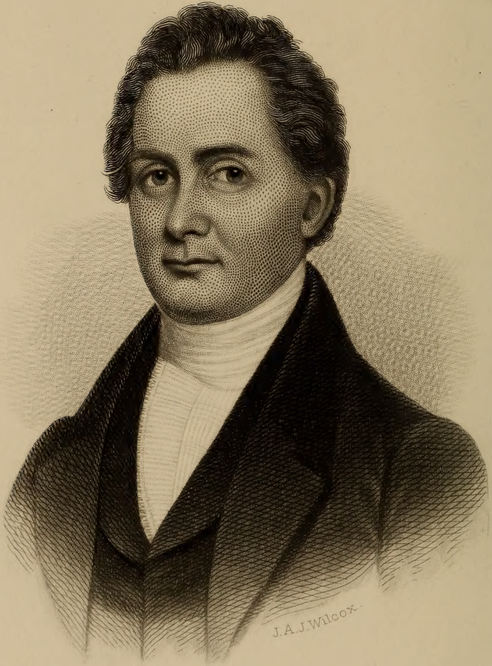
J. A. J. Wilcox.

MEMORIALS

OF

CHARLES STODDARD.

BY HIS DAUGHTER,

MARY STODDARD JOHNSON.

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TO

MY MOTHER,

MARY A. STODDARD,

This Volume is Dedicated,

WITH THE GRATEFUL LOVE OF

HER DAUGHTER.

PREFACE.

THE letters of Mr. Stoddard, which form the chief part of this volume, with various memories to serve as connecting links, are prepared for the public at the request of friends. These friends believe that the example of his life may prove a stimulus and encouragement to others, because like achievements are open to all. Its purity was its glory; its heroism was an unconquerable purpose to follow the truth, and obey God.

The interest of the memoir will not be found in marked events that attract attention, nor in violent contrasts of feeling such as distinguish the lives of some men. On the contrary, the days of my father's life move on quietly; while through each, like a golden thread of sunlight, runs a single, lofty purpose, illumining the whole. It is with diffidence that this work is undertaken, — a work which others might have much better performed.

Known as was my father's reluctance to publicity, I feel a peculiar satisfaction in finding among his letters one to a brother, written years ago, which contains a virtual sanction of this narrative of his deeds and words. The extract was in reference to the publication of a biography of a mutual friend. "I have been long," he writes, "in the habit of reading well-written biographies of good men; and think they are of excellent influence when well prepared, and where the character was truly excellent. How great and blessed has been the influence of the published memoir of Henry Martyn, of Brainerd, of Payson, and others! How many have been stirred, by reading such works, to a higher standard of Christian character and devotedness! A good man should wish to do good not only while he lives, but after he is gone, by the help of the printed page. And I should be willing that those who survive me should make such a disposition of my mental remains as they may think proper; and if any thing I have said or done, is by them thought to be useful to the cause of Christ, let them print it."

To those who have aided me in this undertaking, by furnishing letters, or by their counsel and sympathy, I return my thanks, trusting that any imperfections which appear in the manner of the work will not lessen its usefulness or its interest.

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MEMORIALS
OF
CHARLES STODDARD.

I.

CHILDHOOD AND EARLY YOUTH.

1802-1819.

THE early life of my father was passed in Northampton, Mass. He was born in June, 1802; the second of a family of seven children, six of them sons. He breathed from his birth that tonic atmosphere for which New England has been both praised and blamed. His father was a lawyer, of steadfast integrity; his mother, a stanch Pilgrim matron, who sought to promote in her sons a healthy physical development, who roused their mental powers by her sound sense and lively wit, and, above all, imbued them from infancy with a sense of personal responsibility.

His parents were aided in this training by the records and stimulus of an ancestry characterized by its peculiar devotion to the service of God; Solomon Stoddard the minister, and Jonathan Edwards the theologian and divine, being of the same stock. The scenery of the Connecticut Valley, no doubt, had its share in moulding the early habits of this quiet child, while he possessed from childhood a reverence which fitted him well to receive the training Nature gives to those who bend lovingly before the beauty and majesty of God's works.

The birds and trees all spoke to him; not only in their natural beauty, but as created by God, his Father in heaven. So early did his conscience awake, that, in later life, he said he remembered sitting under the trees in the garden at home, when five years old, and wishing that he were one of the birds, because they praised God; and he felt that he was not in harmony with them, and could not sing.

He attended school, and at home, in the long evenings of winter, either was reader, or listener to some history selected for family improvement. Boy-like, and tired with his school and play, he sometimes nodded over interesting pages; for which, in his first absence from home, he was disposed to blame himself, feeling that he had neglected some educational advantages.

But his home life was short. His elder brother was fitting for college; and it was deemed wise to prepare Charles for a business career. These years, however, were carefully improved for his moral training.

In later days he used to recall the quiet, solemn, yet earnest words of his mother, after the house was still, and all lights put out; when, in his room with him alone, she urged him to choose whom he would serve for life.

Such armor did they prepare for him in the home, while he remained in it; and, when he went forth, he was followed with earnest prayer and faithful love.

In Puritan families, they lived closely to the teaching of the Bible, as they understood it. My father's experience, although remote from Jewish times, himself not descended from Jewish stock, in a new country, and in the nineteenth century, recalls, in the opening of his life, those earlier forms and habits.

In 1814, at twelve years of age, he went to Portsmouth to reside with an uncle, then in business there.

From this time, his letters chiefly give the events and tone of his character.

He left home when twelve years of age, in September, 1814.

He says to his mother in his first letter home, "We rode in the stage ninety miles to Watertown, where we lodged, and next morning to Boston. I feasted my eyes with wonder from the top of the State House. We called on Uncle H—— and his wife, and found her sitting by herself knitting. I had a very pleasant ride, but I long to hear from you. We are all well here, which is a great blessing. I hope I shall live to see you again; but, if it is otherwise determined, I earnestly hope we shall all meet in another and better world."

In November he writes:—

"MY DEAR PARENTS,—I received your letter by the mail, dated Nov. 17, with the pleasure which it always gives me to hear from my dearest friends. I have been anxious, since I have been here, about the things of eternity; but I fear that I have never been sincere in crying for the pardon of my sins. It is in love to my soul that God thus spares me; and oh, how great will be my condemnation if I neglect so great salvation! The awful day is coming when I shall have to give an accurate account of all the thoughts, words, and actions that have ever entered my mind. Oh that I duly considered this! If I did, I am sure that I should live more as if God's eye was upon me. May God make me to love and serve Him; and, in the awful hour of death, put strength into my departing spirit, and receive me into his more immediate presence, in the heavenly world!

"Give my love to all my friends."

In December of the same year, he writes, showing how he loves his own home: —

"My dear Parents, — I have not heard from home since I received papa's letter by the mail, about three weeks since. I long to hear from you; for I feel the separation more than ever now, but am far from being discontented with my good uncle and aunt. I feel that my heart is like steel, and is not willing that Christ should reign over me. Tell Solomon there is nothing worth seeking for in this world, in comparison with religion. How much of my time have I wasted in following after vanity! May I be able to redeem that I have lost and misspent, by redoubled diligence! I often think of the time when I shall visit you; but if we never meet in this world of separation, oh, may we meet in heaven, to spend an eternity together, in celebrating the praises of redeeming love!"

The letters written when he was fourteen years old show that his soul was keenly awake to its needs, and that his attention, once fairly roused, would not be put off with any thing short of truth in himself. He thanks his mother for her kind instructions, and asks either her, or his father, to explain Isa. xxviii. 17: "Judgment will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet; and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding place." There is no indication of ill health, nor of dreary homesickness, at this period. The letters are written in a clear, careful hand, and are not unlike in character the handwriting of his later years. In a letter in March, 1816, he rejoices in the return of peace. "Oh, may we long enjoy this blessing! and may it hasten on the happy time when wars shall cease, and the kingdom of the Redeemer spread and flourish throughout the world! I believe that this was an unexpected interposition of Providence to my native land."

Again: "I have now been separated from my parents more than eight months; but there is not a day passes in which I do not think of you. Have I spent this time as I ought? I am studying English grammar, ciphering, the dictionary, writing, &c."

At this time he made a journey and visit home, returning to Boston, where he made it his future residence, broken only by a yearly visit to Northampton. Being more occupied with his daily business, he excuses himself for not writing often nor at length, and says: —

"Be assured that I often think of you, and my dearest friends at Northampton; nor shall I forget when I last parted from you. May I be able, if God will, to support you in your old age, and make you some returns for all your kindness to me in my infancy and ever since, though I know that I can never repay you! I stay at the store part of the evenings, and have part of the evenings to myself. I intend to read Rollin's 'Ancient History.' I am very well contented to live in Boston, considering the many advantages, which, if rightly improved, will turn to my benefit. And, if exposed to temptations here, I hope I shall be enabled to resist and overcome them."

The year 1816 opens with a warm greeting to his family at home, and an abstract of a sermon by Dr. Channing, whose ministry he attended during a number of years in the earlier part of his residence in Boston. Though but fourteen years old, he does not forget to send a "French doll to his sister," some "fruit to dear parents," and writes often and fondly.

"FEBRUARY 25.

"There are many things that ought to remind me that my soul is immortal, and that there is great need of securing its happiness. I was reading the other day in a book, and came across this passage: 'All things are serious around us. God is serious, Jesus Christ is serious, the Holy Spirit is serious, the world is serious; and it is very strange that man is not serious.' I am now reading Rollin's 'Ancient History,' and have got as far as the history of the Carthaginians. It is strange to see a people, so wise as the Egyptians in other matters, so ignorant of religion as to worship cats, crocodiles, and the like creatures. John G——, the apprentice in the store, has a brother who has just arrived from India, who gives a very melancholy account of the heathen. He says he has seen young females burnt alive at the death of their husbands, and many such horrors. He says he thinks the missionaries will return, for they do not see that they can do any good in India."

April 4, 1816, he writes: —

"Dear Mother, — I have long wished to hear from you, though I know that you cannot easily find time to write with your numerous family. I sometimes feel more, and sometimes less, impressed with the importance of a religious life. I have formed no intimate religious friends here, but there are a great many lectures and meetings here, which I frequently attend. I do not go out in the evenings, except to my uncle's, and relatives'. I mean to spend next Sabbath in Brookline with my aunt."

In answer to a letter telling of his mother's proposed visit to Boston, he says: —

"Dear Father, — I need not tell you my feelings on hearing that dear mother will come down here on a visit. You mentioned that I must not think too much of it; and I know that such creatures as we are cannot look into futurity, and see what may put an end to our prospects. I hope, that while others are learning, as you tell me, of Him who is meek and lowly, I may not be left to grow hard in sin. It must have been interesting to see so many testify what God has wrought, by joining his church. My letters are not so frequent as I could wish in the hurry of business."

In October, 1816, he speaks of his anxiety lest his mother should overtax herself in writing to him, and then says: —

"Mr. Channing, our minister, has been lately confined to his bed with sickness, and has also lost a child.

"He preached on Sabbath afternoon for the first time since, from these words: 'Acquaint now thyself with God, and be at peace.' His sermon was very affectionate and solemn. For my part, I could not keep my eyes and attention from him through the whole discourse. I trust that I feel that there is great danger in early life of contracting bad habits; but, if it is my sincere desire to be made wise unto salvation, it will not be denied me. It is, I earnestly hope, my supreme desire, that, as I grow in years, I may grow in the knowledge of God my Saviour. As I am forming a character for an endless eternity, it becomes me not to let a moment pass unimproved, but so to live as I shall wish I had done when I come to die.

"I could spend the evening in this exercise which I am fond of, writing to my dear parents, but will close with love to all friends, and kisses for my little sister."

In April, 1817, at fifteen years of age, he continues his affectionate correspondence with his parents: —

"Dear Father, — Opportunities to send to you of late have been very infrequent, and I can now find no one that is going; but, as I have a little leisure, I write you a few lines. I have bought a few oranges, which I am waiting for an opportunity to send you. I am still reading Rollin's 'Ancient History,' and have nearly finished the fifth volume. I am now reading the Life of Alexander the Great, the conqueror of the East. In the first part of his life he was an excellent king. But, after having subdued Tyre, he had no bounds to his ambition, vainly thinking every thing would bow to him; and was so foolish as to travel through sandy deserts, exposing his army to perish with heat and thirst, only that he might be called the 'Son of Jupiter Ammon,' causing sacrifices to be made to him as a god. But this may be in a measure accounted for, as he perhaps had never heard of the true God.

"Please distribute the oranges as you think fit.

"Give my love to all friends."

"April 29.

"My dear Mother, — As both this and the month of May are busy seasons with us, I do not think I shall be able to write very frequently till they are over. But be assured I do not forget any of you; for my home and my friends, to whom I am bound by many tender ties, are much in my thoughts while I am pursuing the ordinary business of life; and I hope I shall not forget the kind instructions you gave, but keep them in memory, and practise them in my life. I find it very hard to resist temptations; and my weak resolutions are soon broken, because I do not place enough confidence in the help of God. I earnestly hope I shall seek that better part, which can never be taken from me. I was sorry to hear that you had been unwell, and hope that you will not exert yourself in your family till you are well. I have often thought with regret, how much unnecessary trouble I used to give you; and, if all my brothers do the same, it is enough to make you ill; but I trust they do not.

"Our minister, Mr. Channing, has been a journey of a month; and on Sunday, after his return, he preached two sermons, in which I thought he tried to rouse his hearers' attention. He said 'that he was astonished, that, for the number of years which he had been settled among them, he saw so little fruit.'

"We expect to see the president to-morrow, when there will be a great parade. All the schoolboys in town, commanded by their respective masters, will form a procession. The boys will be dressed in blue coats and white pantaloons. I shall hope to hear from home before a great while."

The following is a reply of his mother, to a letter written at this time: —

"My dear Child, — I have not written for quite a while, because I have been visited with pain in my eyes. I thank you for your frequent letters: they are a source of happiness to your parents, as a proof of your affection, and an evidence that you improve your time. In some of your letters, you mention the trouble you caused in your early years; but you have no reason for bitter reflections on this account. Your errors were the follies of childhood, and did not originate in any perversity of temper. However it may appear to you on review, we acquit you of all intention to wound us by your conduct. Indeed, your natural propensities are amiable and benevolent. You have often been taught that neither the most estimable qualities of heart, nor the highest intellectual attainments, will ever constitute a good man; neither will they yield that peace which the heart craves, and which the humble believer enjoys.

"Let these considerations induce you to covet earnestly the best gifts. Though the acquisition of knowledge is desirable and delightful, yet the heavenly wisdom ought to be more highly prized and more diligently sought. I love to think that you are walking in the truth. May God in his infinite mercy enable you to run the Christian race! We anticipate a visit from you in the autumn.

"Your affectionate mother,
"S. S."

At this early period, only fifteen years of age, he had come to be much trusted in the business into which his uncle had introduced him. He was largely occupied during the day, and somewhat at evening. He, however, did not neglect his reading, which was accomplished late in the evening. He also joined a French class, for which he prepared himself with study, and took up the higher branches of mathematics with an efficient teacher.

In October he writes, "On Sunday last, during service, I felt a severe shock of an earthquake, which lasted about ten seconds. It appeared that the motion of the meeting-house was like that of a ship riding at anchor. It was singular that not more than one-half of the people in our boarding-house felt it. At the Old South Church, the building shook in such a manner that all the people ran from their seats, and the minister paused in his sermon, it being about twenty minutes past eleven, A.M. At Cambridge, it was so severe, and the people left the meeting-house so suddenly, that ladies were thrown down on the way out. The minister jumped over the side of the pulpit; and people who could not easily open their pew-doors tore them off their hinges.

"You recollect, when I was in Portsmouth, there was an earthquake. And, having felt the shock, I immediately knew that this which happened recently was one. There is in the feeling something which inspires awe and dread."

An extract from a letter written the last of October will close the letters for this year: —

"I do not think it is any great disadvantage to a young person to leave home early in life, provided he is placed in a situation where he will gain useful information, and something of a knowledge of the world. True, he will have to deny himself the enjoyments of the society of parents, brothers, and companions; be exposed to hardships which were unforeseen, as well as exposed to many temptations which it will be hard to resist without divine assistance: yet he has every encouragement to ask wisdom of God, who giveth liberally, and has a promise that 'those who seek him early shall find him.'"

During a part of 1817, he had written to his older and younger brothers. Indeed, from this time onward he interested himself in their welfare. In connection with his parents, he planned for the future of the boys, so far as he could be of use; letting them, to whatever extent they desired, lean upon him.

The letters which appear from time to time show how, from this period, he felt the responsibility of leading his brothers in the paths of wisdom in which he sought to walk.

His standard of duty was so high, that he did not feel, as his friends did, that he had already begun to subject his will and all his powers to the service of his God. He speaks of his aunt and uncle uniting with the church, and quotes Mr. Channing as saying, "It is easy to profess ourselves the disciples of the meek and lowly Jesus without being so in reality; and the great thing is to answer, in ourselves, to the profession we make." He concludes, "I have thought on this subject lately, but should not dare approach the table of the Lord unprepared; but I trust my desire is to know and do the will of God."

With such earnest views of life, and the sacredness of its obligations, it is not strange that the pastimes that would be amusement to many were tiresome and uninteresting to him.

I remember his relating with a genial smile, when fifty years old, his first visit as a boy at a circus. He wondered at the animals, and enjoyed the horses and riding; but when the clown appeared, and played his tricks, he was saddened, and, more inclined to cry than laugh, went home, convinced he could not find entertainment there. Those who have a remembrance of him when young say that he was not morbid nor gloomy, but was even then exhibiting the calmness and serenity that was so conspicuous in his ripened manhood.

While he was thinking, and improving his mind, he was forming accurate business habits. He made it his pleasure to do every thing well, and felt an honest pride in showing himself capable of the duties assigned him.

It was a satisfaction to him to do as his sense of right approved, and he was not afraid of hard work, as what he did abundantly testifies. These traits could not but inspire confidence in him in the minds of his employers, and the "Well done" of his own heart to encourage him.

His letters, during 1818 and 1819, when he was sixteen and seventeen years old, indicate the direction in which his character was developing.

In October, 1818, he wrote to his brother

W., as follows: "I have been wishing, almost ever since I saw you, to write you, as I thought perhaps you might like advice. Remember that the present part of your life is the most important of all, as you are now forming habits which will abide with you through life. If those of idleness, you will find it hard hereafter to keep yourself employed. Youth is a season for learning: therefore I advise you to improve, *not part*, but *all* your time, in a manner that you may reflect on it with pleasure. How important, being older, that you set your brothers a good example! Perhaps you will say that it is natural for a young person to be fond of play and amusement. To this I answer that it is natural, and should be permitted when the amusement leads to no bad consequences. Love play, but love your book more; and try, by attention, to understand and retain what you learn. Your parents have done much for you, and have a right to expect much in return. Thus I have put before you what you cannot but know is your duty. And I hope you will not impute what I have written to unworthy motives, because it springs from a love to you, and a desire for your happiness, and that of those around you. Will you write soon and often to your affectionate brother?"

To his parents he writes, June, 1818: "This day completes my sixteenth year; and I ask myself, how the time that God has given me has been employed? Examining myself by the command of God to love and serve him, I have abundant cause for repentance, and, in the language of the publican, to cry, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!'"

And again, Dec. 13, of the same year: —

"We are almost brought to the close of another year; and God's goodness to us all is apparent, not only in sparing our lives, but giving us friends; for 'without a friend the world is but a wilderness.' Most of all, the goodness of God is evident in continuing to us the means of grace, giving us reason to believe that 'he is slow to anger, and abundant in goodness.' I suppose every year, that increases our knowledge, increases our accountability. Therefore, if we do not live up to our knowledge, we wander grievously in the wrong way.

"I love you all most truly at home; and, having less business to occupy my thoughts, they are oftener turned on home and friends. It is a remarkable fact, that the followers of no faith are ashamed of their religion, except

Christians. The followers of Mahomet delight to avow their belief in that religion; and even the Indian of our forests, when he has been successful in hunting, stops, and in the open air returns thanks to the Great Spirit. The same may be said of the native of Hindostan, who, so far from being ashamed of his idol, counts it his glory to sacrifice his children, and even his life, to his religion. And yet how wonderful is it that Christians are ashamed to profess a religion which they know to be true, when their future happiness depends on following its plain requirements! It is easy enough to reason, but difficult to practise."

My father did not begin his life in Boston quite alone; for two brothers of his mother, besides the one with whom he was connected in business, resided in the city. A loved aunt, the wife of Rev. Dr. Pierce of Brookline, lived in that town. These relatives invited the favorite nephew often to their houses. With his uncle John Tappan, began, in early life, a tie of affection almost equal to that which exists between father and son, which continued, with mutual trust and sympathy, for sixty years, till the uncle, at an advanced age, went to his rest.

The cheerful temper of my father made him a cherished companion; his large charity for others and strict watch of himself make his letters, even at the age of seventeen, instructive. The paper, grown yellow with the many years, is written with perfectly formed characters. No erasure, no blot, spoils the neat page. This indicates the beginning of that habit of method and care which made it easy for him, in maturer life, to accomplish an extraordinary amount of work in a finished manner.

It is impossible to give all the letters; and many are omitted which are full of helpful plans for his brothers, or of commissions executed for his parents and friends, who found their wishes punctually and faithfully carried out by him.

One of his young brothers came to Boston in the year 1819, and was placed under the charge of my father, who felt in a measure toward him the responsibility of a parent. Concerning him he writes, "I have not been idle since L. has been here, but have taken him to see almost all the curiosities, natural and artificial, that this town affords." He also says, "I am attending a course of lectures by a Mr. Emerson, on astronomy, to which Uncle

J. gave me tickets. I have never studied astronomy before, and now feel surprised that I never had more curiosity about this science. I cannot walk out, a star-light evening, without gazing at these heavenly lamps, and do not take enough heed to my steps, for I frequently find myself in a puddle of water before I am aware of it. I think I have some idea of the order in which the planets move around the common centre of gravity. I am interested in all he says, and think this study, thus finding out the wondrous works of God, a most sublime one.

"Religion seems to be, in this place, rather a lifeless form than an operative principle. However, I was glad to see, about a month ago, a society formed, which, in this short time, has increased to more than three hundred. It is to consist of young men exclusively, and is to be auxiliary to the American Society for the Education of Young Men for the Ministry. I put my name down, and have had some success in obtaining members."

In March, 1819, he writes: —

"MY DEAR MOTHER, — I find that Boston is a busy place, and that the duties of my station demand almost my whole time during the day, and not infrequently in the evening. However, I am fond of work, and think the mind is better off when we are active. I have much to be grateful for, and am generally content and happy in my present situation. Particularly ought I to be grateful to uncle and aunt, for the kind manner in which they have treated me. Some things, however, are unpleasant to me. One is, that I do not like Mr. Channing so well as some other preachers. His sermons are indeed very excellent, and we should be much better people than we are, if we practised all that he advises; but still I think there are preachers from whom I might derive more spiritual advantage than from hearing him. I have often conversed with you on this subject, and have as often concluded that it was better to still continue to hear him, and have only written the above to show you how I felt on the subject."

After a visit home, in September, 1818, he writes: —

"MY DEAR PARENTS, — When I left you on Sunday evening, my feelings were such as I cannot describe, though I endeavored to suppress them. I had a desire to stay, and a wish to go, and though the latter was not the most prevalent feeling, still, knowing that I followed my duty in leaving, I was somewhat consoled. I felt that besides bidding my dearest friends farewell, I was quitting many religious privileges, which I trust I highly valued, which I could not here enjoy, and the deprivation of all these blessings at once caused some of the feelings of which I speak.

"After leaving you, although I 'went off in style,' I had a solitary ride to Belchertown, and an ample season for contemplation. The next morning at six after breakfast I started and rode alone to Framingham. At that place, a Boston gentleman joined me; and we took a chaise, and arrived at this place at half-past eight, P.M. You have doubtless heard of the calamity to the Old South Church, in the death of Rev. Mr. Huntington; it seems to have much affected the people here, particularly those belonging to his church and society.

"Remember me affectionately to all friends, grandparents, brothers, and sister; and kiss dear little David for one whom I trust he has not forgotten already."

The letters which he constantly wrote to absent brothers have some of them been destroyed; but their general drift can well be determined by those that are left.

In November, 1819, he writes: —

"Dear Brother W., — Since I left I have often thought of you all, but my thoughts have sometimes been confined to you alone. You will like to know why I was particularly mindful of you. It is because I felt that very much depended, in your future life, on the manner in which you spend your *present* time. I have been much at a loss to know how you would employ yourself the coming winter. Under these circumstances I received father's letter, which informed me that Uncle Phœnix had condescended to become your instructor; and now I wish you not only to feel gratitude for his kindness, but a sense of the advantages you may derive, if you rightly improve them. In Uncle you have united the care of an instructor with the feelings of a friend; and I cannot but hope that you will make such progress that he will not think his labor has been in vain.

"As I have told you, we copy from each

other, and this is peculiarly observable in children; what they see those older, whom they justly think know more, do, they are apt to copy, be it bad or good: so you will see the importance of behaving before them in an unexceptionable manner.

"We had a dreadful fire on Saturday evening; three very long rope-walks, with all their stock, burnt. Had it not been for the exertions of the citizens, the State Arsenal and buildings in the neighborhood must have been consumed. There is no doubt this is the work of a villain; but *who*, nobody can tell.

"I wish you would write me soon."

The same year he writes again: —

"Dear Brother W., — You know, I suppose, that this day is celebrated by many Christians, particularly those who hold the form of worship of the Established Church of England, as the birthday of our Saviour. People here are at a loss whether to set the day apart for religious services, so that some places of business are open, others shut. The latter is the case with ours, so I have concluded to spend a part of the day writing to you. You wish to ask my advice respecting an employment which you will probably pursue in future life; and though I feel entirely incompetent to advise you, yet I may suggest ideas which will not be familiar to you. It is an opinion that prevails among the unlearned, and frequently among those who consider themselves more enlightened, that a man's occupation decides his character; or, rather that a man should be looked upon and taken notice of according to the business or profession he pursues. Now I think this idea is false; for any employment which Providence assigns us, and which may be pursued honestly without interfering with things of a more important nature, is an honorable one, and worthy of our attention. We may make any employment pleasant, if we have but this one requisite, a contented mind, and without this the most elevated station and honorable calling will be tasteless and insipid.

" As a motive to this frame of mind, we should consider how much more we have than we really want, and how much more unhappy we might be than we are. Reflections like these will have a powerful tendency to make us contented in the lot which Heaven assigns us.

'Fixed to no spot is happiness sincere :
'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free;
And fled from others, "brother," dwells with thee.'

"I have often thought the business of a farmer gives present enjoyment, though I may be mistaken, for I have never made the experiment. There are so many mechanical occupations that I know not which I should prefer, and am therefore unfit to advise you on the subject, and father will probably have something in his own mind to suggest to you before spring."

In December, in writing to his parents, he says: —

"I dined at home, after hearing the celebrated Mr. Everett, who was, five years since, a minister at Brattle Square, and was afterwards chosen one of the professors at Cambridge. He has been to England and Germany for the completion of his education, and just returned home, and resumed his professorship. His appearance reminds me of engravings of English divines, and there was an expression in his countenance similar to that in Spencer's portrait. . . .

"I cannot think that I am deceiving myself in feeling that my attachment 'to things seen and temporal' is less than it once was, but I do know that it is not so fixed on things eternal as my duty and God's goodness to me demand.

"From the earliest period of my life, when my mind was capable of understanding any thing, you, my dear mother, taught me to

'Read and revere the sacred page;'

and though, at that time, I frequently considered this employment a task rather than a pleasure, yet I cannot but be grateful to you that I was made acquainted in childhood with those 'treasures of wisdom and knowledge,' which are able to make us wise unto salvation. I pray God that I may make them my daily study and the guide of my life.

"I spent Sabbath evening at Brookline, hearing sacred music, and nothing could afford me greater enjoyment. Not that I sing. I wish I did, but perhaps at some future time I may have a better voice. I might write much more, but will close with love, and assurance that a letter from you would much gratify

"YOUR AFFECTIONATE SON."

II.

CHARACTER UNFOLDED.

1820-1821.

THE letters of 1820 are numerous, and continue the narrative of my father's life from the age of eighteen years. From these letters selection is difficult.

There are numbers of letters advising with his parents about plans for the other children; their welfare and their success being very near to his heart. He takes an interest in public affairs, and has an opinion on important events, showing some thought concerning affairs of government.

The Puritan fast day at this time seems to have had much influence over the people of Boston; for my father writes April 6: —

"This is Fast Day; and here it is observed in a manner which reflects honor on the inhabitants. It is as still in the street as it is on the sabbath; and the churches are generally well filled. As a State and a nation I think we have abundant cause for humbling ourselves before that God whom we have deeply offended. The late decision of Congress on the subject of slavery plainly evinces that there is a radical difference in the feelings of the different States. The wrongs of the slaves cry to Heaven, and, I fear, ere long will draw down vengeance on our devoted country." With regard to a brother in Yale College, whose health had been delicate, he writes: "As he has a long vacation this summer, it might be convenient for him to visit Boston, at the time of Cambridge commencement. I shall be happy to see him, and do what I can for him."

Unfortunately the letters of my father to this brother in college have been lost. From a reply to one of them, however, we can infer the seriousness of his appeal, — an appeal from a younger to an older brother, on a subject he deemed all important. After alluding to his course of study and his health, he says to my father, "I must not fail to refer to your affectionate and faithful remarks on the subject of my prospects for another life. Would that I could answer to myself and to you, so as to give good ground to my friends for believing that I am an heir to a glorious immortality!

You hope that your prayers are heard. Cease not, then, to mention in them your affectionate brother."

These prayers were heard and answered in the decided Christian life of this beloved brother. Solomon, it may be added, was an enthusiast in study, and compiled with Mr. Andrews the Latin grammar connected with their names. The winter he was at work on the grammar, he was also a member of the Massachusetts legislature, and was with my father for the season. So engrossed was he in his study that even at night his brain was active. One night he waked those in a neighboring room with a spring from his bed, and a shout of joy, "I've found it, I've found it!" meaning a Latin root, that, in some process of unconscious cerebration, had been revealed to him, causing this delight.

These studies were, however, pursued under difficulties, as an injury received during his first year in college made his life a struggle with pain. This he manfully overcame in a large measure, and accomplished much for his age and generation. He was a professor in Middlebury College, and exerted a happy Christian influence over the young men under his charge.

The correspondence with his parents is resumed when my father rejoices in the coming spring of 1820:—

"I have had a glimpse of the spring in a visit to Brookline. I think I never saw the country in more delightful attire. The trees are loaded with blossoms, and the flowers with all their varying colors scattered over the fields and filling the air with most delicious fragrance awaken thoughts of the greatness of that Being who causes the springing of a blade of grass, and with equal care upholds and keeps in order the "dark terrestrial ball" on which it grows. In my intercourse with society I find little to keep alive a spiritual frame of mind. It is often asked, why it is that persons professing godliness are not more anxious to point out to others the path which leads to peace and happiness. I think the reason is obvious to those who know any thing of themselves. We are naturally diffident in speaking of a subject into the spirit of which others cannot enter, and a fear of intruding upon others is another reason why we suffer ourselves to be silent on affairs of so much moment. I have seen persons of a different cast. I have seen those who were continually talking with any one, no matter who, upon abstruse points in theology, with a confidence savoring of arrogance and party views. Now this class of persons I hold to be not a whit more useful to those with whom they hold intercourse, than those whose diffidence restrains them from expressing their opinion at all. I am rather inclined to think they injure the cause which they attempt to advance."

In October he writes to his father:—

"Selfishness, as well as 'public good,' would tend to make me regret that you were not chosen to the convention which is soon to assemble, as now I cannot hope to see you here unless you are called on important business. The choice of delegates is generally considered judicious, and you will observe that though Judge Parker is censured for expressing his opinion, and his sentiments reprobated, yet he is chosen a member of the convention. A single voice, to be sure, can effect but little; but, if a few members have the interests of the State at heart, their opinion will not be lightly condemned.

At the Old South Church they have a

candidate preaching from New Jersey, named Wisner, who, I understand, is largely approved of. I have gone to the 'Old South' generally since my last visit in Northampton, and think I shall continue to attend there in future.

"I have felt an uncommon solicitude in this revision of the Constitution [of Massachusetts] now going on, and contemplate the doings of the body in the light of something which may materially affect the happiness and prosperity of future generations. The venerable President Adams, I have not yet seen. His presence attracts so many people, that it is hardly possible to obtain admittance to the galleries of the State House.

"The 22d of December will be celebrated in Plymouth, in a splendid manner. Mr. Webster is appointed to deliver an address, and many people from this town will be present. The event which this anniversary commemorates is one which every New-Englander should look upon with deep interest; with feelings of joy, and gratitude to God, who has preserved to us those civil and religious privileges for the enjoyment of which our pious ancestors endured so many hardships with so much cheerfulness. One would not be apt to think the late proceedings of our convention had any tendency to prove how highly we prize the rights and blessings that cost the lives and comfort of so many individuals. I refer particularly to the 'Bill of Rights,' and the provision for the support of public worship. The proceedings are, as you say, tediously spun out.

"Give my love to all members of the family. Your frequent letters are a source of pleasure."

In the letter just given, he mentions to his father that he had "gone to the Old South" since he last wrote. He had been slow in making any change, and his relatives still continued under the ministry of Dr. Channing. The sermon that finally led him to feel that he perhaps could profit more elsewhere, was from the text, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked" (Jer. xvii. 9). The arguments adduced were those extenuating man's sin, rather disproving as he thought than enforcing the text. From his childhood his sense of the evil of sin seems to have been great, and in his latest years a sermon on this subject would stir his deepest feelings. The purity of holiness made sin abhorrent to him. I remember, as a child, if I showed timidity his remark was, "My dear, be afraid of nothing but sin."

In December, 1820, he writes to his brother W. a characteristic letter: —

"DEAR BROTHER W., — Since this week began, I have written to all the brothers: to L—— on a missionary subject; to J—— on the division of time into years, months, and weeks; to A—— a satire on our convention; to sister, to father and mother, and now to you. You will, I presume, be ready to conclude that my intellectual faculties are exhausted; but I do not feel any want, and have sufficient material, though not sufficient time, to make my letter tediously long.

"'What is worth doing at all is worth doing well.' Though many people say this, the cases are rare where it is acted up to. But it would be for your interest if you would be guided in your actions by some such rule as this, and resolve that whatever is worthy of being your pursuit at all, is worthy of being your chief concern while you attend to it. We often complain of the badness of our memories, and think we merit something for the confession. But the truth is, we make our memories poor by *inattention.* Did you never detect yourself, when reading a book which but little interested you, reading a whole page without remembering one word which you had perused? Your reading was mechanical. But suppose a letter was handed you which stated that a deceased relative had left you a thousand dollars: do you think you would read the letter, and not be able to tell what the contents were? I trow not. This habit of inattention prevents us from doing well what we begin, and is the cause why our memories are not more retentive. You have written twenty-two letters to me, and I should be glad to receive the twenty-third soon."

In writing again to the same brother, he speaks of an older brother, whose studies had been interrupted by headache, and want of vigor. He says, "If I were his physician, I should lay down certain rules, and expect him to practise them. My advice would be something like this: —

"1st, That he should purchase a stiff brush, and apply it every morning, *before sunrise* (after the sun is up will not answer), to every part of his body. I see him cringe at the *idea.* What would he do when he came to practise such a course?

"2d, As soon as the weather will admit he should make use of a shower-bath, situated not less than half a mile from his present residence, which bath should be taken before the sun appears above the horizon. He would then, I think, have some appetite for breakfast.

"3d, After eating breakfast he should adjourn to the woodhouse, and try the efficacy of the axe on some knotty logs; and, when tired with that, take a saw and apply it to a certain number of sticks, the number to be increased by one daily.

"4th, It would now be school-time, and I think he would not suffer so much from the confinement and wear of teaching. I would also recommend a walk, in the course of the day, of two or three miles.

"I find that seven hours' sleep is as much as I need; and, when I arise when I first wake, I feel brighter than if I waste time in getting thoroughly aroused. You perhaps recollect Dr. Franklin's anecdote, and the manner in which he proposed to save candles by using the morning, and deriving light from the Great Candle, which gives us light without any expense, rather than sleep away the hours after he shines, and use artificial light.

"I have been twice called out to do military duty this season. One of the times, I was out all day, marched out of town, and fired at a target. We are obliged to turn out here, or pay three dollars fine every year; and, as I cannot well afford to pay the sum, I generally prefer to appear."

To his father the same year (eighteen years of age), he says, "It was with pleasure I learned this morning that you were appointed clerk of the court in Hampshire County. I regret that you can no longer preside in the court of sessions, because the public will be deprived of your services. But this office is permanent and very desirable, and I am glad that the decision is made in your favor. I feel a deep interest in every thing conducive to the happiness of my parents; and it is a pleasant thing, while separated, that we can address our prayers to the same gracious Being from whom all blessings flow. Time will not permit me to express half I feel. Love to all."

Here follows a letter to his mother, written a year later, October, 1821. After his usual messages of affection, thoughtful aid in matters in which he could be of comfort or help, he writes minutely about himself.

"You are aware that the idea of making a profession of religion has for some time been uppermost in my mind, and that I have determined that it is my duty to join the visible church of Christ, and publicly enlist under his banner who is the Captain of my salvation. I have conversed with Mr. Wisner on the subject, and with my uncle, and obtained the approbation of both; to which I wish to add that of my dear parents before I engage in this solemn act, and publicly renounce the world and all dependence upon it, and conformity to its ways.

"I trust that I feel that it is a most solemn act by which a sinner professes, in the presence of angels and men, his faith in a Saviour; by which he renounces every other hope of salvation, and gives himself up to Christ, taking his yoke upon him, and trusting in his merits alone for justification, and adoption into the family of God.

"I ask an interest, my dear mother, in your prayers, that in the sincerity of my heart I may make this dedication. I have long been exercised with doubts respecting the reality of my religion; and if the promises were not complete in their extent, if my Saviour were not an almighty Saviour, I could have no hope, nor any ground of dependence. I can say with Newton, 'I should have been sometimes ready to have given up all hope, but for two texts: "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out;" and the apostle's assertion that "He is able to save to the uttermost."'

"By professing Christ before men, I am sensible that more circumspection in my whole conduct will be necessary, and, if I had only myself to trust to, I should have reason to fear that I should fail. But He who can be touched with all the infirmities of his disciples has invited me to trust in him; and I know, that, if I do commit my way unto him, he will direct my path."

After writing this, in another letter marked "Confidential," in which he refers to his religious experiences, he speaks of his public profession of religion. It is easy to see that he had come gradually to a firm and settled Christian faith, though the germ of this vital power seems to have been planted from his early years. When he came before the world as one who founded all his hopes in the cross of Christ, he writes: —

"In making this public profession of my faith, I experienced such a peace as I never felt before. The service of God seemed a reasonable service, and I was more than ever determined to press forward. Since that day, Nov. 18, 1821, I have been permitted twice to commemorate the dying love of our glorified Redeemer, and at both these seasons, I do believe I have been favored with his gracious presence.

"By making this profession, I have taken a decided stand, and, though I am but an obscure individual, yet, there being few of my standing who make such great professions, I shall be conspicuous. And, if all who name the name of Christ should be watchful, much more should I, if I would worthily walk in the fear of God.

"You will be desirous of knowing how I feel towards Mr. Wisner. I can assure you my greatest expectations are more than realized. I *love* the man."

The influence this pastor was able to exert on my father, and the warm Christian friendship, appeared often in the years in which they were associated. It may be interesting to quote a letter from his mother at this period, giving a hint of the sympathy with which his steps in the Christian course were always met. The paper is old and yellow; the ink so pale and faded that it is difficult to read, but the true mother's heart glows in the words, and warms anew our own hearts as we read.

"My dear Child, — I shall not attempt to portray the feelings the contents of your last letter excited. To that gracious Being who has drawn you, as I trust, with the cords of love to himself, the homage of my grateful heart is due for this renewed instance of his kindness to me.

"I have long indulged a hope that the Saviour's love had constrained you to be his, and that you had given up yourself to him in an everlasting covenant. By your resolve to make a public profession of religion, and unite yourself to his visible Church, the desire of my heart is fulfilled. To his care I commend you, who is able to keep you by his mighty power, through faith unto salvation.

"It is indeed 'a great thing to be a Christian,'

— a perpetual warfare; but we need not be dismayed, for our Captain is almighty. He will sustain us in every trial, enable us to surmount affliction, extricate us in perplexity, and secure us in danger. He is a very present help in trouble, a refuge for all who trust in him. It is delightful to me to think of the Saviour in his character of shepherd, extending his care to every individual of the flock, and permitting all to say, 'Hide me beneath thy spreading wings.' O Charles! I could write much on this subject, but am obliged abruptly to close."

The solemnity of this consecration was made more binding by a written covenant with his God, — a covenant known to no living person. It was found, after his death, in the pocket-book which he carried constantly with him on his person. He had made renewals of its vows once in every five years, as short notes in his handwriting show. It reads as follows: —

"Eternal and ever-blessed Jehovah, I desire to present myself before thee with the deepest humiliation of soul, sensible how unworthy such a sinful creature as I am is to appear before the holy majesty of heaven, and especially on such an occasion as this; even to enter into a covenant transaction with thee. But the scheme and plan is thine own. Thine infinite condescension hath offered it by thy Son; and thy grace hath, I trust, inclined my heart to accept it. I come, therefore, acknowledging myself to have been a great offender; smiting on my breast, and saying with the humble publican, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' I come invited by the name of thy Son, and wholly trusting in his perfect righteousness; entreating that for his sake thou wilt forgive my iniquity, and remember my sins no more. Receive, I beseech thee, thy revolted creature, who is now convinced of thy perfect right to him, and who desires nothing so much as that he may be thine. This day do I, with the utmost solemnity, surrender myself to thee. I renounce all my former lords that have had dominion over me, and I consecrate to thee all that I am and all that I have; the faculties of my mind, the members of my body, my time, my talents, and what little influence I may possess over others; to be all used entirely for thy glory, and resolutely employed in obedience to thy commands, as long as thou continuest me in life, with an ardent desire to continue thine through the endless ages of eternity. To thy direction also, I resign all that I am and have, to be disposed of by thee in such a manner as thou shalt, in thine infinite wisdom, judge most subservient to the purposes of thy glory. To thee I leave the management of all events, and pray thee ever to enable me to say, 'Not my will, but thine, be done,' rejoicing in thine unlimited government, as what ought to be the delight of the whole rational creation. Use me, O Lord, I beseech thee, as an instrument in thy service. Number me among thy peculiar people. Let me be washed in the blood of thy dear Son. Let me be clothed with his righteousness. Let me be sanctified by thy Holy Spirit. Transform me more and more into thine image. Impart to me, through Jesus Christ, all needful aids and influences of thy grace; and let my life be spent in the light of thy countenance, as my Father and my God: that thus I may 'grow in grace, and in the knowledge of God my Saviour,' and daily become more and more fit for thy immediate presence in thy kingdom above. And when the solemn hour of death arrives, wherever I am, and under whatever circumstances I may then be placed, may I remember this my dedication to thee as all my salvation and all my desire, though every other hope and enjoyment is perishing. Look down with pity on thy dying child; embrace me in thy everlasting arms; put strength and confidence into my departing spirit; and receive it into the abodes of them who sleep in Jesus, to wait the accomplishment of thy great promise to all thy children, even that of a glorious resurrection, and of eternal happiness in thy heavenly kingdom."

The profession thus made was a sincere one; and from this date, although my father kept no journal, thoughts are from time to time put down on Sabbath days for his future help and warning.

He made out a list of maxims to help him avoid temptations to which he felt himself exposed. Some of them are:—

1st, "Do not make older Christians your standard. Only the Master is worthy of following."

2d, "Desire only such amusements as those on which you can ask God's blessing."

3d, "Do not make a mistake about your temper, as some religious people do, who think they need not apply religion to control their temper."

4th, "Do not think yourself better than others: a black person, if a Christian, is your brother." "Wherewith shall a young man cleanse his way but by taking heed thereto?"

"I am setting out," he wrote in one of his Sabbath meditations, "on the career of life, and like others, too prone to conclude from the calm sunshine which surrounds me, that the clouds will never obscure the light and the tempest never rise around me; that I shall always steer clear of the rocks and shoals on which many have made shipwreck. Perhaps I think my virtue established, and that it will never be destroyed. I now shudder, perhaps, at the thought of committing wickedness, and am ready to say with Hazael, 'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?' All young persons have formed at some time resolutions of living above the common mass of mankind, but, making these resolutions trusting in themselves, they have often become ruined for a time, if not forever, by the temptations of the world. Perhaps the reason that so many youth are misled is that they lack experience. St. Paul calls the Christian life a warfare; and the follower of Jesus finds that he must wage war with his natural inclinations, resisting flatteries, and the evil dispositions of his own heart. Oh, may not the world's allurements entice my feet from the narrow paths of virtue! and, while I am professing to seek for immortality, oh may I not pursue earthly pleasures, but lay up treasures in heaven, for then I shall be truly rich!"

In speaking of Cowper, he says, "As a writer of poetry he is my favorite. The appropriateness and delicacy of his language, and the purity and variety of his subject, make his poems delightful. I have committed much to memory, and repeated it again and again without diminution of pleasure." Remembrance brings vividly the hours when, sitting by his side, I have felt the sympathetic glow of pleasure as my father repeated loved passages from the "Task," the "Sofa," the description of the "Walk to Emmaus," and other selections from these poems. It may be imagined that the view my father held of life and its duties was so serious, that he was severe and stern. That he was not so, all who knew him will assert. He could enjoy "John Gilpin" with all his heart. Indeed, he himself had an inexhaustible fountain of humor which bubbled over in daily life, but which was made to keep its own place. His cheerful Christian faith too lent a charm to his manners, while his loving genial disposition made him carry about with him a hidden spring of joy that could but inspire one in his presence even while so young a man. This is an important and marked period in his life. His purpose was single from this time, his faith was settled, and his hope steady; his path, a light "shining brighter and brighter to the perfect day." He made it his constant habit from this time to note the text, and often the heads, of the sermons he heard. Sometimes quite full abstracts are given. He also showed greater interest in the Sabbath school.

I have received, from a friend with whom he was associated in Sabbath-school work, a number of letters written by my father, who kept up his interest after that friend left the city, in which he gives his personal experience as teacher, and afterwards as superintendent. The first letter is written at this period. Referring to young people's meetings for prayer, he dwells on the strength, in any good purpose, which comes from habit; and, applying it to this subject, he says, "I presume that the first time any person (however pious) attempts, in the company of others, to lead in devotion, his feelings are exceedingly tried. Some find this duty more easy than others, but I believe all find it difficult at first. *Practice*, you *know*, soon enables a person who professes devotional feelings to have his thoughts collected, and his heart elevated in this duty." In another written shortly after, he says, "The present state of Christian society, it seems to me, differs materially from any former state; inasmuch as there has never been a time, since the days of the apostles, when it was more necessary than now for all who have espoused the cause of Immanuel, and openly professed his name, to act in a bold, courageous, and decided manner, without reference to the opinions of the world, endeavoring to promote his glory and the good of men, not merely by lending their pecuniary assistance, but their influence and personal exertions, by making sacrifices, and rejoicing, if called to do so, to suffer shame for the name of Jesus. And, though the broad line of distinction is clearly marked between the children of God and the men of the world, yet how many, who make the highest professions, live conformed to the world! Our engagements, when we enlisted under our Captain, demand a different course; for we ought so to manifest the spirit of our divine Master in our life, that strangers may be constrained to take knowledge of us, that we have been with Jesus. I am fully aware that it is easier to find fault with one's self than actually to pursue the right course; but never shall we regret any service or sacrifice for Christ, and never will such service lose its reward."

In the postscript to this letter, he sends to his friend living in Virginia a commission: "If it is not asking too much, will you send to my care some excellent '*Old Virginia*'? Do not be alarmed, I never took a smoke of tobacco, and never shall, such is my dislike to the article. But all do not think alike, and it is for some one else I want this."

My father never pointed the way where he was not willing to follow. When he wrote about "suffering shame for the name of Christ," they were not idle words. I have heard him tell how, in the days of his early Sabbath-school work, — a teacher in the Fort Hill School, — he took his large class of unkempt boys to the Old South meeting-house, there were acquaintances, and even relatives, who frowned on him. Others, of less kindly disposition, showed a more marked hostility by sneering words. They were indignant that "those ragged fellows should take room on the walk." Some would even elbow him from the pavement. When he told these facts, no hostile feeling was manifest towards any one associated with the incidents of these early times, but he was contrasting Sabbath-school work in 1820 with the same thing in 1860. He kept no regular diary, but wrote occasionally, as on fast days, birthdays, and anniversary days, some confessions and resolutions for future help in his life. The last day of the year was one of solemn revision of its preceding days, and joyful thanks for its mercies. One of his expressions which I find is, "What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits? Ah! a grateful heart is all that he requires; gratitude manifested by devotedness to his service. And shall I not render this? By his grace *I will.*"

He usually carried with him a verse, selected in the morning, to his place of business, to dwell upon in his unoccupied moments. This was written out to be a guide and strength to him in his daily duties, and he sought to live up to his knowledge of duty. Confucius tells his disciples, that "Heaven is principle." If the heathen sage had learned this truth, how surely would the peace of heaven come to him who regulated his life according to the principles of the gospel of Christ! He was economical with his small earnings, not from love of saving, but to have something to give away, thus practising habitual self-denial.

About this time, he drew up the following resolutions: —

1. Resolved, To give myself, my all to the glory of God.

2. Resolved, To make the good of my fellow-men my great object of pursuit.

3. Resolved, To think of nothing that will unfit me for communion with God.

4. Resolved, To do nothing on which I cannot ask God's blessing.

5. Resolved, To read nothing to myself which I would not read before any one.

6. Resolved, to seek happiness from pure and holy sources.

7. Resolved, To endeavor to realize the presence of God particularly when tempted.

8. Resolved, To persevere in the service I have entered upon even unto death.

9. Resolved, That I will be in earnest, at the throne of grace, to ascertain what my duty is, and when I know it, I will go on

and perform it, no matter what my inclinations may be.

10. Resolved, To call to mind, at the close of every day, my conduct and conversation, and mourn at the remembrance of my sins, and be more resolute to overcome them.

11. Resolved, To realize my dependence on God, and be more earnest to obtain grace to run in the way of God's commandments.

12. Resolved, To begin an exterminating war with my besetting sin, *Pride*, and never give over the conflict till it is subdued.

The year 1822 closes the frequent interchange of letters with his parents at home, though occasional letters still connect their lives. His parents made visits to the city, at various times, when Charles showed them an affectionate and considerate attention very grateful to them. In his short vacations he went home, keeping his memories of his native valley green, in spite of the dust and din of the city. Later letters were written amid the responsibilities of business, but these were shorter, and more connected with family affairs at home. From them some extracts will be given, as also, occasionally, a portion of a letter from his Virginia friend.

With these letters forwarded to me from Washington, came a note from the gentleman to whom they had been written, expressing a warm, tender love for my father, and gratitude for his influence and example. This friend said, "he had read them through, as sacred treasures, two or three times a year, and parted with them with regret, with the hope that they might help some one else as they had strengthened him in his long life, now drawing quietly but surely to its close."

The principle of growth, sure evidence as it is of a Christian life, was strikingly illustrated in Mr. S.; not only by his Sabbath-school work, but also by that interest in the enterprise of missions, which was developed so broadly in his later life. The following letter to his parents, written in 1821, will be read with interest in this connection.

"My dear Parents,—It would do you good to attend the monthly concerts in our town. Last evening we had very interesting communications from the Sandwich Islands, which contained much encouragement. Letters were read, also, from Baron de Campagne, from a gentleman in Liverpool, from missionaries among the Cherokees, Choctaws, and Osages. By hearing their statements, we cannot but acknowledge the work is of God, and our affections are warmed. I have mentioned the Sabbath school to you, and am glad to say that my interest in this work increases. I am sometimes disappointed in the results I reach with my pupils, but I adopt the maxim of a certain good man, 'Do your duty, and leave the result with God.' The children I instruct are a key by which I can reach the families and not unfrequently the hearts of the parents. You can imagine the children are quite different, who attend in a city, from those whom one teaches in a country Sabbath school, where not a few of the parents are deplorably wicked, and frequently oppose their going to the Sabbath school. The parents see the interest taken in their children, and this wins their hearts and makes labor for them more effectual. I have many duties besides this, and I sometimes go home from business at night so thoroughly tired, that I am merely, for a time, a mechanical creature, and find it difficult to bring my mind to any subject. I am called from one person to another, from one duty to another, till I am weary. Judge what a sweet respite the

Sabbath is after the toils and cares of the week, and how I hail its approach. The rest which this season affords to weary limbs is great, but the repose to the mind is more important. I have been well all the past winter, have had much enjoyment, and regret that it will so soon terminate.

"With filial affection,
"C. S."

With his brothers he keeps up a close correspondence, and the letters are full of wise advice, sympathy, and suggestions to spur them on in the future of their lives. To one of them he writes about this time: —

"Dear W., — My time is all in requisition, and the employment of my leisure hours is various. All the time I have to write is taken from my sleep, and what I can get before breakfast in the morning. It is my custom to spend the time from ten till eleven, at night, in letter-writing. You will think the number of my correspondents is great, and you are not far from the truth. I am sometimes disposed to envy you the situation in which you are placed, for the facility it gives you to read. Depend upon it, if reading were made a regular business, and you did not involuntarily engage in it, though you might have books about you, you would read very little. My own reading, situated as I am among others, is very much interrupted, and I feel the need of abstraction to chain down my attention to the precise employment in which I am engaged. When you write, let all your letters be worth something; this you can make them if you choose. In business, situated as we are, though in different places, you and I are called to the performance of many duties from which our pride revolts. Sometimes we become angry to think we are burdened with this and that, which others have no right to lay upon us. I want to ask you if the exercise of such thoughts regarding your employment ever tended to impart cheerfulness to your mind, or support to your heart? Were you ever happier for being angry, or harboring ill-will to another? Never! and you never will be. Anger is more fatal to our own peace than to that of the individual against whom it is directed. Now since we both are exposed to temptations of this kind, we absolutely need the spirit of Christ to enable us to obtain the victory. We must be Christians, or endure much misery which arises from ourselves, in our passage through this world, and our foolish and wicked desires. I speak of religion to you often in my letters, for you need all its consolations and its hopes. They are not imaginary, nor does piety consist in certain *feelings* of the soul. It is a steady light, a 'sunshine of the soul,' arising from conscious rectitude. You will observe, in reading the Book of Psalms, that David often appeals to God for the sincerity of his heart. Why? Because that he felt, though often led astray, yet that his real desires and determined purposes were to serve God. Dwell, in your meditations, rather on the privileges than the hardships of your lot, and may peace be yours!

"Let me assure you of the unchanging love of your brother

"CHARLES."

"DEAR W., — I have much to write in reply to your last letter. I fully agree with you that man cannot decide who is, and who is *not*, a sincere walker with God. It is the prerogative of God alone to look at the heart, and as long as outward conformity is observed, we have no right to suppose the service is heartless. That charity which 'hopeth all things,' if in exercise, will lead to the most favorable construction of the action of others, and an humble Christian will be far from starting the thought, that though his neighbor's conduct was right, yet his motives were wrong. Should I notice in any man such a disposition as led him to speak of the failings of good men, while their good qualities were kept out of sight, instead of lowering the man he would defame, he would turn my attention towards himself, and sink in the same proportion as he intended his neighbor should. It is our wisdom to study human nature to benefit ourselves, but a greater mark of wisdom is the careful study of one's self. And if we begin this difficult and laborious work with the determination to persevere, we shall find enough employment on hand, without speculating on the characters of others.

> 'Knowledge dwells
> In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
> Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own.'

"Write soon, and not wait for something new to tell.

"Your affectionate brother,

"C. S."

The poetry with which the letter closes, I have often heard my father quote. He was strongly averse to the hostile criticism of others, and invariably upheld the good points of a character thus assailed; or, if he were unacquainted with the person, remained silent, with a pained expression of countenance. In connection with this dislike of hearing the characters of people canvassed in an unfriendly way, I remember his once silencing us, saying mildly but firmly, "I wish you to talk of things or events, not persons." He made the gospel standard of Christian love his principle of life, and grew thus in beauty, as well as strength of character.

Following this letter in the order of time, are a number of other letters, almost amounting to a volume, on banking, keeping accounts, and other business matters, showing not only rare maturity of mind, but a thoughtful interest in the character and success of that brother, for a youth only nineteen years old.

To his parents, in December of the same year, I find he gives expression anew to his sense of gratitude to them, alluded to in various ways during the whole course of his correspondence. He writes: —

"Dear Mother, — The year is drawing to a close, and my thoughts are fixed upon home and upon you. I love to recall those pleasing yet painful scenes of childhood which endear my home and my parents to my heart. When I attempt to converse with my Sunday-school children, and remember with what tender, earnest, and persevering constancy you used to lead me to think of my soul, my mouth is filled with arguments. I think how strong, how permanent the impression made on my mind by you, when you sought my bedside in the silence of the evening, and endeavored with all the eloquence which a fond mother can command, to point my mind to Jesus of Nazareth. These impressions never have been, never will be effaced; I would mention this as an encouragement to the use of such means. Perhaps you then thought that the slight effect produced would soon be forgotten, but the influence will last to eternity, and have much to do with my future condition.

"It is Saturday afternoon; and, if I ever feel in a contemplative mood, it is at the close of the week. Perhaps this feeling is partially owing to the manner in which I was taught to regard Saturday evening. I remember the stillness which prevailed after the sun went down, and the labors of the week were ended. I know that my being brought up in this manner has exerted a powerful influence upon my conduct to this very day. I used to think the restraints thrown upon me were very great, and the Sabbath itself was often a tedious day, but at the same time I reverenced the Sabbath. I was saying that the return of this evening brings solemnity to my mind; I find it an appropriate season for self-examination and prayer as a preparation for the Sabbath; and, as I enter upon the duties of the Sabbath prepared or unprepared, in the same proportion do I enjoy the day more or less. I hope that I have not wearied you, for I would avoid egotism.

"With warm affection,

"Your Son.

"CHARLES STODDARD."

A letter from his mother will appropriately close this period, marked as it was by his early absence from home, his singular maturity of character, and deep sense of personal responsibility: —

"It is a long time, my dear Charles, since I have written you, and were you not well assured a mother's love can never languish, you might perhaps think that you were less cherished in my affections than formerly. I need not tell you how memory delights to dwell on scenes that are past, — some interesting passages you have read to me, some pleasant conversation as we rambled over hill and dale; and particularly, when the sacred rest of the Sabbath commenced on Saturday evening, I recall the serene expression of your countenance, as if you were glad of that

'Holy day to mortals given,
To guide our souls the way to heaven.'

"The sweet recollection of the Sabbaths we have enjoyed together is a solace during absence, and helps us in looking forward to an eternal Sabbath in the presence of our Redeemer. Fancy often, at other times, wafts me to you, and presents you fervent in spirit, filling up life with usefulness and duty. When the cares of the day are past, and I can call the hours my own, my thoughts turn to my absent children, while I supplicate the Father of mercies to bestow upon them his choicest blessings. The return of the spring claims afresh our gratitude. Goodness and mercy are still extended to me.

and it is my desire to praise the Lord for his goodness. We are beginning to enjoy the sweets of this returning spring. The earth is arrayed in her verdant mantle, and the opening blossoms on the trees promise a rich variety of fruit. How grateful is the return of this season! but more cheering the favor of God to the mourning soul, when he lifts up the light of his countenance upon one who hungereth and thirsteth after righteousness, and says, 'Go in peace: thy sins are forgiven.' I hope you are still feeling the favor of God. It affords me much pleasure to visit your nursery and flower-garden. Many of your trees are in a flourishing state, some of your flowers in blossom. When I look on your violets, they seem to meet my view with an aspect so cheerful and serene, I cannot but indulge the hope that they are emblems of the state of your mind. The Supreme Court is sitting, and your father consequently busy. Will you convey my love to all my dear relatives in Boston. With fond love for yourself,

"From your affectionate mother,

"SARAH STODDARD."

III.

HIS SABBATH-SCHOOL WORK.—ITS JOY AND ITS RESULTS.

1821-1831.

THE next ten years formed an important and active part of my father's life. He was a resident of Boston, a member of a large circle of relatives, was forming systematic business habits, and fitting himself for more important positions in mercantile affairs. He was also a member of the Old South Church, and had identified himself with its Sabbath school as a teacher. Yet he was still a private man, in a comparatively narrow sphere. No brilliant opening offered him wealth or fame. In those days, even as now, the rush for money was eager, and its acquisition greeted with exaggerated praise. The strife for distinction was felt, although in a less degree. And the quiet virtues of my father's life were scarcely recognized by the multitude. Yet in what really constitutes life, that which takes hold on eternity, had not his daily walk a quiet power which fame could not exalt, nor gold enhance?

If this type of manhood could be multiplied, might we not look forward with more hope for our nation, and the world, in the coming generations?

The changes in his outward life were not striking, nor were his inward experiences wonderful. The "grain of mustard-seed" had taken root, and was growing into a tree of righteousness, whose fruit came also in its season.

Just in this respect the life of my father seems full of encouragement. He acted up to his convictions of duty, and knowledge of the way of life was the result. He obeyed the command to separate himself for the service of the Lord, and great peace came. He used his talents so consecrated, and growth in holiness was his reward. He was twice blessed, — blessed in receiving, with a trustful, loving spirit, the gift of God, — and blessed in giving to others from the fulness of his own spiritual life. His letters are the best index of what he was, and on them I depend for the drawing and the development of his character. To the friend who had left Boston to live in Washington, and who had been connected with him in Sabbath-school work, he wrote with some regularity: —

"My dear Friend, — You are a superintendent in a Sabbath school, and are, no doubt, sensible of the importance and responsibility of the office. Placing the future weight of glory entirely out of the question, I think the Sunday-school teacher would find sufficient motive to activity and zeal in the self-satisfaction inseparable from benevolent efforts, but we should be guided by a higher motive than self-love.

"I have felt as if it were possible, after all the zeal which I thought I felt for the Sabbath-school children, that a selfish motive alone was the cause of it. O my friend! when we can feel assured that 'the love of Christ constraineth us,' then we shall be happy. It requires courage to walk in the steps of the divine Master, because the spirit by which he was actuated is opposite to the spirit of the world. 'If we will live godly in Christ Jesus, we shall suffer persecution' in one form or another, and I have thought, in my own case, that perhaps one reason why I did not meet with more persecution was, I manifested so little of the Christian spirit. You and I have an influence, if we are discreet and prudent. Every man has some influence, and I have observed that that man had the most, and consequently the greatest opportunity for doing good, who possessed decision of character, who acted, not from the impulse of the moment, but from a stern and inflexible regard to principle. The young men with whom you were associated, desire with me an affectionate remembrance. This letter was written in haste: so I beg pardon for its faults. Pray for us."

In another, in 1823, he says: —

"I have done with vain excuses; they are always out of place, but especially when urged as a reason for not fulfilling the duties of a faithful correspondent. Yet the cause has not been want of attachment to my friend. The world has kept me busy, demanded my attention. Last week, our church held a fast. It was a most interesting season. Since then, I have seen your friend Dr. Rice. I hope he will be able to awaken an interest among our people, and induce them to contribute to your seminary.

"Our prayer-meetings continue much as when you left.

"I was glad to learn of your happy marriage. I do not doubt that the marriage state, where kindred hearts are united, is productive of pure and elevated enjoyment unknown to those who live single. But my time is so occupied with Sabbath school, religious societies, and conducting an extensive business, that I have as yet neglected the duty (if duty it be).

"Your retrospect of the past few years of your life is a sample of the varied experience of thousands. In infinite wisdom God has seen fit to secure us all against permanent enjoyment on earth, by sending sickness, severering tender ties, or disappointing our hopes. This is a state of trial; and, if we had nothing to ruffle our feelings, how could we develop the graces of patience and resignation? If we had no temptation to pride, how should we learn humility? It is an humbling thought, that we so rarely allow ourselves to be *led* to God, but must so often be *driven* by his judgments.

"I have often thought, if we are so happy as to obtain a seat on the heights of Zion, we shall look back upon these periods as the brightest spots in our lives, as they called forth graces which would never have existed if it had not been for the trials Providence sent upon us.

"As to the morals of the city of Washington, I should judge, from public information, that though there are many good people there, still it is an immoral place, certainly during the winter, when a large number of unprincipled men are collected there.

"When will the time come when the best recommendation possible for a candidate for office will be the character of a consistent Christian? Certainly we cannot expect such a result till the children, by Christian teaching, have learned the true art of government,—that of governing themselves. I do feel deeply interested in Sabbath schools. I would fain hope that the time is not far distant when all our Western population shall be supplied with them.

"These schools have a decided advantage over every other means, as the truth can be brought before every child in the nation who can be induced to attend them, and at the age when the mind is most susceptible to good impressions. Moreover, it costs but little. Other means of doing good are expensive, and it costs much labor to collect the necessary funds, but where hearts beat that glow with divine love, and wherever children can be found, there Sabbath schools can be established.

"This is a subject on which I delight to dwell, for, if there is one branch of benevolence to which I feel peculiarly desirous of devoting myself, it is the Sabbath school.

"I am always glad to hear from you. Your friend in the best of bonds."

In his labors in this department, he was untiring. In the book of "notes," to which allusion has been made, he thus speaks of his feelings of responsibility in this work: —

"I feel a deep interest in the Sabbath school committed to my charge. I love tenderly the children who belong to it, and desire their salvation; I hope I am enabled to pray for it with some degree of fervor. I love to visit the children at their homes. I feel as if this work would be my employment as long as I live."

There were seasons of great interest at different times in his school, and many will look upon those hours at the Fort Hill Sabbath school, as the beginning of a holier and better life. He planned with much thought how to interest the different classes. He prepared picture-cards with appropriate verses and questions, long before this our day, which so teems with its brilliant "Rewards of Merit."

The little leaflet given on the opposite page will suggest the care and thought he bestowed in behalf of the young, though the execution seems to us so rude.

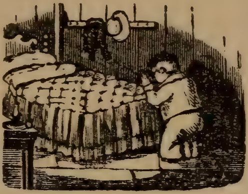
The following is the testimony of a teacher who was for years an efficient helper in the Fort Hill work: —

"Two sessions were held each Sabbath throughout the year. No suspension of the school in the summer, or excursion into the country, was then thought necessary. Most of the year we assembled at half-past eight, A.M., the first thirty minutes being devoted to prayer for God's blessing on our labors. At one o'clock, P.M., we met again.

"Teachers were required to visit their scholars once a month; absentees *always* the ensuing week. As many came from alleys in and around Broad Street, the duty was not always pleasant, yet it was done cheerfully and promptly.

"Some of the children did not attend any church. The superintendent said if they would go with him, they should be taken care of. They did so, and occupied the upper gallery in Old South; the teachers who wor-

ELECTION DAY, 1828.



"LORD teach us to pray."

Brothers and sisters hand in hand,
Our lips together move,
Then smile upon this little band,
And join our hearts in love.

Select for your Companions those only who fear an oath, for ALL THESE ARE THINGS WHICH I HATE, SAITH THE LORD. — Zech. viii. 17.

Those only who speak the truth, for LYING LIPS ARE AN ABOMINATION TO THE LORD. — Proverbs xii. 22.

Those only who obey their parents, for TO OBEY IS BETTER THAN SACRIFICE. — 1 Sam. xv. 22.

Those only who fear the Lord, for THE FEAR OF THE LORD IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM. — Proverbs i. 7.

☞ HE THAT WALKETH WITH WISE MEN SHALL BE WISE; BUT A COMPANION OF FOOLS SHALL BE DESTROYED. — Proverbs xiii. 20.

FORT HILL SABBATH SCHOOL,
BOSTON, MAY 28, 1828.

shipped there sitting with them in turn, and the superintendent also.

"A teachers' meeting was held regularly once a fortnight to study the lesson for the two succeeding Sabbaths. *Every* teacher was expected to be present, having previously studied the lesson, and *committed* to *memory* the Bible references.

"The second Monday evening in the month was observed as a concert of prayer for the school. Each meeting was full of interest, and *always* well attended.

"This not being a *parish* school, many adults as well as children of other denominations came in, and were benefited by its teachings. It was indeed a privilege to be connected with it. No drones could remain in it all must work; yet our devoted superintendent imposed no burden on his teachers that he was not ready and willing to share."

My father used to have Sunday text-books, gifts for those who learned the Bible well, and words of kindness and encouragement to speak to those that needed them.

His Sabbath school-work was continued till his death. Indeed, in the commentary he was studying with his Bible-class, remains the written preparation for the Sabbath on which he was kept at home by illness. It comprises a long list of interesting questions. The next Sabbath he had joined the company of those patriarchs and prophets of whom he thought so much. In fact, he had read so much and entered so entirely into their spirit, that he spoke of them as friends, as familiarly as of friends of to-day. He was faithful personally to each member of the class under his care, appointing times for them to come and talk with him, inviting them to tea, making his house a place of friendly resort for them. He sought them also at their places of residence, and instances are not wanting of those who have come to me with tender memories of his faithfulness to them when younger, in their homes.

From one of the Fort Hill scholars, now advanced in life, I have received a letter written to her by my father, long, loving, and personal. The note which accompanied it was as follows: —

"I enclose this letter, written to me when I was a little girl. I was very much pleased to receive it, I recollect, and it had great influence with me, as (being a minister's daughter) few considered it needful to speak to me on religious subjects. We children were very fond of Mr. Stoddard, and always tried to be early at Sabbath school, as we were sure of a little pleasant chat with him before the rest of the scholars or teachers came. However early we were there, we were seldom in advance of him. Removing from Boston as we did before the time of the enclosed letter (1831), I had only seen Mr. Stoddard twice since, once at a Yale commencement, and last at the meeting of 'American Board' in Brooklyn. Yet I felt, when his death was announced, that I had lost a personal friend."

The following is the letter that she enclosed: —

"Dear M., — When I have expressed to you my strong desire that you would devote yourself to the service of your Redeemer in the days of your youth, you have probably not doubted but such were the real feelings of my heart. I know not how much solicitude a parent feels for the early conversion of his child, because I have never sustained the relation, but I think I can conceive of it in some degree. And sure I am that none other than a parent can claim to feel more interest than I do for the dear scholars who are associated at Fort Hill. Among them all your case is prominent, and seeing you are for the present far removed from the reach of my voice, you will permit me, in a familiar manner, as if we were seated together, to engage your reflections and your attention for a little time.

"I would say then, dear Mary, I cannot consider your case a *very hopeful one*, nor do I think the prospect of your ultimate conversion to God as a thing to be confidently expected, unless you are induced speedily to yield up your heart to the sweet influence of the truth. Do you ask my reason? It is found in the fact that you are the child of pious parents, who have not only consecrated you to God, but who have not ceased to point out to you your duty, and your obligation to give your heart to the Saviour. When the claims of the Lord Jesus to the warm affections of your heart are made, it is no new thing. You have often had them presented before. You know your duty, and the motives which should prompt to an immediate performance are probably distinctly apprehended. Your conscience is, in a considerable degree, enlightened: so that you are in circumstances not unlike to those of the servant who 'knew his lord's will, and did it not; and who, consequently, was found worthy to be beaten with many stripes.' Now to remain at all, even for a little period, without exercising contrition for your sins, repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, betokens a hardness of heart which, to human view, is far removed from God and hope. Perhaps I do wrong to say I consider any case hopeless, or one case more hopeful than another, because God has taught me that he can change the hardest heart, and bring to himself those who seemed the most unwilling to come. Two or three of our Sabbath scholars, of whom I had the least hope, I now have reason to believe have given themselves to the Saviour. Several of the scholars in our school are at present anxious about their souls, and a number, as I fondly hope, have entered in at the strait gate, and begun to walk in the narrow way.

"But to return to the remarks on the preceding page. I want you should not rest in the prayers of your parents, nor in the fact that you have had a religious education, and have been prevented from the follies of other young people. I want to tear away from you every refuge, and, in kindness to your soul, urge you with plainness to lose no time in preparing for eternity. You are probably not unfavorably situated, in the retirement of the country, for serious reflection and meditation. Think, then, how long you have dared to live in sin, a pensioner on the bounty of Him whose service you are unwilling to engage in, but who is still willing to blot out your transgressions, if you truly repent of them. Think of the love, oh think of the love of that Redeemer, who by the sufferings of the cross, has opened a way for your salvation! Think how many times you have grieved away the blessed Spirit, who if cherished would convert your soul to God. There will be a period when that blessed Spirit shall no more strive with sinners. When alone, if you will engage your thoughts on these interesting subjects, methinks you cannot but feel yourself a lost sinner in need of mercy. Probably if I should ask you the question, how much you are willing to do for your salvation, you would reply, "Any thing that would secure a blessed result." Something like this would be your answer if the Spirit was striving with you, as I fondly hope will be the case when this letter is received.

"God requires that heart of yours. Has he not a right to it? Can you refuse his claim? Will you? Remember that to defer is to refuse, and that if you are not ready to-day to repent and believe in the Saviour, you have no reason to think you ever will be ready. I want to urge you to a final decision of the great question, *as soon as you have finished reading this letter.* I want you should solemnly and before God resolve that you will choose him for your portion, Christ for your master, holiness for your way, and heaven for your final home. Perish, if at all, at the feet of Jesus, crying for mercy. Once, in conversation with you, I alluded to the fact that you are the oldest child, to whom your brother and sisters naturally look for an example. Set them an example such as in a dying hour you would wish them to imitate. Give your own heart to the Saviour, and then take them by the hand, and lead them to Christ.

"I have been to-day to visit a girl of about your age who has for several weeks been laid on a bed of sickness, and for the most part exercised with severe and protracted pain. But she has a hope in the Redeemer, firm and unshaken. She says she has no desire to live unless the Lord has something for her to do. She almost dreads to get well, lest she should be less engaged in the service of Christ than she now feels it her duty to be. You would be struck with the sight of her placid countenance and heavenly expression. She thinks of Him whom her soul loveth, and she pants after him, and longs to be with him. Yet she is surrounded by few of the comforts of this world. Her widowed mother is poor and almost penniless, but rich in faith herself, and rich in having such a child. I need not say that this interesting girl did not put off the subject of her salvation till she was taken sick. For nearly a year she has found Christ precious to her soul. I have also seen this afternoon an aged Christian, drawing near to eternity, but triumphing in her Redeemer, and praising the Lord for his mercy in all the circumstances of her sickness. If you would possess these supports and consolations when most you will need them, make Christ your friend. And may I not hope that you will without delay, while the Spirit draws, and the first admonitions of conscience are felt, which the perusal of the letter may excite, — that you will open your heart to the influence of this blessed agent, that he may renew you, and make you an humble child of God?

"I make no apology for the freedom and plainness with which I have written; and with an affectionate remembrance to your brother and your sisters, and earnest prayers for your conversion, I remain

"Your Sabbath-school friend,
"CHARLES STODDARD."

His Sunday-school scholars are all over the world. Once, when travelling in Europe, he was accosted by an official of customs, in crossing the English Channel, who passed the luggage at once, saying, "Mark those trunks," and turning to my father said, "You, perhaps, do not recognize me. But I was one of the scholars at Fort Hill Sunday school when you were superintendent, and I needn't ask if you have any spirits, or tobacco, or any thing else to be examined."

Another scholar has sent me a book of questions written out, the answers to which were to be sought from the Bible. She writes: —

"I do not think Mr. Stoddard knew the love and reverence I always had for him. When a little child, I almost worshipped him. He seemed like a guiding star. I thought not of God, but, if Mr. Stoddard approved, it was the height of my ambition."

His interest in this scholar continued for years; indeed she has told me his influence would continue as long as she lived.

But why enumerate the examples? Though many details of rich results might be given, the record and revelation are not to be read here, but are reserved for the day of award that awaits us all at the end of our earthly course.

Men have advanced the theory, that a sound once started on the waves of air goes on in ever-widening vibrations, through ages and to distant worlds.

This may be the fancy of a poet's dream, but we know that loving words, spoken for Christ's sake, are not lost. Their echo will reach the infinite throne, and bring blessed commendation from the lips of Him to whom all men shall bow, — "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

The enthusiasm and steady love which he felt for this work grew with his labor. He has told me that his interest at that time led him to over-task his strength. Indeed, events proved this to be true, for he was obliged to resign all business and other duties, and be absent in search of health for many months during the succeeding two years, from an over-strain of mind and body. Always actively employed in business during the week, when the *rest*, so often alluded to with grateful love in his early letters, was not found on the Sabbath, he could not keep his health. Six hours were given to this Sabbath work of teaching. He sat also with the scholars in church, taking the responsibility of their behavior there, as well as in his class.

When he returned in due time invigorated, he took charge of a Bible-class of young men, meeting them on Sabbath mornings. This he never gave up till he died. He prepared for it by a lesson, studied before breakfast on every morning of the week, in his "oratory." A room so called was set apart for my father's use in the house. It was small, sunny, with bright carpet and many books; and here, after going to the Giver of light and knowledge, and enjoying communion with him as friend with friend, would he take his Word, and find the richness of wisdom in its pages. He wrote out a list of questions, some very quaint ones among them. He made remote countries and men of far-distant ages real to those whom he taught, dwelling on and making luminous the principles of their lives, and the lesson of those lives for us. He sometimes spoke of *Mr*. Abraham and Mr. Isaac, as if they were living men. He had from time to time many young men under his influence; some growing up to become ministers, some missionaries, others taking classes, following in his steps, and, according to his advice, becoming givers, not receivers only. These formed a steady column marching on to fill up the ranks of those who became citizens, or important members in Church and State. All of them would give testimony to his personal influence.

Several, indeed, have sent me some account of the impressions they had received. One, a consistent, active Christian, writes, "My first acquaintance with Mr. Stoddard was at his Bible-class, on Sunday morning. The fulness and care with which his lessons were prepared showed great study, though he never liked any argument that cast a shadow of doubt on the inspiration of the Bible. Often he introduced some amusing incident or comical remark to illustrate the lesson. To young men away from home, with only a boarding-house to live in, his house was always open, and a hearty welcome ready, on week-days or Sundays, to any one who chose to accept his frequent invitations. I well remember how cordial he always was even when I first knew him, and how pleasantly he recognized me on the street, when I was comparatively a stranger in the city, and it was a great thing for me to be noticed by a man in his position. His interest in missions was shown among his young men as everywhere else; and on New Year's Day we were all presented with a copy of 'The Missionary Herald,' and told that it would continue to come to us during the year, and he hoped we should all read it, and become interested in the work that was so dear to him.

"The influence he exerted over the young men in his Bible-class will not be wholly known in this life. I once had occasion to call at his office, and found he had gone to the weekly meeting at the Missionary House. He was alone in the committee-room, as the hour had not come for the meeting. After doing my errand, he showed me the interesting books and articles about the room, and expressed a hope that I should take an interest in the great work of missions; 'for,' said he, 'we can't expect to serve many years longer, and it is to the young men we must look to carry on this work.'

From another, who enjoyed these morning studies in the Bible with my father, and who was also acquainted with his daily life through a business connection, I have received the following testimony. He who writes bears in his own life the fruits of a Christian faith and zeal.

"For eight years it was my privilege to see Mr. Stoddard daily. He was one of the saintliest men I ever knew; uniformly ready by word and deed, under all circumstances, to illustrate the gospel he so loved and so well expressed. Never shall I forget his quaint illustrations of Scripture truth. In the Bible-class, he once asked the writer if he knew the value of corner-lots in Tyre? Supposing them to be valueless, I answered accordingly. His next query was, 'If Boston forgets God, breaks his Sabbaths, dishonors his sanctuary, how long will it be before corner-lots here will be a drug in the market?' and added, that the commercial value of religion had not been properly estimated.

"On another occasion, speaking of Christian giving, I remember his reading a passage from the

Old Testament, where the crooked, lame, &c., were not to be offered to God in sacrifice. He remarked that when the contribution-box was passed on the Sabbath, for some benevolent object, he had known persons who would hunt their pockets for a crooked sixpence, but he hoped his young men would never do such a thing. I have seen him when sorrow filled his heart. Especially do I remember the morning when he received a telegram announcing the death of a grandson. An expression of intense sorrow passed over his face, and he retired immediately. After a half-hour of communion with God, he returned to the counting-room, a calm filling his soul, his face *radiant* with the peace of God that passeth understanding. Near the close of his life, referring to sleepless nights which he sometimes experienced, he remarked that he had adopted the Psalmist's plan to meditate on God in the night watches; he related his experience, to the effect that in the stillness of the night he had enjoyed some of the sweetest moments of communion with God he had ever known, particularly referring to the Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm as being the sentiment of his soul's utterances on these occasions. But a few days before his death, he remarked to the writer, that the book of God so charmed him, he had little time to devote to other reading; it was so positive in its teachings, directing the soul to a sure resting-place, and containing all the ethics a man need know to insure success in this world, and a blissful immortality in the world to come."

An example of how he made right the test of action, and the law of God the rule of life, is given in the following incident, which was also a lesson for the young men of his Bible-class. On a Sunday morning, one of the young men, when he came, handed him a sermon-case, which had the name of Theodore Parker on the cover.

When the class was assembled, my father said, "Young gentlemen, I have a case of casuistry for you to determine this morning. I hold in my hand Theodore Parker's sermon for this day. It is entitled, 'The pretended Messiah, and the actual Jesus;' and is from this text, 'Is not this the carpenter's son?'

"The young man who found it thinks that the sermon should not be given up to Mr. Parker, because its teachings will throw doubt on the divinity of the blessed Saviour. What do you think?" Each member of the class was asked, and different views expressed. After all had spoken, my father said, "There is but one thing to do, and that is, to restore the property to its owner. God will take care of the honor of his Son, and see that his word, however preached, shall redound to his glory."

The sermon was returned, and preached in the Music Hall that morning.

One year he sent to young friends, whom he thought might be interested to come to his class, a note of invitation, which I transcribe.

BOSTON, Oct. 16, 1869.

DEAR SIR, — I respectfully and affectionately invite you to attend a young men's Bible-class, at Old South Chapel, Freeman Place, lower room, on the morning of each Sabbath, at nine o'clock, beginning Sabbath, Oct. 17.

The subject for the present season is, "The Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ," as unfolded in the four Gospels.

Very truly yours,
CHARLES STODDARD.

TO MR.

Rev. Dr. Means of Dorchester, an "Old South" scholar of my father, has kindly furnished the following reminiscences of his acquaintance with him in the relation of teacher and pupil: —

"Very pleasant are the recollections of those who were members of Deacon Stoddard's Bible-class. For many years we met in a corner of the chapel in Spring Lane, where two long settees were filled by young men drawn, not only from the Old South, but other societies.

"The teacher always met his class with a smile. Evidently the Sabbath was to him a delight, and the study of the Bible a most congenial work. When the skies were bright, he was especially glad; and his frequent salutation was, 'Another pleasant Sabbath morning, gentlemen.' The hearts of the young quickly responded, and in a genial mood the service commenced. One or two of the class, I remember to have been decidedly prejudiced against personal religion; but even they confessed that piety in him was attractive.

"Then his class were all made to feel that he himself had studied the Scripture thoroughly. In my day he used no question-book, but brought, on long strips of paper, questions, references, and remarks, carefully prepared, apt, pithy, comprehensive. Often there was a playfulness in his tone. He liked to speak of 'Mr. Abraham,' and 'Mrs. Jezebel,' and of the 'gentlemen and ladies' of the Bible. He was unusually familiar with the Old Testament, and delighted to describe its sublime scenes.

"In all his teachings he gave the impression of a sincere belief. No one could fail to see how implicitly he rested on the declarations and promises of God's word; how his own life was shaped and supported by them. When objections were urged, — and young men like to bring them up, — he met them squarely and positively.

"Yet there was no dogmatism in his spirit. He always listened courteously to his clsss, ready to interchange thought, and so secured both their confidence and affection.

"Faithful also were his efforts to cultivate beneficence, especially to awaken an interest in missions. To him this work was the noblest of Christian enterprises. Tracts bearing upon the subject were often put into our hands, and he stimulated our generosity in weekly offering, by himself doubling whatever we gave. I fear our liberality did not tax him very severely, but, none the less, he showed his spirit.

"As regards the highest ultimate aim, that of leading his scholars to Christ, I do not remember that he dealt much in exhortations or direct personal appeals; but certainly the whole pressure of his influence was in this direction, and was felt to be so. He himself illustrated and commended a religious life, showed in every word his sense of its paramount importance, and, when one opened the heart to him, I have good reason to know how sympathetic, wise, and tender his counsel was.

"As I think of the hours passed under his instruction, I am led to call him a model teacher, and count my having been a member of his class among the higher blessings of my life. "J. H. M."

IV.

PERSONAL RELIGIOUS ACTIVITY.

1831-1836.

IN 1826, when his brother David was but seven years old, he opened a correspondence with him, which never ceased till David, from a missionary field of labor, was called to a heavenly home. There are no scales in which to weigh the influence which the small beginnings of this affectionate correspondence may have exerted in moulding that brother to the work for which his talents and piety so fitted him. Following these letters, — which are a little pushed on beyond their place in time, — are several letters relating to home and family events, as well as items of his personal history.

In 1826 he writes the following letter to his brother David, who was then seven years old: —

"I have received two letters from you written by an *amanuensis.*

"I suspect you will not know the meaning of that word without looking at the dictionary. I hope that you will this winter learn the letters used in numerals, as, L for fifty. Also learn stops, so that you can not only tell how long you should pause when reading, but be able to describe them. I mention these things to you, as when I was in Northampton last I found you ignorant of these subjects, and I recollected that the poorest children in this city, by the time they are seven years old, can answer all the questions in the little book I send with this letter.

"I notice by your letter that you study geography and Latin grammar, which is all very well, to be sure; but I think a thorough knowledge of these *first principles* is more important for a boy of your age, than more difficult subjects.

"Correct spelling is more important than good writing; and when you grow up you will appear much better if you always spell correctly though your handwriting is poor, than you would with bad spelling though written with a hand equal to copperplate.

"Always be a good boy. Never say *won't*. Be careful always to keep your temper. Never get angry at trifles.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE BROTHER."

To the same a little later:—

"Dear Brother David,—I have bought you some marbles as I promised, and shall send them in a few days. When I was of your age, I remember I used to be fond of playing marbles, and other sports such as you engage in; nor do I wonder that you love to spend your leisure hours in this manner. My great desire is, that, while you love your play well, you should love your Bible better, and find more enjoyment in reading it, and learning it by heart, than in any amusement. You have often heard the story of the sufferings and death of our Lord Jesus Christ. Why do you not try to please him to whom you owe every blessing? I am sure you can give no good reason for not doing so. You are as old as Josiah was when he was made king over Israel; and yet though he was exalted so high, and had so many to wait upon him, he did not forget the Lord God of his fathers, but 'did that which was right in the sight of the Lord.' You might commit some of this story to memory."

To his brother W—— he writes at this time:

"I do not apprehend that our parents will regret that Brother J—— did not go to college.

In my own view, it matters little what a man's occupation is, so long as it is an honest means of obtaining a living, and there is no situation in which we may not be useful if rightly disposed. It is in vain to locate happiness. The man who possesses the condition of mind for true happiness, whether a king on the throne, or the most abject slave in the realm, will be happy. A conscious rectitude of motive in all we do, the approbation of our hearts and of God, constitute the condition to which I allude. In regard to your future plans, I presume you have settled into a waiting posture. At one time, when I had no business responsibility, I felt free from anxiety, and as light hearted as one could desire. My leisure was engrossed in reading, writing to my friends, or any useful employment. Now, when I come home at night, I cannot wholly divest myself of the cares of business. I do not mean however to let the pursuit of worldly good, at any time, divert my attention from thoughts and preparations for a future state. Depend upon it, if we look no farther than this world, we shall be the gainers by rendering to the Lord what he requires at our hand. It was the experience of Sir Matthew Hale, that, the more scrupulous he was in keeping the Sabbath holy, the better his worldly business prospered. I once knew a man who was so scrupulous in this observance of the Sabbath, that on one occasion when a vessel that he owned, and which had been out much beyond her usual time, arrived on Sabbath morning, and news was brought to him of the fact, he entirely abstained from paying any attention to it till the Sabbath was over. His house fronted upon the harbor, where the vessel lay at anchor; but he chose to deny himself the gratification of looking out of his window, and sat with his back toward the water through the day. Such conduct you might perhaps call austerity, but it was a noble example, and deserves to be recorded. You must not expect me to be punctual in reply, as my time is not always at my command."

To the same brother he writes again: —

"I have for a few days past had much pleasant intercourse with Mr. Charles Stewart, who, you will recollect. He has just returned from the Sandwich Islands, by way of England, on account of the ill health of his wife. This ill health is attributed rather to the hardships they have undergone, than to any want of salubrity in the climate, but these hardships are daily diminishing. Mr. Stewart remarked to me that the house his family resided in was twelve feet square, and nine feet from the ground to the ridge-pole. This is a sample of the dwellings of the missionaries. They are better provided for now, but none of them have frame-houses. Mr. Stewart says he lived two years in the house with Mr. Richards and his wife, and during that time he never saw a look, or heard an expression, that indicated a discontented frame of mind; on the contrary, ever a consciousness that they had acted rightly in embarking on this mission. The success that has attended the efforts of missionaries in the Sandwich Islands has awakened in me great interest, nor can I fail to set a high estimate on that holy principle which moves the missionary to leave kindred and friends, home and native country, for the purpose of executing the commission, 'Go ye into all the world.'

"Last Sunday I heard three sermons from three doctors in divinity, — Dr. Woods of Andover, Dr. Beecher, and Dr. Griffin. I am inclined to believe that Christians have yet to learn a principle of immense value, — that success, in the application of religious truth, will be in proportion to the amount of appropriate means used. If a farmer cultivate five of his ten acres, he has a reason to expect a return from Him who has promised to give the increase. He would be very unwise, however, to expect all his land would bring forth when only half was cultivated. These sentiments are in perfect accordance with the truth, that the greatest efforts will be ineffectual without the blessing of God.

"In a letter received recently from you, I judge that an epidemic prevails in Northampton; and I perceive in you the symptoms of the disorder, and so sit down in the midst of business enough to almost derange even a well-balanced mind, to prescribe for you, as is my custom in such cases. To be plain, I am an enemy to purchasing estate except in certain cases. When land is sought for, as you say, then is the time to sell, not to buy. The cases, in which purchasing of real estate in a place like Northampton is desirable, are, being thirty years of age, having cash to pay for the same, and a wife and family, and no house to be rented under ten or twelve per cent."

I find in his note-book, where he used to record marked events, that in the year 1832 he made the following entry: —

"This year has been, in some respects, more eventful than any before; for in it commenced my acquaintance with Mrs. Mary Porter, widow of Rev. William Porter, professor in Williams College, and daughter of Hon. Daniel Noble of Williamstown. This acquaintance grew into affection; and she is now my wife, for which I would devoutly thank God."

In reply to a letter from his brother W——, he says: —

"Dear W., — I thank you most heartily for your congratulations and good wishes, in regard to my proposed connection with Mrs. Porter. I am happy to say that the engagement seems to give universal satisfaction to my friends in this region. Indeed, if I were not so old, I should blush at some things which have been said to me, touching the merits of the lady whom I full highly esteem. People are apt to speak in superlatives, and, like Jonathan's arrow, go beyond, yet in respect to her I think you will find her friendship of no ordinary value." . . .

The engagement which has just been announced, and which was a matter of such warm congratulation among his relatives, was consummated in August, 1832, by a quiet marriage, at the early home of his bride, in Williamstown, Mass. Her father, Hon. Daniel Noble, was not at this time living, but her mother with the children occupied the homestead.

The married pair set out at once, on a circuitous journey of three or four weeks, by carriage, for Boston, where, after a few weeks' of preparation, they were established at housekeeping.

Mrs. Porter had one child, and to this little girl my father gave at once and always the fond love and devotion of a parent. In speaking of the habit of learning hymns, he writes to his wife, in connection with the education of this child, "Among other means made use of to interest my mind in the subject of religion, none was so impressive as learning hymns. Perhaps I had a natural fondness for verses, though I am inclined to think, owing to the pains taken when young, was the subsequent pleasure I took in committing and repeating hymns."

As I write, how vividly do I recall my father's habit of repeating hymns in the morning!

I believe he refreshed his mind in this way while dressing, but after he came from his study of the Bible, and was walking the parlor before breakfast, some hymn of praise was sure to be on his lips. He always preferred those of a triumphant tone, and those expressive of praise to God. One of Addison's was a favorite: —

> "When all thy mercies, O my God!
> My rising soul surveys,
> Transported with the view, I'm lost
> In wonder, love, and praise."

He has repeated this by the bedside of an aged friend despondent from weakness and trial, and still found it appropriate. The faith and strength which his own confident trust in God's promises imparted to others, only those really know who in trials experienced it. His will was so brought under control, that from the abiding rest thus obtained he could give to those who needed. How often in the weary hours of a lingering illness did he come to me with hope and comfort! Like sunshine and the fresh air to the sufferer shut away from these blessings were his visits of rest and refreshment. Dark clouds vanished; or on them to his eye was painted the bow of hope, and through *his* sunshine and hope, others were cheered.

In writing to his wife from whom he was absent for a time this year, he thus speaks of some of his employments and interests: —

"I have heard Rev. Mr. Danforth preach in behalf of the Colonization Society. I was much interested in his discourse. He is a man of commanding appearance, dignified and solemn in his address, and writes finely, if I could judge from this specimen. He dwelt on the wrongs of Africa, the efforts of Wilberforce and his coadjutors in the British Parliament continued for twenty years and finally successful, 'to wash the last stain of blood from the escutcheon of England.' For a popular New England audience, I should think it was rather too learned, and gave too little information with regard to the society.

"The foreign mission meeting, on Thursday evening, closed our week of anniversaries, and was by far the most interesting to me. The Boston society, I have been treasurer of for many years. Last year we raised $5,900, this year $8,700, owing to personal labors in this cause. I am inclined to the opinion that this year, in religious matters, we are experiencing the reaction from efforts made last year in which there was excitement. This however goes to show how little religion Christians really possess. So long as they are stimulated by the action or example of others, they run well; but take off this external pressure and they cease to progress. Let us raise our voices, which, though feeble, may prevail at the court of heaven, and advance the kingdom of the Redeemer.

"For your note of the 17th, I thank you. You say 'you range me among the lovers of natural scenery.' It is a luxury to me to inhale the sweet atmosphere of the green fields and sequestered forest. I love rural scenery, and could, as you say, wander among these illustrations of the handiwork of Jehovah and contemplate them without fatigue. My taste leads me to a home in the country, but I have been convinced there was more scope for service to the Master in the populous towns."

In a letter to his mother-in-law, he says: —

"Since I saw you I have been a far wanderer from the loved ones here. But Mary does not think I have altered in consequence of coming in contact with the *great ones* in the city of

Washington. It is certain that absence from home only makes it more pleasant to return. We should delight, after the foliage has put forth, and nature has put on its wonted summer loveliness, to look in upon you, and perhaps we may. I do not feel that it is wise to mark out many plans for the future, for there are so many contingencies and uncertainties that they are very liable to be frustrated by unforeseen occurrences. You, dear madam, have experienced the truth of these remarks in your own case, but yet you can, I doubt not, see much of mercy and loving kindness mingled in your cup, and will honor God by cheerfully receiving from his hand the allotments of his providence.

"Very respectfully and affectionately.

"C. S."

In 1834, my father visited Washington, and writing to his wife says: —

"How is my dearest wife? Your letter of the 23d is the only one as yet received, and though a week old is none the less valuable on that account. I went yesterday to make a call on a gentleman, who, when hearing whom I had married, said, 'Indeed! is it possible? I like you a great deal better for that.' A short journey, he said, had been all his acquaintance with your family, but so pleasant had been his impressions he had not forgotten them. I heard Mr. Sprague from Maine make a powerful speech on the bank question. He is a young man, but an impressive speaker, and has, I think, the right of the argument. I have heard Mr. Webster twice, and he is altogether superior to any speaker here. Indeed he is admitted to be so by those whom I have met here, and Mr. Clay is said to be second. Some make speeches to have them printed and sent home, that their constituents may know that they are great men, and exert a commanding influence here. Some for other reasons no better than this, and I presume no one is convinced by speeches. The talents of a public speaker here seem to be estimated by the time he occupies so that it is felt almost necessary to spin out a speech through two days. There was a time when the talents of a minister were estimated by the length of his prayer, and to say that he could pray two hours was the highest compliment that could be paid to his talents. Such is not the case at the present day, but he who can crowd many thoughts into small space is justly regarded as the most able.

"I have been twice to the office to-day hoping for letters, but none have come. I have had a short interview with Gov. Cass, who is at the head of the war department, and probably the best disposed of any of the executive officers of government. He has abolished Sabbath marches, and put a stop to rum in the army. I took tea last evening with Mr. and Mrs. Gurley. They desired a remembrance to you. Mr. Gurley is as much engaged as ever in his colonization cause, indeed I think he will never leave it. In closing this letter, my dear, I commend you to a covenant-keeping God. Safely upheld by his protection, may you have grace to honor and please him in all things! Frequent fervent prayer, is the surest remedy for spiritual sloth, and I hope and believe that a diligent discharge of all our duties brings its own reward."

Again he writes from Washington to his wife:—

"'Peace be to my absent friend!' I have tried to copy from the impression on your seal; the dove with the olive-branch I cannot so easily sketch: yet will I repeat the wish, yea, and turn it into a prayer, 'Peace to my absent friend.' I find the days very short, and want to write to communicate some of the pleasant things that I have met with, but I cannot find time. I dine to-night at five o'clock, with Mr. Everett and a few members of Congress, and am engaged to spend the evening at two places.

"Yesterday I spent three hours in the Senate of the United States. I heard Mr. Frelinghuysen make a short speech. He spoke extremely well, and I felt conscious that I was hearing an honest man. Mr. Forsyth of Georgia also spoke. He seemed a man of talent, though not a powerful speaker. I heard several others who said a few words, and I became acquainted with the faces of many distinguished men.

"I have completely succeeded in the objects of my journey, and shall expect to leave for home on Saturday."

Another letter to his wife follows written on a subsequent journey with his son. He says: —

"I have been delighted to-day with the music of the birds which are very numerous here. Their notes are full and melodious, and they seem to sing with a will, as the sailors would say. The wren and the martins are abundant, and the blue-bird. The grass-bird, or ground-bird, is a plain brown and unpretending bird, which makes its nest on or in the ground. It has a note most captivating to hear. I have not since being here seen any one do harm to any living animal. The birds are to be seen everywhere, but no one molests them.

"I anticipate many pleasant things on my return to my family. I think in various ways we may improve ourselves, and our children too. You must not be backward in telling me my faults from time to time, so that I may improve. One thing I think we may all safely practise, viz., to cherish an habitual feeling of gratitude to God. His goodness never ceases. It knows no bounds, and we are always in circumstances where the exercise of gratitude and thanksgiving are appropriate. To praise God is a delightful occupation, if we love him. The angels never tire in praising him, and David's Psalms are mostly psalms of praise. 'I will sing praise to my God while I have my being. My meditations of him shall be sweet. I will be glad in the Lord.'

The letters to his brother David are continued at intervals, and from the extracts given, it can be seen with what a deep interest he watched the course of this brother.

"DEAR D., — I have thought of you with unusual interest since you have been placed in new circumstances, by your entrance upon college life, and I have felt desirous of saying a few things to you from the overflowing of brotherly affection. Half my age is about equal to yours, and I must have been a dull scholar not to have made some observations of a practical and highly important character, the result of personal experience. I have been a dull scholar, it is true, and, considering my age and advantages, have made but poor proficiency. I would counsel you, in general, to be *thorough* in every thing. If you have a lesson to get, be sure you get it perfectly; if you have any business on hand to do, let it be thoroughly done. There are few habits more common among young men, than that of being superficial, but the mind cannot rest satisfied with a partial or incomplete effort. Leave no subject till you understand it. You will infer that I wish you to attain good scholarship. I do, yet not chiefly for the sake of credit with others, but for the good influence it will exert on your own character.

"Thus far had I written when I attended the meeting of the A. B. C. F. M., at Utica. I should have been at Williamstown to pass Sunday, had it not been so dark and rainy. I hope you will be watchful in regard to your Sabbaths. The habits you now form are of great importance, as they will cleave to you. You will be estimated, classified, and ranked, in college, nor is it desirable to shrink from it. Only be decided for God. DARE TO BE SINGULAR. Go fearlessly forward in the simple discharge of duty, and God will bless you.

I recommend to you to begin now, and continue the habit to manhood, and indeed through life, of keeping an account of all your expenditures, whether great or small. This will discipline your mind, and aid you to acquire accuracy in every thing. It will also teach you to be prudent, a most important habit to form. You may try various sources of happiness, but none will ever yield the satisfaction which can be compared with a conscientious endeavor to serve Christ. Amiable though you are, and lovely in the eyes of your friends, (and in none more than mine), yet you need something more; and I shall not cease to lift up my warning voice, until either Christ is formed in you the hope of glory, or that voice is cold and silent in death. I wish you would write me all about your situation and circumstances."

Again he writes: —

"Dear Brother D., — You ask my views in regard to secret societies. I have never thought those in college alarming, and have supposed a secret committed to a dozen or more young men was no secret at all. If you have conducted the discussion and organization of your society with the temperance and prudence which your letter indicates, I should think you had done no harm, and perhaps some good.

"You ask me to 'remember that students are proverbially careless,' as an excuse for your negligence. Brother, I advise you to *let excuses alone* through life. They always imply fault. They are always out of place. They never need be given when we do our duty. 'A man that is good for making excuses is generally good for nothing else.' . . . I shall hope to hear from you during the vacation.

"Your very affectionate brother,
"CHARLES."

Again, three months later, among many wise, loving letters, I select part of one: —

"DEAR D., — That you obtain a first-rate education is my sincere desire. It will prepare you for influence in the world, and, if sanctified, for extensive usefulness. I have never wished to conceal from you that my chief desire on your behalf was, that you might become a real Christian, thoroughly devoted to God, and as a fruit of such consecration, exert all your powers for the promotion of his glory. Mother made us a very pleasant visit after you left the city, and father came down and passed ten days pleasantly here. I think they both were gratified by the visit.

"Your affectionate brother,
"C. S."

A change, on various accounts, was deemed desirable, and David was transferred, at the end of his freshman year, to Yale College, to which place my father writes in 1836: —

"DEAR D., — I hear that you are a good scholar at Yale College. There are dangers attendant on such a rank in a class, which I will specify. 1. Pride and vanity, being puffed up as superior to others. 2. Running down piety by study. 3. Failure of health, resulting from too close application to study.

"Now that you have entered the service of Christ, I want you should live long and do much for him. In order to do this, build up a rugged constitution, attend to exercise and diet. It appears from your letter, that the question, 'What is my duty in reference to the heathen world?' has been before your mind for some time. I will say to you frankly, that if, with a full view of the case before you, and after long contemplating the subject, you come to the conclusion that you ought to go, I shall not interpose any obstacle, but bid you 'God speed,' rejoicing that to one of my brothers is granted such an unspeakable privilege. You have yet two years more at college, and three years in the theological seminary, in order to make you a 'workman that needeth not to be ashamed.' Let us interchange letters frequently, and stir up each other to increased fidelity in the Master's service."

Again the same year he writes: —

"DEAR BROTHER, — The brief season I had with you at New Haven was very pleasant indeed. I rejoice to greet you as a Christian brother, and to give you the right hand of fellowship. Go on, dear brother, and cease not to press towards the mark of your high calling. Perhaps no external means of growth in piety, more effectual, could have been selected, than benevolent efforts such as you are engaged in while visiting and conversing with the sick. It will furnish a relief from study, and frequent errands at the throne of grace.

"Within two hours an interesting company of thirty-two missionaries have set sail from this port, for the Sandwich Islands. They were affectionately commended to God in prayer by Dr. Jenks on board the ship, and in the presence of a large company of people, and an appropriate hymn was sung. They have a prospect of a long voyage of four to six months, and doubtless will be subjected to hardships to which many of them have hitherto been little accustomed. Yet, if they go in the strength of Jehovah and with devoted hearts, God will give them strength according to their day.

About two weeks since a company of fourteen very promising missionaries sailed for the Tamul mission, and early in January a company is expected to proceed to the Western Asia mission. The committee are sending these missionaries because the united voice of the Church seems to call for it, and it is in the hope that the necessary means will be furnished by the churches for the large expenditures of the Board. I believe the cause of missions is the cause of God, and that he will not suffer it to decay or decline. His is the silver and the gold, and he can call it forth when he needs it, and who are they that refuse when the Lord hath need?"

These letters, taken from a large correspondence with David, are indications simply of what was ever in my father's heart, and as the months passed away, they produced an effect on his brother's mind, which developed in his determination to consecrate his life as a foreign missionary. That my father had such a definite end in view when writing, we have no reason for saying; yet his is an example of some weight for others. He loved the work of missions heartily. With that love he spoke and wrote of it; and the result was but reasonable. He inspired with a like love those who believed in and loved *him*.

In another letter to his brother, he says: —

"DEAR DAVID, — I gather from your letters, as well as from the number of your students, that you are full of occupation; probably as much so as is consistent with the preservation of your health.

"Now what I would recommend, and, if I were your father would enjoin upon you is, that you undertake less, particularly that you should not overtask yourself on the *day* of *rest*. When I was superintendent of Fort Hill Sabbath school, I used to spend from three to four hours in the school each Sabbath, and then go to church with the scholars, and sit with them and take charge of them in the upper gallery. This I did for six years, nor at the time was I aware that I was doing myself an injury. My present opinion is, that I received from this undue and uncalled-for labor a permanent injury which will remain with me while I live. Not that I am infirm or diseased. On the contrary, I have occasion to thank God for good health; but, on the Sabbath, if I attend a third service, exert myself a little more in the Sabbath school, or even if the discourses take hold of my feelings, I am subject to a restless night, and a dull Monday. While I desire that you should throw all your energies into the holy work of glorifying God, I would have you as free as possible from the ills flesh is heir to.

"Your affectionate brother,

"C. S."

My father so firmly believed in keeping the body well, in order to give the mind opportunity to accomplish its work, that he was ready to use his now much-employed time in pointing out a course of health-giving exercise to his brother W.

"Have you the dyspepsia? 'Why?' do you ask? In a letter written from New York, you accounted for the sombre character of the first part of it by saying, 'It was written before dinner: I feel better now.' Does not this look like dyspepsia? I advise you to dig your garden, saw and split your wood, and use much active exercise; live on simplicity simplified.

"Who would like to be our friend D. W., in a physical sense? And who would not like to be as he is, in a spiritual view? I have been so uniformly well for years that I may perhaps justly be called a theorist; yet I have not for years kept indigestion farther off than arm's length. I make but little progress in the important science of self-knowledge, but yet I find out something about myself, that was unobserved before, every year. Little as you have supposed me capable of excitement, I have found myself influenced by it.

"I am sometimes overcome, and sometimes lose my strength for the moment, by hearing some slanderous remark, and I find it expedient to keep cool and quiet on all occasions, lest I should do something or say something which afterwards I might regret. The tongue is an unruly member, and when our own views are not adopted by those around us, we may feel badly, and unless doubly guarded, may speak hastily. Meekness is a passive trait, but greatly exemplified in the life of our Redeemer. Meekness, humility, lowliness of heart, are traits we should possess, but in our day, far too little regarded. I am sure we cannot be Christ's disciples while we find fault with the motives of others, and say hard things of them. I find it necessary to check myself for faults like these, and I hope, by divine help, to gain the victory over them. I am anxious to have prepared, for the family meeting, a religious history of each of the brothers and sisters. Will you do your part? Can you suggest any thing that I can do to make father and mother happy? Will you see that our parents are provided with all things needful for cold weather?"

Then follows a letter to this brother in his humorous vein.

"Dear W., — On my return from New York on Saturday, I found your letter of the 29th, containing a long apology for a neglect, on your part, to pay the hackman who took you to the railroad. This is the second letter I have received from you, on the same subject since your return, and each letter enclosed the money, so that you have sent it twice; putting me to the trouble of returning it to you, and of writing this letter when I am quite tired, for which I have quite a mind to charge you a lawyer's fee of one dollar. I fear you have been kept awake at night by a fear that you had not paid your hack-hire in Boston (or only paid it once), and perhaps you have been compelled to resort to anodynes to restore sweet and balmy sleep to your anxious mind. If you find any difficulty in composing yourself, after this is received, you can put this under your pillow, and I feel confident it will soothe you.

"As to the hack-hire father incurred, I cannot think the driver would charge such a respectable-looking gentleman any thing, and if he does bring in a bill, I shall infer that in his haste he did not attentively consider whom he carried. I return you the double money found in your sack's mouth, and twenty-five cents for interest, since I pay for carriages only quarterly, and have not yet paid for yours.

"Yours affectionately,

"C. S."

V.

HOME LIFE.

1833.

THE life of my father was eminently that of a private citizen. He never was willing to accept any political or municipal office. Yet for this reason, perhaps, the extent of his influence was more surprising.

This marked influence on others was also felt in the family, where he impressed the singleness of his aim upon his home, and led each one to respect and fall in with the main purpose of his life.

To look into this period, we may go for illustrations to his "note-book," where are recorded, in few words, such incidents as the births of his children, facts which are to us examples of his hospitality, together with noticeable events in his family and social life.

In the record which he kept of marked events, personal, domestic, and social, I find the following entries, which are not inserted in their precise chronological order: —

"In commencing the discharge of our duties towards the little daughter of my wife, who by this marriage has become one of our family, we desire to feel that this dear child is lent to us to be trained up for God. For her we would desire that, by first giving her heart to the Lord, she may become qualified for eminent usefulness in the world."

In the May following, I find the entry: —

"This day our son was born, a precious boon, committed to us to be educated for heaven. May his heart be early renewed, and his life devoted to the service of his Saviour!"

More than two years later, he records as a special mercy the birth of a daughter, and believes that God addresses to him the direction given by Pharaoh's daughter, to the mother of Moses, "Take this child, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee wages." The baptisms of his son and infant daughter, the one by Dr. Skinner of New York, the other by Dr. Codman of Dorchester, are also noted.

The severe illnesses of his children are mentioned, with a few grateful words on their recovery. "We must render thanks to Almighty

God for his great goodness in sparing the life of this dear child, which, for a season, was hardly expected."

On his son's second birthday he wrote a loving little note to the child, which, although neither read nor comprehended then, afterwards deeply impressed the lad with his father's highest longings for him, which began thus with his earliest years: —

"My son! I greet you to-day, on the second anniversary of your birth, with joy and thankfulness. Your sprightliness has much increased since your last birthday. The blood runs swiftly through your veins. A tiny delight fills you with joy. You are pleased with a bauble. Your mother and I talk about you when you are sleeping in your little bed. We think of you as a child of promise. Do not disappoint our hopes. If you should depart from God, and follow sinful pleasures, it would take away all our happiness.

'My son! know thou the Lord;
Thy father's God obey.'"

From your Dear Father.

The first letter I find to my brother is in May, 1834. It is carefully printed; and at the head of it a small engraving is pasted on to the paper, representing Jesus as blessing little children, with the words beneath, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

"To DEAR C——, on his birthday: —

"Our dear boy is one year old to-day. We love him much, and he loves us a little. So far he has not been sick. God has watched over him and kept him well. We hope your sister will learn to love the Saviour, and lead brother Charles to him.

"'For though he is not here below,
But on his heavenly hill,
To him may little children go,
And seek a blessing still.'

"YOUR FATHER, C. S."

The eldest daughter, at an early age went away to a family-school in company with one or or two companions, the daughters of intimate friends.

He writes to her on her birthday, "I might put down how many hours and minutes you have lived, but I will not do this, but suggest the pleasure you would feel if you could look back upon a whole year spent in the service of God. I long to have you enjoy the calm and peace felt where God's love reigns in the heart. You are eight years old, and we love you tenderly, and pray for you, that this year you may walk in wisdom's happy path. I have some tokens of affection to send you.

"YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER."

As I turn over the letters, the paper below falls out with its date:—

"A FATHER'S WISHES.

"That E. may begin this Sabbath by asking the blessing of God.

"That she may improve its sacred hours.

"That she may be cheerful and happy in all its duties.

"That she may end it with a song of praise."

I find also this: "Our kind Benefactor has preserved your health another year. Cultivate the habit of gratitude for daily mercies. On your birthday, it is good to *give* gifts. Try to make others happy. May you become a child of God!"

He mentions, in these years, the visits in his family of "Rev. Mr. Coan, going to Patagonia to ascertain the expediency of establishing a mission there;" also of "Rev. James Mathewson of Durham, England. During his visit we enjoyed much from his intelligent, agreeable conversation. We parted with regret, he being about to embark for his native land." He notices the visits of various members of his own and of his wife's family. His genial hospitality is remembered and spoken of to his children by his early guests. He had the art of making those who visited him feel at home, and did not weary them with too assiduous care.

"*Feb.* 13, 1835.—I record a most solemn event in the providence of God, which, although not strictly a family occurrence, has yet absorbed much of my thoughts and attention for several days past. This is the sudden sickness and death of Dr. Wisner. On Tuesday evening he attended the weekly meeting of the prudential committee, and appeared unusually animated and well. On Thursday he sent for a physician, and on Monday he died of scarlet fever. 'I was dumb: I opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it.'"

This was a great affliction to my father. Dr. Wisner had been his spiritual guide, and he felt grateful for the tender and faithful interest which, as such, he ever manifested towards himself.

Dr. Wisner, on his part, evinced great satisfaction in the confiding friendship of my father, whose Christian growth he fully appreciated. My father showed his attachment to Dr. Wisner by thoughtful attentions to his widow, who found him, even to the close of her long life, a helpful, sympathetic friend. The letters exchanged between Dr. Wisner and my father were few, but personal intercourse and mutual service drew the two closely together as Christians.

Among these notes I find this entry: —

"In July, 1837, we united with our brothers and sisters in the delightful meeting [of the Stoddard family, at Northampton] which continued until the 30th of August."

For this meeting each member of the family was requested to prepare a personal history, more or less full, relating to matters of religious experience, that they might aid each other in the heavenward journey. These statements were read at this meeting.

In the autumn of the same year, he mentions a meeting of missionaries at his house, before embarking in the ship "Saracen" for Madras, as an item of special interest, and their names are given.

Several years later, when absent from home he wrote to his son as follows: —

"DEAR C., — I send in a bundle some letter-paper, also a small book for you to preserve pretty leaves in. The way to preserve them is to take a green leaf, and lay it for a while between two pieces of blotting-paper, with a book on it to press it down. When it is quite dry, it can be fastened to the leaf of the book, as I fasten a leaf on this letter. Miss S—— will assist you. You might collect a great variety of leaves, and have their names written under them in the book; we call the book a *folium*. You have a large place in which to play, and fine mountain air, and I hope you will come back with better health than when you went away. How well have you learned to use your hoe, rake, and spade? How do you progress with your lessons? Does my dear boy always remember to lift up his heart to God in prayer, every morning and evening? The dear Saviour loves you, and is willing to make you his child, and give you a holy heart, if you only ask him."

On a visit to New York he writes to him thus: —

"While I remain in this city, I live in a great house called the Astor House; I send a picture of it. At the dinner-table about one hundred sit down. Men smoke in the halls and entries, which is not pleasant to me.

"This city is much larger than Boston. It is not so clean. There are many wicked people here, who swear, and break the Sabbath, and are on the road to hell. There are also many good people here, who labor to do good; and there are many Sunday-school children."

During these years a sister-in-law, to whom he was much attached, became an inmate of the family, spending her school vacations at his house. She had been a journey with him, to which he refers in the following letter: —

"Dear F., — Nearly two months have passed since we parted at Albany, at the termination of our pleasant journey to the West, —

a journey we shall look back upon with interest. . . .

"We are without our children. As yet the weather has been quite warm. Every thing in and about the house looks pleasant, and there seems to be a good supply of grapes. We shall hope to have your presence before the vintage. My honored father has made us a visit, and has just left us for Northampton. . . . Your remarks on Butler's Analogy are interesting, particularly as you speak of the manner in which the young ladies study this profound work. Female minds are as able to grasp difficult subjects as those of men; at least the negative of the question can never be proved until they have had equal advantages and a fair trial *for a series of generations*."

A little later he writes her: —

"DEAR F., — I think you have doubtless heard me express the conviction that a young lady, with a thorough education and real piety, is qualified for extensive usefulness in the world. I have desired that you should be placed in circumstances favorable to the development of your mental powers, and it has appeared to me that you have made good improvement of your opportunities. It seems important that you should have another year of uninterrupted study. Dear friend, you will be poorly prepared for either the sunshine of prosperity, or the stormy season of trial, unless you have a refuge above this changing scene. It is desirable that you should launch your bark with a helm and compass. May you secure a heavenly treasure this coming season! I anticipate much from you, should your life be spared; and do not doubt that you will progress rapidly at school. I trust you will never be influenced by a desire to stand first as a scholar, merely that you should be noticed and obtain the highest honors, but rather that you may be useful and have increased means of doing good."

Again, in November, he writes: —

"To-day we have a deep, pelting snow-storm. All nature wears the livery of winter. The blast howls without, and fire is more than ever necessary within. The streets are filled with sleighs, and the merry sleigh-bells announce the return of the appropriate season. And all this change in one short week! almost in one short day, for it is but little more; fit emblem of the changing character of earthly happiness. Dear sister, you are in the spring-time of life, buoyant and happy, cheerfully pursuing your work; and yet I would fain hope you will be wise for yourself, and secure a treasure beyond the reach of these changing scenes. The winter of life will come, and a chill dreary scene it is to those that have not this Friend, this hope. You are remembered often in our home, by us all, with affection."

Letters to his brothers, when quite young, that have been already given, show how early he began to manifest his interest in them, and to exert his influence over them. It was a habit with him, to communicate with his children by letters, sometimes enlivened by a picture and a few printed words to attract them, and as they grew older, earnest notes were left in their rooms, for them to open thoughtfully in quietness. He did not think it beneath his dignity to detail plainly, so that the children could understand, some of his experiences in journeys that he took with his wife at various seasons. When they grew older, he invited them to be his companions, giving this pleasure to them as a part of their education. Indeed, we always felt it was our duty to read beforehand as a preparation, and to write down day by day, during the absence, in order to receive all the benefit my father designed.

On one of these journeys he wrote to my brother, then six years old: —

"My dear Son, — I suppose your uncle E—— told you of our pleasant ride to Pittsfield by starlight. It was a warm night, and a delightful ride to me. The planet Venus rose about one o'clock, and gave us much light, something like the moon, but less. When we reached Pittsfield, we had much labor to wake the people up at the public house. I remained there about two hours, and then set out for Boston. I rode twenty-three miles in the stage, over a hilly road. We saw large quantities of red berries, and at one time I walked a while and gathered some. At Chester, we took the cars. In the neighborhood of Chester, they are making a 'deep cut' through the solid rock of the mountain. They drill a hole with a sharp iron, and then put in powder and stop it up, and set fire to it. This goes off like a gun, and is called blasting. It is slow work.

I saw another curious steam-engine for digging gravel, which took up a load at one shovel-full, and put it on a dirt-car which moved off, and another car came up to be loaded in the same way. I trust my dear boy will make his grandmother as little trouble as possible, and in all things conform to her wishes. I did not say any thing to you about eating unripe fruit, but I would remind you of the grave of the little girl in Northampton, who died Aug. 23, 1809, and whose funeral I attended; she died in consequence of eating two green apples! Apples should never be eaten until mellow, and the seeds are entirely black. Soon we shall hope to receive good tidings from you.

"Your affectionate father,
"C. S."

In an absence from home on his Western journey, to which allusion has been made, — apparently a great contrast to the experiences of Western travelling at the present day, — he writes to his younger daughter, under cover to the friends to whom she had been committed: —

"DEAR LITTLE M., — We have thought of you often, on our long journey, and your mother has written you a long letter. It gave an account of the first part of our journey. From Louisville, we sailed down the Ohio into the great Mississippi, then up that mighty river to St. Louis. From there we rode in stages to Springfield, Ill., where we passed the Sabbath. From Springfield we went to Jacksonville. On our way we had many mud-holes to go through. In one of these the carriage stuck fast. The horses could not draw it out, but broke some of their tackling. They were unfastened, and our carriage remained in the middle of the slough. Then came on a heavy thunder-shower, but as we were all in the carriage, we did not get wet. Afterwards some oxen drew us out of the mud, and we went on safely again. We took a steamboat from Jacksonville to Galena. We rode three days through the State of Illinois, to Chicago. We stopped at Mackinaw, and bought some maple sugar and an Indian basket. We sailed through Lakes Huron and Michigan and Erie to Cleveland, from there to Niagara Falls. The river is very wide, and tumbles down one hundred and fifty feet. It is one of the wonderful works of our heavenly Father. His power shows in the mighty fall of water held in his hand, while the spray, which dashes up from it when the sun shines, makes a beautiful rainbow, which shows God's goodness. It is the bow of promise. All God's works are great and glorious, but his love in sending Jesus exceeds all the works of love and power. May you learn to sing of this precious love, my dear child!"

To his elder daughter, among brief notes in answers to questions, there are long personal letters. The following was written while she was at school, away from home:—

"DEAR E.,—If you knew how many customers and people stand around me, you would not expect a long letter in answer to yours, but your letters make your mother and me very happy. I am glad you are 'trying to overcome all your bad habits.' When tempted, put up a silent prayer for help. I think you had better remain at R—— till the autumn, although it will be a self-denial to us to have you away so long, but we think it will be for your health. Your mother and I were present at the commencement at Yale, when your uncle D—— took his degree; but I think your aunt has written you of it. If I were told that you were to succeed Queen Victoria on the throne of England, it would give me no real pleasure, but the thought that you would one day sparkle as a gem in the Redeemer's crown, — I cannot express the delight such a thought awakens in my heart."

Again, before leaving home for a season, she receives the following letter of advice: —

"DEAR E., — You are about to bid us adieu again; but it is not like going to a strange place, and we have strong confidence that you will demean yourself towards your teachers as an affectionate, dutiful child. We wish you to be thorough in all your studies. See that you understand what you learn as you go along.

"Every girl should be well versed in reading, writing, and arithmetic; the afternoons should be devoted to sewing. Avoid negligent habits.

"In placing you thus away from us, we anticipate that you will improve physically and mentally; but especially we hope that you will have strength given you to serve the Lord. He invites you to seek his guidance; he will grant it to you. Try to make others happy. We commend you to God."

Again, after the receipt of some Christmas remembrances, he returns thanks, saying, —

"Your letter and the presents came safely, and were received with much pleasure. The tulip was beautiful, and it was a lovely attention to your mother, to make it for her birthday. One of my Bible-class sent me, for a New Year's present, a large butterfly, made and highly ornamented in bright colors, and intended for a pen-wiper. I thought it a singular coincidence that mother should have the present of a tulip, and I of a butterfly. However, we pinned them side by side on our parlor wall, with these lines of Dr. Watts: —

> 'The tulip and the butterfly
> Appear in gayer coats than I;
> Let me be dressed fine as I will,
> Flies, worms, and flowers exceed me still.'"

At another time he writes: —

"My dear Daughter, — After the fatigues of a busy day, I sit down to fill this page to you. If you knew how acceptable your letters are to your parents, you would cheerfully give to them the time occupied in writing. I reached W—— on Thursday eve, after a pleasant journey. Prof.

A. Hopkins has completed an observatory for astronomical purposes, and is erecting another for magnetic and electrical experiments.

"He is very enterprising, devoted to science, and doing good. He never could accomplish so much, were it not for the habit he has of never passing a waking moment in idleness. On Tuesday you will receive a small box, which will, I hope, interest you. It includes a drum of figs, some English walnuts; besides, there are some letters, and a report of the A. B. C. F. M., of which you are a member.

"C. S."

My father's love of nature was so strong, that even in his small premises in the city, he had a sunny back-yard, which he transformed into a cheerful garden. Over a wide covered veranda, climbed a fine Isabella grape-vine, that gave a sweet fragrance at the open windows during the days of budding in June, and luscious fruit in the autumn. Near to this was another white vine, that did not yield so abundantly, but was beautiful to the eye; and my childish memory would say, valued because the fruit was less abundant. I find these words in one of the letters to his daughter: —

"The roses on the rods are in bloom, and I suppose several hundred might be counted in various stages of bud and blossom."

A great hydrangea occupied a prominent place in this garden, making quite a show. The white lilies were his delight, and often while looking at them as they came to perfection early in July, have I heard him say those sweet words of Jesus, "Consider the lilies of the field."

One distinct picture in the memory of my childhood is Mar Yohannan, a Nestorian bishop, during his stay in America, while on a visit to my father, sitting in his Oriental costume on this shady veranda, smoking his long nargileh pipe. I find also in the "record" a statement of the number of pounds of grapes taken at different times from these vines; in one year, "of Isabella grapes one hundred and forty pounds, and the white vine twenty-six pounds."

One might wonder that so busy a man, with many cares, could find time to attend to the daily wants of these plants. His habit of early rising, combined with method, enabled him to keep his little garden in trim, without fatigue, indeed rather with refreshment.

As my brother and I grew old enough, he

instructed us here to take our share in the work, talking the while of the love of God in giving us so much beauty, and letting us have a share in its growth, showing, through this wondrous growth of the plant from the seed sown in darkness, the need of faith. Those hours and those lessons can never be forgotten.

In the attempt to portray the character of my father in his family and among his immediate connections, one feature of his influence must not be omitted, though it was more felt than seen. He had naturally a strong will, which, when young, he made subservient to a single lofty purpose. This not only gave steadiness to his general character, but had great force in influencing other wills. As a powerful magnet will attract all smaller particles to itself, so without any conscious effort of will, he guided and moulded others who came within the sphere of his influence. This was felt by those connected with him at times when difficult questions were to be decided. He never offered opinions unasked, but in his quiet way, keeping the end to be gained ever in view, would be sure to be a moving power in concluding the matter.

An example of this appears in some statements made by a cousin of the writer, who desired to contribute his personal testimony to the influence exerted on him during his early life, and during his education by my father: —

"My dear Cousin, — The relation which existed between your father and myself was in reality that of guardian and ward. There was, indeed, no formal arrangement of such a connection between us, but it was perfectly understood for nearly eight years previous to his death. Being a clerk in his store, at the decease of my own father, I was all the more naturally taken under his supervision, and I looked up to him as my adviser and second father. In the month of February, 1866, immediately subsequent to my personal interest in religion, I conceived a strong desire to leave a mercantile life, and to resume my studies, with the ultimate aim of preaching the gospel.

"Your father favored the plan from the first, but being exceedingly wary of sudden impulses, he wisely advised me to wait for three months to test my purpose. During this period he maintained a discreet silence, neither encouraging nor discouraging the plan. At the expiration of the three months, he had an interview with me, merely saying, 'I will not influence you one way or the other, but, should you decide to study for the ministry, *I think* the door will be opened for your so doing.' My determination was, as you know, to resume my studies. Whereupon (*after* I had thus decided) he expressed his hearty approval, and said that he would see me through the completion of my work. I have cited this as an illustration of your father's method of guardianship. His idea was the same upon which Pres. Hopkins always acted, namely, to throw as much responsibility as possible upon the young man, in order to develop the invaluable qualities of *self-reliance and decision of character.* The same method was shown in his dealings with me during my entire course of study. At the outset, he left it to me (then a stripling of fifteen), to choose my preparatory school. It was a source of great gratification to me, that my decision in this and many other instances, though made in entire freedom, proved to be that which he secretly favored and desired. The strongest influence which he ever brought to bear upon me, in any of my conclusions, was in reference to my selection of a college.

Unfortunately, his views upon this subject were conveyed to me in conversation, and not in writing; hence I have to rely on my memory alone for their representation. While discussing the merits of the various colleges of New England, I could not but feel that he favored Williams, of which he was a trustee, whose religious influence he so highly prized, and which had been so long the training-school of ministers and missionaries. But the distinguishing attraction of Williams College was, in his mind, its president. Other of its advantages might be counterbalanced by those of rival institutions, but there could be but one Dr. Hopkins!

"Should I take a preliminary course at any other seminary of learning, still he would advise me to take the last year under the influence of Mark Hopkins, and he prophesied that however great the sacrifice, I would never regret the choice. Yet mark this: although the feeling was so strong on his part, yet the choice was *left to me*. This method of putting his ward upon his own responsibility began thus at the very outset. This was still more strikingly shown in his course relative to the great rebellion which occurred at Williams

College in the fall of 1869. Owing to the passage of what was considered by the students to be an unjust law, the whole college was thrown into the greatest disorder. All recitations were abandoned by the students, and the members of all the classes, with the exception of three individuals, declared themselves rebels.

"Conceiving myself to be in the right, I was among them. The news of this rebellion gave great pain to your father. I remember well the letter which he wrote to me on that occasion. I opened it with fear and trembling, but there was no explosion of indignation, nor any peremptory commands laid upon me to return to duty. His words were few and to the point. He expressed his grief that Williams College, the *missionary* college, should have placed itself in such a position before the world. He feared that all religious interest would be dissipated for that year by such a sad division between students and instructors. While recognizing the undoubted sincerity of the better portion of the students, he yet pronounced their course a *wrong* one, and, after supporting his position by a few logical and pointed arguments, he closed the letter by placing the responsibility of my action upon myself, only asking that I would decide INDEPENDENTLY of any class excitement, upon the simple question of *right*. As I now reflect upon the evils of the spirit of insubordination, so manifest in our schools and colleges, I am amazed at the moderation and calmness with which your father was enabled to give counsel to one who was an active participant in an unjustifiable rebellion. Nor can I express my admiration of the remarkable manner in which he was able to *guide* without *commanding*, to *influence* without *coercion*. Enough has been said upon this point; but I could illustrate it by many other examples, as in the choice of a theological seminary. Always advice was given if solicited, but ever the burden of the decision had to rest with *me*. I could throw the responsibility of my action upon no one else.

"Another striking influence and characteristic of your father's guardianship, was the *religious* element in all his letters. These were not frequent, but they were always marked by an ardent piety which was really wonderful. Intellectual attainments were comparatively little valued by him, when weighed in the scales with *moral* excellencies.

"News of the college, — reports of successful debates or of prizes won, — accounts of lectures and studies, — all these were recognized and appreciated; but they were nothing unless accompanied by some token of *spiritual* progress. His constant fear was that the *intellectual* would be cultivated at the expense of the *spiritual.* I recollect that at one time he told me he desired to do for me what *others* might *not* do. He felt sure that others would praise any intellectual achievements, which I might gain, but he was not *certain* of any one but himself, who would incite me toward the attainment of a spiritual likeness to our great Example. Not that he undervalued mental endowments, but that he placed the moral and intellectual elements of character in their true relative positions, rightly regarding the former as incomparably higher.

"Of theological seminaries, your father had much distrust, on the ground that they usually produced precisely that which he was so earnestly striving against. During my two years of seminary life, his letters were full of admonition and counsel, recommending me, as I valued future usefulness in my profession, to blend active work for the Master with my intellectual researches. Upon the whole, in reviewing his treatment of me as my guardian, through my clerkship, my preparatory studies, my entire college course, and my seminary life, I cannot point to a single word or act which was, on the one hand, lax and inefficient, or, on the other, imperious and dictatorial.

"It was a perfect system of discipline, developing, in his ward, self-reliance and independence of judgment; and never fretting him by unwise or arbitrary restraints.

"It was guardianship under the LAW of CHRISTIAN LIBERTY. Always prompt to give when asked, as his opinion upon some point, the result of his best thought and examination, he yet never formulated it in offensive positiveness or dogmatic assurance. A calm statement of his views, a patient consideration of all adverse points, followed by a mature decision, so spoken as always to leave it *possible* to accept or reject it on one's own responsibility, — such was your father's method with young men. Not by any sudden impulse, but actuated by a genuine and ever-increasing admiration of his wisdom and gentleness, do I ascribe to *him* very much of that which may be good and noble in me. And when I stood beside him in the sleep of death, and realized my irreparable loss, I felt that God had been indeed merciful to the orphan, in providing me with such a guardian; and that I was then called upon to mourn for a second time a father's death."

June 20, 1874.

VI.

LETTERS.—VARIOUS TOPICS.

1839, 1840.

IT was a custom begun when young by my father at certain periods to recount, in writing, the mercies of his past life, and also make serious self-examination, comparing his acts with his standard. These facts of retrospect and outlook were not known to others; they occurred at distant intervals of time, and served as points of departure in his onward journey. He closes one of these writings with the following words: "In regard to the future, I feel that I am in the condition of Abraham, when God said to him, 'Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred and thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee. And he went out not knowing whither he went.' I cannot tell what a day may bring forth, what designs God has with respect to me; nor do I care to know any farther than he is pleased to develop them in his providence. It is enough for me that the government is on His shoulders, who is my Mediator and Redeemer. I regret my mistakes and sins; my refuge is the atoning blood of Christ. I cordially rejoice that God governs the world, and think I desire a conformity to his character and likeness." With such a living, lively faith, all loss would be gain, all events according to his desire, because in conformity with God's will.

To his daughter E——, from Sharon Springs, he writes: —

"In one of my rambles on these mountains, in a very sequestered path, I overtook a little girl trudging along barefooted, and having on a bonnet whose capacious front indicated that it was not of the latest fashion. She did not appear to be over seven, and as it was a lonely place, deeply wooded, I feared she might be frightened at the sight of a stranger. So I accosted her as gently as I could, and asked her if she would not like two little books, handing her some I happened to have in my pocket. She took them readily; and as we walked on I entered into conversation with her. 'Do you go to school?' — 'Yes, sir.' — 'Who is your teacher?' — 'Miss Perkins.' — 'How far have you learned?'—'Three leaves of my A, B, C's.'—'Have you a father and a mother?'—'Yes; and two brothers bigger than I, but no sisters.'—'Do you always mind your father and mother?'—'Yes, sir; father would lick me if I did not mind.'—'Do you say your prayers?'—'Yes, sir; always. If I went to bed without saying my prayers, father would make me get up and make me say them, and lick me hard too.'—'Do you sometimes speak unkindly to your mother?'—'Once I did, and felt sorry for it. Last winter,' said she, 'I cried almost all the time to go to school, but I had no shoes and no coat, and I could not go, and I cried a great deal. Father says he thinks he shall buy me a flannel frock and a pair of shoes and some mittens, so that I can go to school next winter.' She showed me the house of her parents. It was a shanty of the plainest kind,—a number of boards set aslant like a roof, and the sides filled up with mud. I longed to do something for this little girl, but scarcely knew how. Thank C—— for his letters telling about the roses and the birds."

On the twelfth birthday of my brother, he says in a note to him:—

"My dear Son, — This is your birthday. You are twelve years old. The anniversary of my birth has been always a season of serious thought to me. I well remember when I was your age. A school companion and playmate of my earlier years, who had been absent for some time, returned to Northampton. His mind had become interested in religious things. He told me his feelings, and exhorted me 'to seek the Saviour now.' His conversation made a solemn impression on my mind. I began to pray earnestly, and for a time play was distasteful to me. After a time these feelings subsided. In two months after I was twelve, I left the home of my childhood, and went to live with my uncle in Portsmouth, N. H. This was in the year 1814, during the last war. I saw a privateer fitted out, filled with armed men to fight and destroy any vessels belonging to Great Britain that they might meet with. This vessel never returned; it was supposed that it foundered at sea. I lived in Portsmouth nearly a year, and removed with my uncle to Boston in 1815. Here I have passed about thirty years of my life. During all this period, equal to the average life of man, I have enjoyed almost uninterrupted health. Rarely have I been kept from church on the Sabbath by illness.

"In looking back upon the incidents of my life, I find much for which to render devout thanksgivings to God. It is he that has guided me in all my ways. His loving kindness and tender mercy I have ever experienced. I never had a great many companions. I never would keep company with a profane or vicious person. This has been a great help to me in walking in the path of wisdom. It has been my maxim, that it was better to have no companions, than those who were licentious or dissipated. But chiefly my strength to resist temptation has been drawn from the Source of strength and wisdom, in humble prayer. Since I was of your age, I have maintained the daily practice of morning and evening devotion. To this practice I refer all my blessings, which have been 'new every morning, and fresh every evening.'

"I do most strongly urge upon you, my beloved child, the conscientious practice of morning and evening prayer, accompanied by the systematic reading of the Bible. This precious word of God is able to make you wise unto salvation, through faith in Jesus Christ. I desire to do all in my power to train you for usefulness in the world, and for a happy heaven when this life shall be ended. I have procured for you a portable writing-desk, with a lock and key. It is an article I valued very highly when I was young."

Again he writes:—

"MY DEAR E.,—On Monday your mother and I set out for Williamstown. Our company was very agreeable, consisting of several literary gentlemen on their way to Pittsfield, where a convention of teachers was held the same week. At P—— we were in company with a brother of Pres. D—— of Yale College. He was for forty years reporter of the laws of Connecticut, and for half that period Secretary of that State. At a meeting of the trustees which I afterwards attended in W——, a letter was read from him, stating the work he had done, and presenting a series of twenty volumes to the college. There were many sallies of sprightliness between the alumni, gathered after years of separation, and much of interest to me in the addresses."

The journey to W—— was made, in part, that he might fulfil his duties as trustee of Williams College, to which position he was elected in 1840. His interest in the college grew up naturally from the fact, that the place was the early home of his wife, from its association also with the first steps in the cause of foreign missions, and more than all, for its influence for good, in consequence of the character and superior intellect of the president who instructed and moulded the young men it sent forth. The esteem and friendship my father felt for Dr. Hopkins, and his association with him, he counted as one of the richest blessings of his life. My father was esteemed a wise counsellor in difficult matters in college management. He rarely was absent at the annual meeting of the trustees, though in later years, owing to asthma, he had sometimes a week of suffering while attending to those trust duties. But, once having assumed a trust, he felt bound, from his sense of duty, to fulfil it.

Later, to the same daughter, he writes: —

"I have felt that I ought to remind you that flattery is always wrong, and it is also cruel.

"Beware of a flatterer; you will probably hear much of it, but remember, my dear, that those are not your best friends who flatter your vanity. They are not worthy the name of friends. Our enemies are sometimes our best friends, for they tell us the truth.

"If you are wise, you will covet as friends those who will speak to you soberly of your faults. You speak of changes among the girls of your acquaintance, and their engagements. It is most reasonable, and not strange, that young people should change their situations, and I am more and more convinced that those act most wisely, in this and all other matters, who seek guidance from above. The only safe course is to follow where the providence of God leads. We will try to make your home as pleasant as may be, and I doubt not it will be a pleasant one to you, notwithstanding the dazzling splendors of the Old World. I think you are right in cultivating reading, but, although good in its place, it cannot supply the lack of literary associates and influences.

"These thoughts are submitted for your guidance, by your affectionate father,

"C. S."

This culture of books, and association with those who made study and science their life, my father not only believed in in theory, but in practice. He invited to his house men of distinction, some of these passing weeks with his family. His sympathies drew him to those who combined culture with religion. Why indeed should these be separated? The weakest intellect grows strong when wakened into life by the vital power of the Christian hope; must not then religion develop into a broader maturity those minds which are endowed with choice natural gifts?

These letters to his children, though considerable in number, seem but a mere suggestion, compared with those that are not selected.

There may be some value in the loving advice they contain, to others not of his family circle, while they will show, as only his words could do, his deepest interest for his children. In one of his absences he writes to his son: —

"Dear C., — How many times have my thoughts gone back to our dear home since I left you yesterday afternoon! Can I leave my children without a guide for a few days? Will they conduct themselves in such a manner as I shall approve? Above all, will they please God? Such questions as these pass through my mind. Then I have thought that you were two years older than I was when I left my father's house, and had, in some degree, to guide my own steps. I felt then the need of the guidance of my heavenly Friend, and I cried unto him, 'My Father, thou art the guide of my youth.' He did guide me, he preserved me from sin. So will he guide you, my dear C——, if you look to him in earnest prayer.

"YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER."

Added to this intercourse with his children, he corresponded with each individual of his wife's immediate family, adopting them into his near friendship and affection, and giving time and counsel to aid them in their plans for the future. The combination in my father of a wide love that embraced the world, with a narrower but not less needful love to those allied to him by blood, was marked. He was by nature exclusive in his tastes, fastidious in respect to his associates, reserved with those not in the same social position as himself, and mourns, in his hours of penitence, "that pride was a besetting sin." Yet the love of God so governed this exclusive trait, that neither the lowliest nor the rudest was made conscious of it, nor did he hesitate to associate with them, when by so doing he could serve his Master.

He could thus lay aside personal prejudices, and love, as he would express it, with a "love of complacency," all to whom he could do good. Yet he was not in the same way genial with them as with those of his own kin, with whom, by correspondence as well as personal intercourse, he kept up a helpful friendship that enriched each life with which it came in contact. Many men of large benevolence are so engrossed with great objects, become so enamoured of pet schemes of philanthropy, that they cannot give either mind or heart to family details, or the needs of kindred, and thus leave those deeds undone which seem to belong peculiarly to them. In this way their charity loses part of its virtue and its power to bless. Theirs may seem a natural, but still it is a selfish way of gratifying a humane and kindly disposition.

Those who needed my father in his family, or family connections, were the persons on whom he bestowed much labor and affection. Although rejoicing in the success of those among his relatives who did well, his great tenderness was reserved for those who struggled with difficulties. His letters may not show it as fully as is wished, for but few of them can be given, and these extend over a considerable period.

His immediate and earnest interest was awakened chiefly for the spiritual needs of others, yet his well-balanced character did not allow him to neglect to give them encouragement in their temporal affairs.

To his sister-in-law, now married, he writes: —

"Dear F., — Your letter I found on my table this morning; and I was so much delighted with it, that I have sat down in business hours to send you my thanks for this evidence of sisterly affection. From the details, I infer that your time has of late been profitably employed. Certainly the perusal of such a practical work as Harlan Page is calculated to influence a Christian to emulate such an example. Perhaps A—— is not aware that the son of Harlan Page is in a decline. I think he might like to seek him out, and comfort him, as a mark of personal esteem. I understand he is a cheerful Christian, and willing and happy to die. I am not able to use my eyes more than an hour in the evening, so I have not contemplated 'The Glory of England' through the medium of C. E. Lester, though I have through other mediums at different times. I read, however, considerably to M——, and the children read to me. Last evening we read a portion of the life of Cowper. We expect Dr. Hopkins here to lecture before the society recently formed, called 'The Young Men's Society for the Diffusion of Missionary Knowledge.' It will doubtless open a rich field of research, and have a favorable influence on the popular mind in regard to missionary efforts. Your reflections in view of the closing year are good. It is wise to review our past conduct, and the motives from which it proceeded. I desire that my dear sister may abound in the fruits of the Spirit, that you may be useful as a follower of the Saviour, and be prepared for a glorious heaven when this life shall be ended."

In the following pleasing letter written at this time is shown what genial replies my father's letters called forth from his friends. This is from his clerical brother-in-law: —

"Dear Sir, — Separated from both wife and children, I have no reason to doubt but you have enough epistles. Still, as you always find time to write letters, you probably have leisure to read them, and would not consider one an intrusion, either upon the stillness of No. 3 [his home], or the bustle of No. 74 [his place of business]. I picture your days busy as ever at the one place, and your nights at the other, calm and solitary, communing with books in the absence of loved ones. I recollect to have heard you say that comparatively few business men find pleasure in literary pursuits, and to have wondered that they did not oftener, by this change, refresh and invigorate their exhausted spirits. The majority perhaps wonder how any one occupied by the toils of business can enter the field, and reap an intellectual harvest; and would about as soon expect literally and figuratively to find 'sermons in stones, tongues in trees, and books in the running brooks.' Original taste in part, but education and habit more, make us find companions and friends in books, with whom in a lonely hour we may discourse, so that we may be said to be never less alone than when alone. The same reasons, too, cause us to receive delight and instruction from the great teacher, Nature. Many others than myself, if the conditions were made to them, either to live ignorant of books and the voice of nature and the hum of man, or to live on a solitary island blessed with them, would probably prefer the latter. Perhaps you will say, that, the spirit of active benevolence thrown into the scale, it would preponderate in favor of the former. However, men may just as well enjoy some of the gratifications of taste as not, which, like the oil for the machinery, tend to remove the friction of life. The former may be content with the simple kitchen-garden, which furnishes substantial fare, but his vegetables will be none the smaller, nor of less rich flavor, should the beds be embellished with a few flowers. I think probably his *taste* in both senses would be improved, surely in one. The love of money is as destructive to intellectual as moral growth, and is with difficulty overcome. Still though the god of riches will hardly bear to be disenthroned, he will bear to be crowded a little. We thus make room for, and gradually contract a fellowship with things more intellectual, and it is this alliance, when fairly completed, that does more than any thing else for literary interests, and is well illustrated by the efforts of Boston merchants. Please pardon all this from a *country student*, and I'll to facts now. B—— said he told you of the pleasant days we've enjoyed with himself and Mrs. S——. Your wife never seemed happier than on that visit. It could not but be gratifying to receive so much kindness and so much attention from all classes. She rambled over the hills and dales, reviewed the old scenes with her own eyes, and viewed the heavens with Prof. H——, that is through his new telescope. Occasionally a sombre tinge would o'er-shadow her countenance as she asked, 'How is my good husband, and the dear little ones? I must see them.' One she has already folded in her arms.

"The tour has afforded us an inexhaustible fund of profit and amusement. We have rejoiced over your 'hair-breadth escapes,' and laughed at your perils in the 'imminent muddy slue.'

"F—— favors us now and then with a chapter of her journal.

"'She travels and expatiates, as the bee
From flower to flower, so she from land to land.
The manners, customs, policy, of all
Pay contribution to the stores she gleans;
She sucks intelligence from every clime,
And spreads the honey of her deep research,
At her return, — a rich repast for us;
While fancy, like the finger of the clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.'"

To the sister-in-law, living with her mother, he often wrote, as well as to the mother. In

1840, after rejoicing with her in her increasing desire for growth in piety, he says: —

"Every active effort you make to do good to others from love to Christ, will strengthen that principle within you. I need not say what pure and unalloyed pleasure flows into the soul, in proportion as it goes forth in benevolent feeling and active effort for others. You speak of the death of friends. As years roll on, one after another of our friends whom we have known and loved here are removed by death. An event so frequently occurring must be often in our thoughts. If we are Christians death will be our entrance into glory, and its frequent contemplation will enable us to estimate things here according to their true value and importance."

To his mother-in-law, now somewhat an invalid, he writes: —

"Do you not feel it a relief, when exercised with pain, or exhausted and weary, to speak out aloud the praises of the Lord, or listen to a hymn or psalm of praise? It has often seemed to me that Christians deprive themselves of much enjoyment by spending so little time in the delightful work of praise. I doubt not if you and your daughter spent an hour each day in this exercise, either reading the Psalms of David, or uniting in a prayer of thanksgiving, you would find it far more profitable than mourning over sins and unworthiness, or looking back upon the past. Paul said, ‘This one thing I do, *forgetting* those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those which are before, I press toward the mark.’ I trust you will be enabled to maintain a calm and quiet trust in the Lord, who has led you and fed you all your life long, and who will never leave you nor forsake you. Count over the mercies your past history furnishes, and you will find it refreshing to your soul.

“ ‘Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing.’ ”

In 1840, I find in the Family Record: —

“To-day we had a fast in the ‘Old South’ Chapel, with services in the afternoon and evening. These meetings were fully attended and deeply solemn. At the afternoon session, a choice was made of a deacon in the place of Deacon Vose, who was suddenly removed by death, in October. The choice fell upon me.

I was chosen to fill this office in 1835, and then thought it my duty to decline, but in view of the above-mentioned providence of God, and the circumstances of the church, I felt constrained to give my answer in the following words, which were communicated to the church at the evening session: 'I would say, that, when I was elected deacon several years since, I felt it my duty, after deliberation, to decline the appointment, and I did so in the hope that I might be permitted to live and die a private member. Now our circumstances are much changed. An active officer has been suddenly removed by death. The providence of God calls us to fill this vacancy, and the church (I know not why) have fixed on me to occupy the breach. Strong as is my desire to continue a private member, yet I do not feel at liberty to disregard the providence of God, and the clearly expressed wishes of his people, and therefore consent to accept the trust you have committed to me.'"

The following letter is to his respected uncle, John Tappan, then on a journey in Europe:—

"My dear Sir,—We felt not a little solicitude for you and aunt, and the good steamer in which you had gone to sea, when on the night of the 16th of March, we had a violent north-east gale, with as great a fall of snow as we have had in the same period of time during the winter. The gale was furious, blowing down walls and injuring vessels. We felt a confidence however that our heavenly Father would watch over and protect you from the dangers of that night, and future dangers of your journey. I think you must have a fine view of the beautiful comet, now visible in the western sky soon after dark. Mar Yohannan, the Nestorian, of whom we have heard so much the past ten years, arrived here a few days since, from Smyrna. He is a man of modest bearing, in stature and countenance somewhat like Mr. Eli Smith of Beyrout. The coming month will be an interesting one to both of you in London, so many religious anniversaries occur at that time. You will notice that Mr. Webster has resigned his office of Secretary of State, and Mr. Cushing is going to China. I am again indebted to you for foreign newspapers. Their arrival brought news that my brother and his wife, and the missionary company that sailed with him, had reached Smyrna. I went to your house Saturday, every thing looked quiet and undisturbed. You kindly ask for my health. I have been absent three months, at Sharon Springs, N. Y., and I think experienced benefit. I am as well, I suppose, as the average of mankind, able to eat my allowance, and attend to my duties.

"Very truly your affectionate nephew,

"C. S."

To the same, he writes again:—

"My dear Sir,—You will probably learn by the papers, as soon as you receive this, the awful visitation of God upon New York, in the fire which occurred there yesterday, destroying two hundred warehouses in Broadway, Exchange Street, &c. How true it is that 'riches make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle toward heaven'! 'He builds too low who builds below the skies.' Vain man would say, 'Now we have the Croton water, we are safe from desolating fire.' But God rules, not man, and at his bidding the elements can desolate the abodes of man. I have been reminded of some sentiments in Pres. Hopkins' convention sermon, which I think you will remember. My wife joins me in cordial salutations to Mrs. Tappan. If I can do any thing here while you are away, you will command my services."

In 1843 he writes to his daughter M.: —

"You have a 'tolerably good handwriting;' but I want you to aim at perfection in this, as well as in all your studies, and never satisfy yourself with a 'tolerably good lesson." In writing, particularly, one is very apt to fall into a careless habit. I can only furnish you good pens, good ink, good paper, and good advice. You must do the rest. I think your last was an improvement. You ask me if I 'drive out.' I drive out on my feet. I have neither hired a horse, nor borrowed one, nor used one since I have been here, but have done all my travelling on my feet, and this I think the very best way. I almost despise riding, walking is so much more independent and agreeable.

"This is called 'blossom week' in the country, as it is the precise season when the trees are arrayed in rich and beautiful flowers. The return of the warm sun after a number of wet days, caused the flowers to spring forth on every side, and the air is loaded with rich perfume. Is not this perfume sweet incense, a silent but eloquent tribute of praise from the inanimate creation, to the great Author of this wondrous frame?" . . .

The following extract is from a letter to his son, and dated "Sharon Springs," where he had gone for the baths for a few weeks:—

"DEAR C.,—It was just noon on the 4th of July, when we reached Albany. You know what a place Albany is for confusion about luggage. I held fast to mine till I found two lively looking boys. One took hold of one end, and one the other, of my trunk, and I walked behind them. As we passed through the streets, there was a grand temperance procession with a band of music passing, and it was a pleasant sight to me. They had a large car drawn by four or six horses, with a *well* built upon it, and the old oaken bucket hanging in the well. The boys interested me most. They had many banners, on one, 'The youth are coming.' While the procession passed along all the bells of the city rang, and it seemed to me a good day for Albany. Albany *ale* must be getting out of fashion. This spring at Sharon is almost as quiet as that at Clarendon. There is a pretty waterfall of nearly one hundred feet in height, just below the spring. The body of water is small, but the effect pretty. Don't you remember my dear grass-bird, the sweet little songster? Well, here he is; he sings to me whenever I walk, at all hours of the day, and a fine note he has. I wish you would search him out in Mr. Audubon's collection, and see what he says of him.

"Mr. Stevens the Oriental traveller sits opposite me at table with his two sisters.

"I have not heard from Boston since I left. Give love to each of the family.

"YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER."

VII.

DEVOTION TO THE MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

1841-1846.

IT was during the year 1837, that he wrote a letter to his brother D——, full of the spirit of missions. In it he speaks of his burdens: "I thank you for the sympathy that you express for me in the troubles and trials of the present time, which fall heavily on merchants. In your seclusion and separation you can form little idea of these trials." The letter on missions is interesting, as turning the attention of this brother, for the first time, to the particular mission where he afterwards spent his life, and gave his mature energies.

"DEAR D., — Dr. Grant, who has just returned from the Nestorian mission to this country, gave us, at the monthly concert last evening, a very interesting account of his explorations among the Nestorian Christians. This people is situated among the mountains of Koordistan, shut up entirely from the rest of the world, where they have maintained the doctrines and practices of the gospel for many centuries, probably from near the time of the primitive church of Christ. Koordistan has been their bulwark of defence, and it seems as though God had some marked design in thus preserving them pure to a good degree. They are ignorant, and feel their need of instruction. All the Bibles or books they have, are multiplied by *written* copies, and they hail the dawning of a brighter day with much joy. The board of missions intend immediately to establish a mission among this interesting people. We had a delightful meeting of the board, at Providence, which truly refreshed me. I hope you will emerge from your course of studies safe, but I want you to determine by God's help, that your influence shall be felt before you die, on the other side of the globe. Resolve in the strength of the Lord, that the world shall be better for your having lived in it. Long for the distinction of that man who turns many to righteousness, and 'shall shine like the stars for ever and ever.'"

In 1841 his brother David received from him a letter, in which the following views are expressed: —

"You allude to the cause of missions, and ask if I do not feel persuaded missions will go on. I do. I feel sure that God has thoughts of mercy towards the heathen world, and that he will accomplish his purposes, whether the church in this country comes up to his work, or not.

"To-day I accompanied to the ship Rev. Mr. Meigs, on his return to his station in Ceylon, where he has labored twenty-five years. In regard to your deciding the question, whether it is your duty to become a missionary, I have a few thoughts. Some would say that a willingness to take up and examine the claims of the heathen, with a candid mind, would insure a result in favor of going abroad. This perhaps is not true, but the field is so much larger, the laborers so much fewer, that there must be scope for their efforts. Now if you will take a missionary, and trace his trials and his progress through his journals published in 'The Missionary Herald,' for several years, you will have a more distinct and real view of the work, than you can from contemplation. Then after reading, and conversation with missionaries, I should like you to enjoy a free conversation with Dr. A——. Of course you will make the matter a subject of earnest prayer to God. There is to the youthful mind, much poetry and romance in travelling over those countries connected with ancient times and Bible history. But after one has been there a little while, all this feeling wears away, and the sober duties of a missionary's life are calling for all his strength and energy. I have time to pursue the subject no further now, but will resume it with much pleasure.

"Your affectionate brother, C. S."

"My dear Brother D.,—Father showed me a recent letter from you, and from this I learn you had begun to preach the gospel. I rejoice that you have. I sympathize with you most fully. It is a precious truth to me, that God governs the world, that he governs me just as he pleases, and that he will do with me what he pleases. I think I am fully willing that he should dispose of me and mine as his infinite wisdom shall see best. I can see all things to admire in Jesus Christ, and the prospect of passing an eternity in holy employment, free from sins seems to me most glorious. You are at a most interesting period of life, and I would gladly aid you in the decision of your future plans, if it is in my power.

"I fully believe you desire to serve Christ, and go where he would have you, in short, to know and do his will. It is not always easy to ascertain the will of God; though I think that humble waiting on him, accompanied by a watchful notice of his providence with respect to us, will generally conduct us to a right result. For my own part, I desire to see you placed where you will honor God the most, in whichever hemisphere that may be. While it is not a man's duty to confer with flesh and blood, in serving Christ, still he should make use of the judgment and discretion which God has given him, in deciding what his constitution will bear, and where he could hold out longest in his labors for the good of men."

His brother David having spent much time in correspondence to learn about missions and missionary work, and having followed his inquiries with earnest prayer for guidance, had now arrived at a clear decision on the subject, and had stated it to my father. The joy my father felt, that the cause he so loved should be represented by one so dear to him, was great, and with this joy a tenderness mingled, as he knew that the time was rapidly nearing when David would leave his friends, for his life's work in his chosen field in Persia.

I give an extract from a letter dated February, 1843: —

"Dear Brother, — Dr. A—— showed me at our meeting yesterday a few lines from you to him, by which I perceive that the day of your ordination is fixed for Friday, 27th February. Also I learn that there is a good vessel bound for Smyrna, March 1. Miss B—— left us yesterday, after a brief visit; and we are fully persuaded that she will 'do you good, and not evil, all the days of your life.'"

I find in the "Records" "On Wednesday, March 1, at half-past four, P.M., the bark 'Emma Isadora' left the wharf, bearing a company of missionaries, with Bishop Mar Yohannan, bound for Smyrna. The missionaries, who it is fully believed have counted the cost of leaving their friends for a residence in the heart of Asia, eight thousand miles from their native land, were cheerful and happy as the vessel set sail."

His first letter is written soon after they left: —

"My dear Brother D., — It was half-past four in the afternoon when we took your hand, and bade farewell to dearly beloved friends bound on a mission of mercy to benighted men. The vessel unloosed her fastenings, and gave her sails to the fresh breeze, and glided rapidly and gracefully away. We remained on the ship 'Sophia,' waving handkerchiefs, and exchanging last looks, as long as we could discover objects on the deck. Then we looked at the bark, as with one sail after another shaken out, she ploughed the deep. It was six o'clock before we returned home. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, we had a fine strong north-west breeze, which we calculate must have blown you five hundred miles the first sixty hours. But our confidence is not in the winds nor the waves, but in the Lord in whose name you have embarked in the work of love and mercy. I rest with unshaken confidence on the Saviour's promise, 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.' I believe you have both gone with a single desire to glorify him, and his promises will never fail. The receipts of the board continue much less than they were last year, and the committee have determined to issue a circular to the pastors, giving a simple statement of facts, and the consequences which must ensue unless the tide is turned. When will the people of God learn to act from principle, and on the plan of personal self-denial, in their efforts to extend the knowledge of the gospel through the world? We can always get money for this cause by appeals; but a steady stream of Christian liberality, augmenting and swelling, is what the missionary cause most needs, to render it most effective in spreading the gospel in the shortest possible time through the world.

"For a few nights we have had a beautiful comet in the western sky, visible soon after dark, and I have thought of you, as enjoying this object at sea. Please present my Christian salutations to your associates and to the bishop. We shall meet you at the throne of grace, and plead His promises, which are yea and amen in Christ. I think this letter may reach you at Constantinople. When you touch the shores of Asia, lose no time in letting us know of your welfare and your prospects."

Again the same year he writes: —

"We have recently had a visit from the chief magistrate of the nation, Pres. Tyler, accompanied by all his cabinet, on the occasion of the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, when a splendid address was delivered by Daniel Webster, which as a specimen of eloquence I should be glad to send you. There was a long and brilliant procession, and much external manifestation of interest on the part of the people. One of the members of the cabinet, although he sojourned in the city but a week, was called to his last account; a sudden death of an eminent man in a literary point of view, he being a scholar and a statesman. We have news within a few weeks, that the Sandwich Islands have been taken possession of by the British Government in a high-handed manner. But our belief is, that the naval commander exceeded his instructions, and that the act will be disavowed by the British nation. We have, however, sufficient proof of the folly of putting our trust in human governments, and of the wisdom of trusting in the Lord, relying on his promise of protection for success."

The letters are numerous between these brothers so widely separated, and given in full, would touch upon almost every point in public or private matters; but I will endeavor to select those of most value. In September, 1843, I find this one: —

"DEAR BROTHER, — Peace be with you, and love from God the Father and our Lord Jesus Christ! We love to contemplate you as laboring for the furtherance of the gospel in the region of Persia, we rejoice that sickness has not come to either of you, and that your work is more and more felt among the people. The last steamer brought news, in the political papers, of a terrible massacre of the Nestorians by the Koords. We have no letters, but suppose this report refers to some fighting in the mountains of which we had previously heard, and which had not so soon reached the political papers. Wars and rumor of wars we must expect to hear of in Asia, in the dynasties which have waxed old, and are ready to vanish away, but I trust that every change will be overruled for the advancement of His cause whose right it is to reign. The seasons go their rounds with unfailing regularity, while each, as it passes, shortens the period of our continuance on earth, and brings us nearer to our home. And shall we, dear brother, one day sit down together on Zion's hill above, and recount all the way our heavenly Father has led us in our pilgrimage below? The season will be short which intervenes, and, if filled up with active service for our Master, it will not disturb us to reflect that it is rapidly terminating. . . . Our beloved mother obtained the premium for a hearth-rug at the fair in Northampton in August; pretty well for a lady of her age (over seventy). You allude to your mode of living, and wonder 'whether it is not an obstacle to success.' I know not to what exactly you allude, but think it the duty of every missionary to make himself comfortable, so as to preserve his health and elasticity of spirits. This latter is quite important. I hope you will ever maintain and cherish a *cheerful spirit.* It is very important to health; it is important to usefulness. Do not disturb yourself at night because the day has not gone to your mind, but 'cast all your care on Him who careth for you.'

"YOUR AFFECTIONATE BROTHER."

There came trials and obstacles in this missionary labor. The ecclesiastics were disturbed at the progress of truth, and arrayed themselves against the missionaries. Father was appealed to for advice, and gives it in the following letter: —

"If the Nestorian people are to be put up at auction, to the highest bidder, the pope or the Puseyites can bid more than you. In fact you cannot bid at all. Yours is a spiritual mission, to turn the people from the love and service of sin, to the love and service of God, and if you keep this steadily in mind, and plan and labor with this object directly in view, and avoid time-serving policy of all sorts, you will in the end be the gainers. Indeed, I think you will find that the Jesuits will be more than a match for you at the court of Persia, nor will it surprise me, if in their turn, they should drive you from Persia. God exerts his power over kings and emperors, that they may subserve the accomplishment of his purpose. What does the king of Persia care about you or your objects? God can give him such a heart as he gave to Cyrus or to Artaxerxes, and incline him to favor the house of the Lord you are attempting to build. But prayer and looking to him is the hopeful way of proceeding. It seems better to me, that you should be blackened and vilified by wicked men, than that you should use the pen in crimination and recrimination. I trust you will hear something from England in reply to your appeal for protection. If not, be sure some way will be opened by Him who says, 'I will never leave you nor forsake you.' We hope the dark days of your mission are almost passing away, and that blessings are in store for the Nestorians; nor do I suffer myself to doubt this, if we, with faith and patience, wait for the development of God's purposes."

At the meeting of the American Board of Missions, in September, "the subject of slavery was fully discussed, as it came up in connection with missions among the Indians." My father says in writing to his brother: "The ultra abolitionists are dissatisfied that slaveholders, in any case, can be allowed to be Christians; but the scriptural rule is, credible evidence of piety, the only ground of admission to the Christian Church. There was a fine discussion, and an excellent spirit throughout. I trust the report, based as it is on the Bible, will do much to clear away the mists which hang about this subject. Our country, especially at the North, is making rapid advances in prosperity, and the accumulation of wealth. Oh that God's Spirit were turning men from sin to holiness! I shall expect to hear good news from the places where you labor; and you shall have our prayers for your success constantly."

The tie between Mr. S. and his brother David the missionary was close, and the affection for him and whole-hearted sympathy in his work constant. There were several reasons that would naturally tend to such a result. One of these was the disparity in age. My father was next to the eldest in the family, while David was the youngest. He was to him a child-brother. Again, my uncle's bright mind and enthusiastic temper easily enlisted affection, while afterwards his separation from home called out my father's tenderness and brotherly sympathy. But stronger and higher than all, was the bond that constrained each with all the ardor of his being, to consecrate his life, talents, and love to the same Saviour.

In the missionary work, my father's heart was engrossed, and the ardent devotion of the brothers to this object, for which Christ came, was a source of inspiration to work. It is impossible to help feeling, while reading these letters, that their fraternal affection was deepened and widened by the oneness of their aims and efforts.

My father was elected a member of the prudential committee of the A. B. C. F. M. in 1832, while yet a young man, — the youngest ever chosen. From the time of this appointment, he never failed to be present in his place at the Tuesday afternoon meetings of this committee.

In referring to this, I find, "In October, 1832, I was elected to the responsible office of member of the prudential committee of the A. B. C. F. M.; a station of great importance, for which I feel incompetent. The acceptance of this trust has made it necessary to resign the Sabbath school with which I have been connected more than eleven years." "I have now arrived at thirty years of age, and have experienced something of the Lord's dealings, and learned something of the deceitfulness of my own heart. If I have been kept from openly dishonoring the gospel, it is on account of the grace of God. I desire to become more holy. The Lord bestow his assisting grace, and lead me more in his ways."

No pressure of business kept him away, no engagement was allowed to prevent him from being punctual. Through the weekly communications there received, he not only kept awake to all the interests of missionaries in their fields of labor, but through their letters in detail, became informed of all the changes in condition and character of the different countries which were year by year developing. I remember that he sometimes came home very weary from these afternoons, particularly when subjects of great importance had been discussed, or when the appropriations for the year were to be made. Still his zeal never flagged, and the last note he penned was one of a few lines only, to account for his unusual absence at the weekly meeting. His absences while journeying were timed with reference to duties at the Missionary House, and he felt at no liberty to make them frequent or prolonged.

So consistently did he act upon this, that I find, in a letter to his brother David, these words: —

"It may surprise you a little to learn that I contemplate embarking for England during the present month. For more than twenty-five years I have been very much confined with my various avocations and duties, and I feel the need of a little relaxation. It is not certain that I can leave home for ninety days. It has been my maxim through life, 'duty before pleasure;' and acting on this, I have not gone abroad as yet, though most of my brothers have done so."

Rev. Dr. A. C. Thompson has kindly furnished, at my request, some reminiscences of my father, which are as interesting from the nice appreciation they show of traits in his character that might escape notice, as for the finished manner in which they are presented.

"You ask for reminiscences of your honored father as I knew him in the committee-room of the American Board.

"One of the distinct recollections of all who were there associated with him must be his habit of punctuality. He was always present, and always in season. I have never had the pleasure of being associated with a body of men who were so uniformly prompt in attendance upon official engagements as the prudential committee; but no one of their number during the last twenty-five years surpassed your father in the point now named. This characteristic was one exponent of his unwavering fidelity, his uniform and deep sense of responsibility. Any appointment or other duty to be met by him was accounted something sacred; and in respect to the time specified, no less than in other particulars.

"In his seat at the committee-table, he exhibited noticeably the leading qualities desirable on the part of one holding such a position,—concentrated attention to business, ready comprehension of the main elements of any case submitted, a thoroughly common-sense attitude of mind, and firm adhesion to the settled principles and methods of missionary administration. He was able to maintain the grace of silence till his turn for speaking came round, and then was never prolix in giving an opinion, but uniformly proceeded at once to the main point, with an earnest, condensed, and often epigrammatic utterance. One feature of those deliverances was peculiarly characteristic,—an occasional, indeed not unfrequent, blending of quiet humor, which served an excellent purpose. The tension of mind during the sessions of the prudential committee is generally severe; and his pleasant way, sometimes semi-playful, of putting things, would bring relief like a seasonable and appropriate alterative.

" And then he was always cheerful and hopeful. Despondency, foreboding and complaining seemed to have no place in his experience. Timidity, narrowness, or retreating in the work of gospel propagation, he could not sympathize with. How many times, when the financial prospects of the board were dark, did he say with great resoluteness, 'The money is the Lord's: there is plenty of it. We have only to ask, and it will come'!

" It would not be doing justice to my recollections of the committee-room, if I should fail of referring to numerous ten-minutes' talks with your father there, before the customary hour for business arrived. I have spoken of his punctuality. He was usually on the ground from five to fifteen minutes before the coming of most others who were associated in the counsels of the place. I cannot deny that the probability of his presence thus seasonably had an influence on my own time of arrival. I was conscious of an attraction there, and I always felt as if I had lost something if I was merely on hand at the precise moment for opening the session. The cordiality of his greeting, the electric character of his almost unrivalled smile, his evident Christian sincerity, as seen in those frequent and somewhat confidential conferences, won my heart completely.

> "'A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays,
> And confident to-morrows: with a face,
> Not worldly-minded, for it bears too much
> Of nature's impress, gayety and health,
> Freedom and hope; but keen withal, and shrewd.
> His gestures note, and, hark! his tones of voice
> Are all vivacious as his mien and looks.'

"For matters abstruse, and for mere speculations, he seemed to have no fondness. He showed himself a master in the rare art of letting alone; and seemed to have an intuitive perception of what those difficulties, personal, social, or administrative, are, which are either irremediable, or will solve themselves by not being meddled with. He was firm yet tolerant; and not a particle of acerbity appeared to enter into his constitution. In sketching character, his hand, 'washed in innocency,' never would touch charcoal. There was such freedom from egotism and sentimentalism; there was such cheery wit, never piercing but always lambent; there were such genuine Christian gentleness and gentlemanliness; his laugh was so hearty and contagious, without ever becoming boisterous, — that it would be very strange if I had not come to regard those interviews as among the choicest of recreations and refreshments.

"We often conversed upon topics of Christian experience; and he now and then raised questions in regard to the meaning of passages of Scripture. There is no text which he quoted more frequently than this: 'If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light;" and I never detected any thing that looked like a dark corner in him. He helped to make it easier for me to conceive what the fellowship of heaven must be, and pleasanter to anticipate the reunions which are in reserve.

"Looking with yourself for the great family gathering, I remain very sincerely,

"Your and your father's friend,

"A. C. THOMPSON."

He wrote to his brother David as follows: —

"DEAR D., — Your graphic description of your journey by land to Tabreez much interested us. I am glad that you were so kindly received by the functionaries there, and doubt not that the occurrences that have made your mission more known at the capital have excited a friendly interest in the men in authority. At the same time, it will not do to depend on the civil arm, nor do you desire to do so. I hope you will not be disappointed in the new Russian Ambassador. I shall be glad to learn what impression he makes on you. My dear brother and sister are often in my thoughts and prayers. I hope and believe that you are growing in holiness, and have much spiritual enjoyment. I have often felt, that if Christians would spend more of their time in praising God, they would enjoy more, and catch quicker the heavenly spirit. It is always timely to praise and admire our God and Redeemer. It is delightful to enumerate in prayer the causes for thanksgiving. Let us cultivate this more, and incite others to it.

"Your last letter brought also blessed, joyful tidings. It seems most of your family were sitting at the feet of Jesus. If in prayer I have been enabled to exercise faith at all in reference to the conversion of the Nestorians, my faith has been very weak, and the result you detail was unexpected. Yet I have felt much encouragement for your mission. Brother, God highly honors you. What a blessed work you are engaged in! What thrills of delight during its progress! Be faithful unto death, and Christ will give you a crown of life. I know the ardor of your temperament, and it would be strange if you were not likely to forget that you possess a human body, frail and feeble. Do not overwork yourself, but husband your strength, and may the Lord spare you for many years' labor for him!"

"DEAR BROTHER D., — A number of the family are to meet in N—— in a few days, where I hope to join them. I should be happy if our interesting family meeting of 1839 could be repeated, but this must not be. But may we not indulge in bright anticipations, on scriptural grounds, of a blessed family meeting on Mount Zion above, no member absent, no wanderer lost?

"I have sent to the Missionary House a box in which are packed two wooden clocks of good quality. It gives me pleasure to send you any thing, and I shall rejoice to aid you by purchasing any thing you may order. We have had a sad blow this past week. Dr. Armstrong was present at our weekly meeting, on the 24th of November, and set out on his return to New York the next afternoon. On the 25th, the steamer 'Atlantic,' in which he left Norwich, foundered in a gale in the sound, and our worthy and excellent friend was one among nearly thirty passengers who perished by drowning. Thus has been taken away in the vigor of a most useful life, and in good health, a most devoted man of God. The piety of Dr. Armstrong was very prominent. He was a cheerful Christian. He prayed and labored to promote the missionary cause, with all his powers, and was very successful in his department of labor. But God is wiser than we, and knows better than we when to call his servants home. We feel sorely afflicted by the bereavement. Dr. Armstrong left a widow and five children to mourn his sudden departure, but they have the blessed promises made to the widow and the fatherless, for their sure support."

I well remember the incident here narrated. It was a shock to the community, for the newspapers were not at that day, as at the present, so filled with fearful disasters. I also remember hearing that Dr. Armstrong was a great comfort to the terrified passengers, soothing and calming them by his serene faith and lofty hope. He exemplified in his death the principle of his life, and made men believe anew in the power of genuine Christian faith, in the most appalling circumstances.

My father closes this letter with the remark:

"I would not offer my advice, but I certainly shall think you wise if you do not mind any public attack, but keep on your way. I should deprecate controversy, and I hope you will take this as one of those trials incident to fidelity in your work. Apostles and early Christians suffered all sorts of attacks, and there were no newspapers then to charge and reply, and I think their time was better occupied than it would have been in writing answers."

To David, in regard to his thanks for the clocks, I find this: —

"You speak of the clocks, and ask an explanation why they were sent. I think I shall let them tick out their own explanation. I hope they will reach you safely, and I shall be much disappointed if they do not. I trust you will be able to regulate the time of all Northern Persia with the aid of these clocks, and Brother W——'s suggestions and tools.

"How happy should I be to go as far as Oroomiah, and greet you! But if I cannot do this, I can sympathize and rejoice with you in spirit, and this I do constantly.

"You have doubtless heard, ere this, of the awful famine which is prevailing in Ireland, in which thousands are literally starving to death. Their condition has excited universal commiseration in this country, and several hundred thousand dollars have been contributed by all classes of our citizens to buy food. Congress has placed two ships of war at the disposal of the people, to be loaded with provisions, and transported to Ireland. Ships of war employed on errands of mercy, — how sublime! The same day a vessel sailed from New York, for Mexico, loaded with shells and mortars; the errands of the two ships, how different!

"I believe I have not alluded to the unhappy war in which our nation is engaged with Mexico, in which the blame is almost wholly our own, and in which we cannot enjoy either glory or reputation. I hope the providence of God will bring this to a speedy close; that the gospel will so influence men's hearts that they will find it difficult or impossible to wage war with each other. We must hope and pray for the gospel triumph, and this will heal all the wounds and woes of the world.

"Your affectionate brother, C. S."

During a number of years, Dr. Wood of Constantinople was associated in the mission work with my father. I remember his visits at our house during his sojourns in Boston. Their animated conversations I recall, and the glow of pleasure my father ever manifested when enjoying the society of men of culture and intellectual acumen. He was himself ready in conversation on various themes of general interest, and showed no lack of reading or mental grasp when in the society of the most gifted persons. His intercourse with men of deep and broad culture was one of the choicest pleasures of his life. He sought it and valued it highly when he could enjoy it. The conversations, as I remember them, were not dull, even to a child, but pointed with anecdote, varied with descriptions, and made earnest by Christian spirit, they could not fail to be improving.

In this connection may be introduced a recent letter to the writer from Dr. Wood, containing, as it does, another pleasant tribute to my father's memory: —

"I write with a difficulty which arises simply from my conscious inability to furnish what would be worthy of association with other tributes that will be given to the memory of your revered and beloved father. Far abler pens than mine will delineate the traits which, in their combination, made up a character of rarest Christian excellence manifested in all the relations, public and private, of his most useful life.

"Mr. Stoddard ever seemed to me a beautiful illustration of what divine grace can accomplish in connection with natural qualities of loveliness, in producing the style of manhood which is the nearest approach on earth to that which exists in perfection among the glorified. The charm of his piety was its unaffected sincerity and simplicity. None could come into contact with him without feeling the power of the unselfish spirit, the benevolence, purity, and holiness, which marked him a man of God. Full of life, buoyant and sunny even amid storms, he knew how to make pleasantry serve the higher ends of a life devoted to Christ, and drew, as with a magnet, others to the same source of joy from which he constantly drank.

"My observation of Mr. Stoddard was chiefly in such intercourse during eighteen years as my visits from New York to Boston (at least monthly for most of the time), in attendance on meetings of the prudential committee of the American Board, occasioned. From the time of Mr. H's death, he was chairman of the committee. Whatever his business engagements (and they were many and pressing), they were never permitted to interfere with his presence in the committee-room on every Tuesday afternoon. A little before three o'clock, he always appeared, greeting every one with a pleasant smile and cheerful word, and precisely at the moment called the committee to order. On questions discussed, his own opinion, according to the order observed, was given last, and seldom failed to irradiate the subject with some new light. However dark the hour, in times of embarrassment and peril, his cheerful trust and confident expectation of a good result were infectious. His short, incisive, and stirring appeals, sometimes made at the annual meetings of the board, can never be forgotten by those who heard them,—appeals in the highest degree effective because of the known character and acts which were behind them.

"Among the most pleasing memories of my

life will ever remain Mr. Stoddard's kind, courteous, and sympathizing bearing towards me from the beginning to the end of my connection with the board as a secretary. He was to me a warm personal friend, whose removal from earth is a personal affliction."

VIII.

TRAVELS ABROAD.

1847.

IN March, 1847, my father sailed for Europe, with his wife and eldest daughter. To the children left behind, he sent frequent and fond letters. Before starting, he wrote to his daughter a letter to be read the day of sailing.

"DEAR M., — You are about to be separated from us by a wider space and a longer period than ever before. We have made this journey, which we are about to undertake, a subject of prayer, and we hope that we are doing right in going. Our great anxiety is about our children. If we could be sure that they would daily cry unto the Lord in humble, earnest prayer, that they would daily read his holy word and strive to act by its precepts, we should go away in peace. May we not hope that will be the case with our daughter? Your grandmother's sight is not good, and while you are with her it will be affectionate if you will ask her if she would not like to have you read to her, particularly a chapter in the Bible every day, if she wishes it or would be pleased with it. We shall wish to have you write us freely and fully whatever occurs to you from day to day."

To his son when leaving him he writes: "How many times have my thoughts gone back to our dear home since I left yesterday! Can I leave my young, inexperienced children without a guide? Will they conduct as I shall approve? Above all, will they please and honor God? Such queries as these have passed through my mind. Then I have thought that you were nearly two years older than I was when I went from my father's house, and was left in some degree to guide my own steps. I was, to be sure, in the family of my uncle; but my restraints were few, beyond what I imposed on myself. But I felt the need of the guidance of a heavenly friend; and then I cried, 'My Father, thou art the guide of my youth.' And he did guide me. He led me in the paths of peace, and blessed be his name! so will he keep and bless you, if you look to him in earnest prayer. Remember, my dear boy, that,—

'Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
You are surrounded still with God.'

"Will you give my love to the members of the family?"

Landing in England, one of his first visits was to Chester, the city where Matthew Henry lived. "I went," he says, "to St. Paul's Cathedral, and have seen the tombs of the mighty dead. Among many of great interest, I found that of Howard the philanthropist, who labored to benefit criminals in all the prisons of Europe, and fell a victim to the plague."

He visited Matlock and Haddon Hall, "saw the room where Byron wrote, with the articles and materials as he left them the last time he was there." "We have been to the grave of Dr. Watts, and John Bunyan, in Bunhill Fields burying-ground, and plucked a memorial from those interesting spots."

Continuing his narrative to his daughter in another letter, there is a brief description of scenes with which he had become familiar in reading, and in which he was greatly interested. "Just before we left England, we visited the Isle of Wight, and the cottage of the Dairyman, where his daughter lived and died. Her niece showed us the Bible with her name written in it, 'Elizabeth Walbridge,' by her own hand. She lived here in an humble stone cottage covered with thatch, but what a glorious house eternal in the heavens she now inhabits! We visited her grave, and read the inscription on her tombstone. We afterwards went to the church in Brading, where Legh Richmond preached, and talked some time with the clerk, who remembered Mr. Richmond well, and said he taught him to sing. I walked about the graveyard where little Jane used to study the inscriptions on the monuments, and after much search I found the stone with its inscription which Mr. Richmond set her to learn, and the next one which she learned of her own accord. You will find them in 'Little Jane the Young Cottager.' One of the lines is, —

'Hail, glorious gospel, blessed truth, whereby
We live with comfort, and with comfort die!'

"We plucked a frail flower as a memorial of this little girl whose body sleeps here, while her immortal spirit is with her Saviour. The scenery of the Isle of Wight is enchanting, but I will not attempt to describe it, as Legh Richmond has done it much better than I could

Every thing appears just as he represented it more than forty years ago. My dear child, may you be prepared, like little Jane, when you die, to join the company of the redeemed ones around the throne on high!

"You know, my dear child, that the life and conversation will show whose disciples we are. 'Tis not mere profession, or ability to pray, that decides the question, but self-distrust, benevolence, purity of thought, desires to do good — these, and all the train of Christian graces, will bud and grow and blossom when there is true piety in the heart. Learn to control yourself, and rule your own spirit."

These extracts are given to show the care and time which my father gave abroad, as well as at home, to educate the minds and hearts of his children. To his son he says: —

"We came to Cambridge, on the River Cam, last evening. Here are seventeen colleges, each having as many buildings. There are about twenty-six hundred students. The parks and walks about the buildings are beautiful. I attended worship to-day with the students in the university chapel. Two or three came up to me after the worship, to ask what time the services commenced in the afternoon. I presume they were freshmen, and mistook me for a professor. I sat with the faculty, which would add *color* to the surmise, for I wear a white cravat. I shall be glad to do all I can to promote your education. I want you to be a thorough scholar, a thoroughly educated young man. You know what I desire for you more than any thing else in the world. My dear son, may you enjoy spiritual blessings in rich abundance! Watch and pray, pray and watch. Avoid the very appearance of evil. Live for a great and good end. Often bring it before your mind: it will strengthen your good resolutions, and encourage you under difficulties. I shall await your next letter with interest."

He writes to his daughter, from Paris, the following description of the "Jardin des Plantes:"—

"In the open ground there are rows of forest trees, containing every variety of every kind of tree that will grow in the open air in this climate. Many of these trees interested me much, but none so much as the noble cedar of Lebanon, which was brought here in 1735, and has been growing in this garden for one hundred and twelve years. The branches grow out horizontally, and the whole tree is majestic and graceful, and unlike any tree that I have seen.

"These cedars were such as Solomon used in building the temple, and I can readily see that he could obtain abundance of timber from such large trees as this. Besides the forest trees, there are large enclosures containing every variety of fruit-trees, besides large hot-houses for tropical shrubs. One part of the garden is devoted to wild beasts, birds, and reptiles of all sorts, who here live in their separate enclosures, and are shown to the public daily. In another part of the garden is a building five hundred feet long, where specimens of botany, petrified wood, and minerals, are arranged; in another, stuffed birds of all climes and of all plumage are tastefully arranged in regular order. The birds alone number many thousand; then beasts stuffed and arranged fill many large rooms, till the eye is weary with looking at them. Then comes the department of comparative anatomy, where the learned Baron Cuvier spent forty years of his life; where skeletons of every animal, including the human race, are classified in the most perfect manner. Then the bones of animals, the bones or the head of a fish, the teeth of an elephant and a lion. But my time fails in detailing this great establishment. Here is a large circular building where lectures are delivered by the most learned professors in the various branches of natural science, open to the public without charge.

"To-morrow we expect to set out for Geneva, a distance of three hundred miles, all of which we perform by diligence."

From Switzerland he writes with enthusiasm of the "everlasting mountains," seeing the "power of the great Creator illustrated at every step of their progress," and describes some of their experiences. "We ascended the Righi to obtain a varied and extended view of 'Alps on Alps.' Your uncle and myself made the toilsome march of four hours on foot (an elevation of five thousand feet) before sunset; but there were too many clouds to have a fine view. The next morning, however, we saw the sun rise in cloudless splendor, and gild with his golden rays the snow-white peaks one after another. We had slept on the top of the mountain, and rose at dawn of day to enjoy the view. How suitable, at such a time and place, to lift up our hearts and our voices in a psalm of praise to our great Creator, the former of this wondrous frame! After descending the mountain, we travelled to Zurich on the lake of the same name. I heard a sermon in English and in German. The latter was preached in the cathedral where the reformer Zwingle commenced preaching the doctrines of the gospel to the astonished listeners. It is now, and has been since his day, a place of Protestant worship. . . . We reached Paris, after a two-months' absence, and found letters with good news. I find Paris the same busy world that I left it two months ago. 'Tis a lively gay place. The people sit upon the sidewalk, and sip their coffee, and chat, and amuse themselves looking in at the windows of the shops, which are filled with jewelry, trinkets, and bonbons. It requires but little to amuse a Frenchman. I see many of the laboring men singing at their work, which, with us, would be a very unusual sight. I bought at three cents per pound sweet grapes such as grow upon our vines, and I find bread and grapes make a very good breakfast."

His letters were no labored descriptions of what he saw, nor attempts at fine writing.

Nor are they given as containing any thing original on the subject of foreign travel, which to-day, whatever it might have been then, is illustrated by a thousand entertaining and instructive methods. But the way in which these scenes met his eye, and influenced him, as well as the pains he took to interest his children, seem worthy of a record, while the main purpose of his life is kept as distinctly in view far away as at home.

During the year 1847, the "Family Record" gives memoranda of his journey through foreign countries. He puts down here, "that the journey from Paris to Geneva was performed in a diligence." He thus visited the smaller cities of France, and became acquainted with the life of the peasants. He leisurely surveyed the scenery, and entered far more into a true appreciation of the country than is possible in this day of railways. Arrived at Geneva, he "passed an interesting hour at the house of Dr. Merle D'Aubigné; also saw the library of fifty thousand volumes, with manuscripts of Luther and Calvin."

He had an interview with Dr. Malan, which he thus describes: "Dr. M. alluded to the cold character of American piety, their doubts and pride, and want of simple faith. He illustrated the doubting Christian by a daughter trying to love her father, but withholding her love till she was sure he was her father. What sort of stuff would such love be made of? Dr. Malan, at the close of our interview, sweetly led us in a simple and heavenly prayer. Thus closed our deeply interesting visit."

Chillon, Berne, the beauties and glories of the Alps, the Rhine and its castles and memories, were seen leisurely, and enjoyed as well as appreciated. In visiting England he manifested the spirit of a child separated when young from his mother, yet conscious of the respect and affection due to her as holding such a relation to him. He visited its cities, and had opportunities of studying the home life of its people. He notes the cathedrals, and the impression of them on his mind. His reading, as well as his mature age, had prepared him for enjoyment, and his habit of mind made the conservative element in English customs and ideas agreeable to him. His note-book, which does not pretend to take the form either of a journal or of a narrative, makes discriminating references to the journey, and to the impressions it produced. On his return to

Paris, he describes a part of one day in this manner; "Five minutes before three o'clock, we went to the Bourse. What a scene! what a medley! How curious to look from the galleries upon such a crowd of gentlemen buying and selling! Were preachers of the gospel as energetic for what can be possessed without money and without price, as those brokers to dispose of their stock to the anxious bidder, they would be called enthusiasts. We visited the Chamber of Deputies, and closed the day with a dinner at the celebrated restaurant of 'Trois Frères,' walking after dinner in the Palais Royal." The note-book closes with: "Thus we have been absent from Boston more than six months. We have met with no accident or harm in all our wanderings. We have not been detained a day by illness. Our mercies have been very great."

IX.

DOMESTIC CHARACTERISTICS.— PUBLIC SPIRIT.

1840-1851.

IT sometimes seems, while reading the letters and recalling the facts of my father's life, that he could have had little time for that retired meditation which is so strengthening in spiritual growth. He certainly could command no entire leisure, neither would it have suited his temperament. But he did love the peace of rural scenes and homes, and the quiet of the Sabbath. I think, as he found himself more and more in the world, he made it more his purpose to live above it, and so abode in an atmosphere of peace, that could not be shaken by outside events. The regularity of his life made certain to him the early morning hours for retirement; while his Saturday afternoons, after certain ministries to church-members had been accomplished, were spent in quiet thought. His life may throw some light on the puzzling problem, how to combine constant activity in business with a continual mental and spiritual growth. His letters show this far better than any essay, and, to keep pace with them, it is necessary to turn to those which were written to a brother separated from him widely and for years. That brother he kept informed of all which related to the family connections, by the unfailing regularity of his letters; letters, too, full of affection, and containing many a discussion of broad questions of public interest and philanthropy. The fraternal sympathy which could be so little stimulated by personal presence and interchange was thus made active and firm, and proved a source of happiness to the brothers. A selection has been made from the multitude of these letters, though there is scarcely one of them that does not contain something which would be helpful to many minds.

After his travels in Europe in 1847, Mr. Stoddard writes, on the ship, describing his voyage home: —

"DEAR BROTHER A., — A kind Providence has preserved us amid storms; for eight days, not a moment of fair wind, but gales alternately from the north-west and west, which tried the strength of our ship as well as the patience and equanimity of the passengers. On the eighth day the scene was sufficiently terrific. The gale was increased to such a degree as to produce apprehensions for the safety of the ship in the mind of the commander. The seas swept the deck, and struck the ship with great force. All on board, or nearly every one, were sick, though I was an exception. I cannot tell you how much soup was spilled, or how many tea-pots have been thrown over. Suffice it to say, this has passed, and we have the prospect, soon, of reaching Halifax; and, if we have no more storms, reaching home after a voyage of seventeen days."

After his arrival, the first news that greeted him was the death of his eldest brother, then a professor in Middlebury College. My father says: "He had been ten days dead when we reached Boston; and I was not permitted to take him by the hand, as I greatly longed to do, and receive his parting words. But I would turn, and ask, what personal improvement can I make of this stroke, so that it may promote my spiritual growth? A breach has been made in our family circle, and I am left in the front rank. Let us each so live that, when we are summoned away, we may reach the heaven which Jesus has prepared!"

In March, 1848, he writes again: —

"DEAR BROTHER A., — I have your letter of 9th March, and note your strong sentiments in favor of liberty. I think I should hardly go as far as you in my idea of a free government. I have great apprehensions for the stability of the French republic. They are becoming by far too democratic; nor do I think the sober part of the French population are easy about the state of affairs. The multitude, however, give three cheers for France and liberty, and it is not popular to withhold your adhesion to the new order of things.

"There is an entire want of confidence felt here in the stability of the government, and scarce any exchange on France is either bought or sold. The final results of this disturbance are not at all clear to my mind. God will overrule this and every other overturning in this world to promote the kingdom of the Redeemer whose right it is to reign. When we cannot derive satisfaction from the movements of men, there is a great sense of rest in feeling that God is on the throne governing nations, 'causing the wrath of man to praise him, and restraining the remainder of wrath.' The arrival of the steamers is eagerly watched, and the popular current is decidedly in favor of revolution; but calm and thinking men are by no means satisfied with the look of affairs in France."

"DEAR BROTHER A., — I am glad you enjoy your present church and its worship. I have a very high regard for the memory of many English Episcopalians who have long since ceased from their labors on earth. I never tire in reading the works of Dr. Scott, John Newton, Wilberforce, Charles Simeon, Noel, and a long list of worthies who have cherished the Episcopal form and ritual to the end of their days. I fell in love with Hannah More after she was seventy, and without ever seeing her; and I owe much of my knowledge of solid scriptural divinity to the writings of divines connected with the Establishment.

"It is to be regretted, so it seems to me, that in England the Episcopal Church is so tied to the state, and hampered by a hierarchy and parliamentary enactments. I notice that you have been reading Macaulay's History. We have all read it here. It has been sold all over the country at twenty cents a volume, and in best octavo style, four hundred and fifty pages, at seventy-five cents. This book should open the eyes of reflecting men, among the Tories in England, to the evils of Church and State.

"Thus far this season we have had pleasant weather, and small symptoms of autumn and winter. Yet winter is surely approaching, and will soon be upon us. Season after season glides almost imperceptibly away, and it is only when we stop and look back, that we adequately realize how rapidly our lives are speeding their course.

'’Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven.'

’Tis wise to compare our conduct with the Scripture standard of action, that we may have in the future no cause of unavailing regrets. God give us grace so to live that we may not be dismayed at the end of our course, but our eternity be joyful and blessed!"

In speaking of a friend, just departed, he closes his letter with these words: "Who says this world is not a vale of tears? The gospel illumines the pathway to the grave, and gives consolation to mourning survivors. Nothing else can.

> ‘Hail, glorious gospel, blessed truth, whereby
> We live with comfort, and with comfort die!’”

“Dear Brother A., — I have before me your letter of the 10th, and your description of the place selected for your summer quarters. The description is enchanting, and I doubt not the reality is much more so. How I should love to go down with you at evening and enjoy the beautiful sunset behind the ‘jagged peaks of the steep hills’! Then the sloping lawn, and the lake reposing at its foot; the luxurious bath, how delightful! how well calculated to restore the energies of the body and mind worn by care and the pressure of daily duties of life! Our summer retreat is a point of land which makes out boldly into the sea, and is bound by jagged rocks against which the spray dashes. There is a narrow opening in the rocks, disclosing a quiet little dell with sand bottom, into which the sea makes its way at full tide, where we can bathe with all serenity and quiet. A most secluded place it is. Often, from our retreat we shall look out and strain our eyes to see you, and what we cannot discern with the organ of vision, we will allow imagination to supply. May you have much quiet enjoyment in this sequestered place, and may the Good Shepherd watch over and bless you!"

April, 1851.

"Dear Brother A., — In your last you express a regret that your time is taken up so much with business matters to the exclusion of other and better things, but do not see how to get out of the difficulty except by giving up business altogether. With your active habits, and love for employment, this would not be wise: few are fitted for a life of leisure. Could you not, by thought and planning, redeem some hours daily for reading, meditation, and study? Your business is so systematized that I suppose you could make it a rule to take, say, an hour after breakfast, for your private use; an hour in which by regularity you could accomplish something. I am persuaded that a young, active business man may command some time daily for literary or religious purposes, but it can hardly be done save by a rigid plan. While in the discharge of our daily duties, most of our opportunities of doing good occur, and if these are seized and improved the day is spent to some good purpose. Certainly, as we advance in life it is not desirable for us to be more engrossed with business, but the great attainment of the Christian, after which he should strive, is to carry the love and service of his Master into all his employments and recreations.

"I am interested in the account of the journey you have lately taken; and well can I sympathize with you in your enthusiasm over the lovely valley of the Wye. Well do I remember the tree growing up in the church at Ross. I am reading to my wife the memoirs of T. Fowell Buxton, the British philanthropist; a noble disinterested character. It makes me feel as if I had never done any thing for the cause of my Lord, when I see such herculean efforts as he put forth at the hazard of health, and even of life itself, that he might secure freedom for the enslaved.

"We unite in love.

"Affectionately,

"C. S."

He does not forget his parents, or his filial duty to them. He tells his brother D——, in a letter dated March, 1847: "The first of the present month, I went up to N—— to visit our parents. They appeared very well, have had excellent health through the winter, and bid fair, as far as human foresight can tell, to live for many years to come. I am pleased to notice by your letter that you bathe daily. I always use cold water all over, when I rise; in winter by candle-light, and I have not failed for six months, no matter how stormy or unpleasant, to walk around the common, one mile and a quarter, before breakfast. In the coldest mornings it is an hour after I rise before I see a fire, and then I do not wish to go near one."

A letter from his mother is here inserted, which refers to some of the incidents of her life, and associations with him:—

"MY DEAR SON,—When your thoughts turn to the home of your childhood, do you think of your parents as solitary and desolate because our children are far away, and our family comprises only five individuals? It is not so. We are neither cheerless nor lonely, and have many hours of enjoyment, besides our books and weekly papers. Your father often finds something to interest and amuse him in his daily walks, and our fireside is frequently enlivened by an afternoon or evening call from friends and acquaintances. The young ladies are so attentive to me, that I sometimes incline to fancy myself a favorite with them. The proximity of W.'s residence is a pleasant and favorable circumstance.

"We have been making an effort here to aid and sustain the 'Board of Missions;' and I think it may be more beneficial in its consequences *to us* than to them. Ten matrons of the Dorcas Society volunteered to visit every family who meet with us for worship in the First Church, and invite the female members to increase their subscription. On the Sabbath that Brother J—— passed here, Mr. W—— preached a sermon on Christian liberality, from 2 Cor. viii., first five verses. It produced a mighty movement in the hearts of this people. I have never seen any thing like it. It was not necessary to say any thing. They were almost waiting with the money in their hands, to make an offering to the Lord. . . .

"Dear son, yesterday morning I had been reading some of the Psalms of David, and meditating upon the goodness of God to me and my family, recounting his mercies from day to day, and looking back through a long life, on all the way an unseen hand has led and guided me to more than threescore years and ten; the rich blessings he has bestowed upon me and my husband and children, all of them as I trust, taught of God, and made partakers of his grace; their lives preserved, though in perils oft; the enjoyment of their reason continued to them, and good health, and so much worldly prosperity, it is probable, as is for their best good; honored, too, as instruments of doing much good in their Redeemer's service, — while I was musing, the fire burned. I said to myself, I will take my pen and write to Charles in the fulness of my heart. Some family duties first required my attention. I then returned to my purpose, but, alas! my theme was forgotten, *all that I intended to write*, nor did I recollect it till I was writing my name. I then laid away the paper resolving to confess to you the truth. This, dear son, is an epitome of my life. And will it ever be thus? shall I always live at this poor dying rate? I am active in various ways, and seem to possess almost the vigor and elasticity of youth, without a pain or infirmity to remind me that the shadows of evening are fast gathering around me. I have been obliged to lay aside my pen by the entrance of Cousin W—— E——. He will take tea and pass the night with us. But I must close, after wishing an interest in your prayers for your affectionate mother."

The correspondence of my father was unusually large. As an instance of this fact, I find him saying in a letter to his son, after an absence of four months, "This is the last half-sheet of a ream of paper that I have had since I have been here. How many letters have I written?" The reams were of good old-fashioned *letter*-paper. He always encouraged letter-writing in his children, not only by his example, but by criticism and commendation when he thought it would stimulate improvement or cultivate ease in style. I find, during the college terms that he not only wrote to his son who was absent from the city, but sent boxes, of which in regard to one he says, —

"I have sent what you ask, a foot-ball and a Greek grammar; fit emblems of study and exercise. The main business is the study, the foot-ball is the recreation. The one must ever be kept subordinate to the other. Yet most practitioners strive to make the foot-ball rise higher than Greek grammars or even colleges. I wish you all success both with your head and your feet."

Somewhat later, when the son had gone to college, he writes, —

"MY DEAR SON, — Until you have progressed much further on in life, and yourself sustain the relation of a parent, it will not be easy for you to understand all the feelings which crowd my mind, now that you have given us the parting salutation, and have actually commenced your college course. Sometimes I recur to my example, and the influence for good that I have tried to exert over you during the past years. This train of thought suggests how imperfect has been my example, and how frequently I have come short in the illustration in my life, of the holy principles I profess. I think, too, of my own boyhood and youth, and feel certain that my greatest safeguard against evil influences was my slow and deliberate way of forming acquaintances. This I never did in a hurry. There are in almost every collection of youth, some who appear at first quite plausible, and whose attentions and apparent kindness are much beyond the common run. By such means they insinuate themselves into the intimacy of the unreflecting, gain their confidence, and lead them aside to their ruin, sometimes by poisoning their minds with infidel thoughts, or impure allusions, again by ridiculing what is good, and trifling with serious things. The old proverb, 'A man is known by the company he keeps,' is true in all mixed communities, and a student in college will soon have a character according to the associates he admits to his intimacy. I have already said so much on the importance of first steps that I will not enlarge.

"Be known as one governed by principle, as an enemy to disorder, as a diligent, exemplary student, and you will go on with honor to yourself, and reflect credit on the institution."

Another letter to his son follows: —

"My dear Son, — Your letter is before me, from which I am happy to know that your health is good and that you have been regular in your attendance on daily prayers and recitations. I have anticipated this from the habits you have formed, and I have also anticipated your rank in your class. Now, as to the feeling you describe, of 'not accomplishing any thing, you see no effect of your labor.' I suppose you have reflected that this is by no means peculiar to college-life. Take for example, an apprentice to a mechanic. He serves a seven-years course, and when free has only the suit of clothes he stands in. But then he has good health, two hands, a thorough knowledge of a good trade, and he is independent. Take a lawyer. He goes through 'Bluestone's Lamentaries,' and other volumes equally dry. He copies papers, and draws contracts, for his master, and at the end of his term, what has he accomplished? If diligent and faithful, he has qualified himself for a high stand at the bar.

"In subsequent life it is by no means uncommon for men to pass days and weeks, if not months and years, without accomplishing any thing. Dr. Sutton, missionary in *Cuttach*, a province of Orissa India, near the temple of Juggernaut, went there with others to establish that mission twenty-six years ago. The English residents ridiculed the idea of doing any thing under the nose of Juggernaut. The idolaters mocked and taunted them. However, they kept steadily at work, and, with prayer and fasting, waited on the Lord. For seven years they had not one convert, yet with unshaken faith in the promises of God, went on in their labors. At the end of that period, they had the joy to see a priest of Juggernaut avow himself a convert, cast off his priestly garments, and come as an humble sinner to the feet of Jesus. From that time the work went on, and now they have Christian churches, and Christian villages, and native preachers, and a goodly company of followers of the Lamb. Is the feeling to which you refer, owing to the impatience of youth, to arrive at the result by a short process? But this is not the way any valuable end is attained. How slow the process of laying broad and deep the foundation of the future structure! But by patient continuance, day after day, week after week, the building begins to rise, and by and by the top-stone is laid with rejoicing. To me it seems as if a remedy for this oppressive feeling would be found in proposing to yourself a high and noble end, which in all your course you keep steadily in view as the racer does the goal. And thus animated, you will run with patience, and walk and not be weary or faint. There is much drudgery to be gone through in every department, but where the end is exalted and desirable, the way to it, though thorny and unpleasant, is at least endurable.

"With regard to the friend of whom you wrote: he should be kept above despondency, but not above the necessity for active exertion and patient self-denial. I dare say you will reason with yourself, that 'if these sons of poverty enter the lists, and struggle hard for an education, under so many disadvantages, certainly those like me, who have every want supplied, should put forth all our powers to rise to the highest point in literary and moral attainment of which we are capable.' . . .

"That a man has some property, is no disadvantage in the profession of the ministry. I think where a person does not feel a necessity for entering this department for a support, he can be more clear as to the purity of his motives. Let me have your views of this, and other themes, as often as you are able."

To a young minister, a brother-in-law, who asks him how he is employed, he writes in 1853, —

"On the Sabbath, I have a Bible-class of twenty-two young men, five or six students in Harvard University, which to me is very interesting, and during the past year there have been several conversions among them. My engagements at the Missionary House you know something of. I act as treasurer of the Old South Church, as well as hold the office of deacon, each involving many duties. I look after the property of Mrs. ——, provide her with money, and do the same for other widows. I have some family cares, and these, together with my business, leave me less time than I could wish for reading. By improving what I have, I manage to accomplish something. I have just finished the memoir of two Scotch brothers, Haldane by name, who were highly instrumental in the growth of religion in Scotland. I should be pleased to have you see the volume.

"I have just been to visit my aged father, and I left him comfortable and cheerful. You have doubtless noticed the death of Mr. Amos Lawrence, a good man and public benefactor. He has been unwearied in his charities, and for twenty years has done little else than seek out the proper objects, and relieve them. His funeral was attended by a large concourse at Brattle-street Church, and his memory is precious among all classes of our citizens.

"We have recently sent out two companies of missionaries to Western Asia, and hope to send more ere long. I hope the mission cause will be remembered by your people, and an increasing amount yearly contributed to its advancement."

The same year he writes to his daughter, absent while pursuing studies, —

"My dear Daughter, — The close of your letter reminds me to say, that I hope you will daily take a long walk in the open air; you know how important this is to health. I see you have six lessons per week, — two in singing, two in piano, two in French, — equal to one a day except the Sabbath, and, if faithfully attended to, they will absorb most of your time. Yet if you have system and plan, you can accomplish much, and reserve time for walking.

"I think you have done wisely, my daughter, to commit to paper an account of your journey West. I feel happy that I had it in my power to take you on such an instructive and pleasant excursion. You know that such journeys are costly, and that if we spend our money in travelling, we cannot spend it in other things which might be agreeable, but are not necessary. I have thought it was wise to use some in this way, even if, as a consequence, we deny ourselves in other things."

Again, on his birthday, he wrote to the same: —

"My dear M., — I thank you for your sweet remembrances of me. I spent a little season in 'Bethany' this morning, and had some pleasant views from the eastern slope of Olivet. The 'friends of Christ' who once resided there are not there now; Lazarus, whom he once raised from the dead has returned again to the land of silence, but Jesus lives and reigns, and we shall reign with him.

"We had a pleasant Sabbath. Thirteen joined the church, seven of them young men. A full congregation. Mr. M. preached on 'growth in grace.'"

The pleasure little gifts gave my father, and his replies, were ample reward to any one who offered tokens to him.

On his birthday, writing to his wife he says: —

"By the date of this letter, you can with propriety speak of all the way in which my heavenly Father has led me these forty years in the wilderness. I occupied an hour or two yesterday in reviewing my past history, present condition, and future prospects, and I am sure I have abundant reason to speak well of my gracious God. He has manifested himself to me in so many ways of kindness and mercy that it would be the height of ingratitude not to acknowledge his goodness. Nor can I doubt him for the future. I feel that I can commit you and our dear children, as well as myself, with confidence into his hands. I rejoice to do this, and I would not alter a circumstance of my condition contrary to his will. I have made a call, and had a long conversation this afternoon with our friend G——. He is much depressed, and is physically worn and weak, full of doubt. I told him that God would take care of him and his, if he only trusted him, and he need not dwell on the future. How important to seek the pearl of great price when young, and go on cheerfully serving God through joy and through sorrow! I think we ought to try *to be cheerful*, whatever betides us; and if we cherished habitually a thankful spirit, there would be little complaining around us.

"Prof. W—— has a son to be ordained tomorrow; and his father preaches the sermon. How delightful it must be for a father to put the finishing stroke to his son's preparation for usefulness! Few, comparatively, have such happiness. Most are contented if they but train their children respectably in the world. I can imagine no greater joy than to see our children walking in the truth. I am glad that you are to visit the family of C——. I think with you that we ought to deny ourselves to make our friends happy, and who shall say that we do not thus receive true pleasure? Did you think, from what I said, that I disliked to have others do for me? I like to be waited on, and as I grow older I am more and more willing for this. If I have not manifested this trait to you, it was because I thought you did already too much waiting and serving. You think it takes money to live? I long ago found that out, and if I had not gathered together a little, before I assumed the duties of head of a family, I fear some of you would have gone supperless to bed. But we can learn to live and use and enjoy without anxiety."

Again an extract from a letter to his wife says: —

"The first thing to be desired for our children or for ourselves, is a personal interest in the salvation brought by the gospel. Money, advantages of education, position, influence, all adventitious worldly advantages shrink, when compared with a title to a heavenly inheritance, and this may be attained. Why should not our children hear us express frequently the conviction of our hearts, that the chief concern for them, as for ourselves, is to secure the favor of God? Why should not all our plans of life be controlled and modified by this purpose? True, we cannot convert them. It is the work of God's Spirit. But we can pray with them individually, and for them. And we can speak to them of the preciousness of Christ, and tell them what he has done for us.

"I long to know that our children are in the Redeemer's fold. 'Tis my chief anxiety, with regard to them, that they may walk with God on earth, and dwell with him in heaven. I think it wise frequently to review our purpose and controlling aim of life. Is it to please God and serve him? or is it some worldly aim we seek? A single eye to his glory in all we do, will make our whole body full of light, and our path clear."

During a time of religious interest in college, he writes to his son: —

"Dear C., — I have daily carried you on my heart to the throne of grace, that you might be quickened in your Christian course, and be enabled to exert an influence for Christ. From your letter, I cherish the hope that God has heard my prayers. You will find, that if you desire to do just what God would have you in all things, your peace will flow as a river.

"I have had some precious seasons this winter, and have been led as I hope, to some wrestlings with God, and think he has heard my prayer for more personal devotion to his service. I am glad to inform you that the interest in religion continues here, and our Sabbath school has increased."

Shortly after, he writes to the same: —

"A few evenings ago, at the close of a stormy day, we were permitted to witness a most brilliant rainbow. The sun was near the horizon, and shone out with great clearness. The drops of rain were falling fast, a dense black cloud covered the eastern heavens, and upon this, with one foot resting on the ocean and the other on the land, the bow of promise in all its brilliant colors, was painted. Your mother, M., and myself gazed upon it with delight for nearly half an hour. When the sun set, leaving behind a most gorgeous drapery of golden tints, all of us felt it was a most rare exhibition of the works of God. I thought of the bow in the clouds which was exhibited to Noah, as a token of the covenant which God was pleased to enter into with the patriarch. Certainly we should be reminded by such exhibitions, of a covenant-keeping God, whose promise will not fail to all that put their trust in him.

"Nearly a year of your college course has gone. I would encourage you in your efforts to attain eminence as a scholar and a Christian.

"Are you inclined to say smart and witty things, to make puns and small jokes? Such a habit is liable to puff one up with vanity, and does not contribute to form a manly character. I expect to see in you a development of every thing that is lovely and of good report. Dr. Franklin says, in his autobiography, that he had a disposition to wit, but he found it made his company desirable to the frivolous and the weak, not to the wise and virtuous. Therefore he resolved to restrain the habit."

Still again to the same: —

"Our city has been excited of late by the arrest of a fugitive slave, and every means has been devised to embarrass and hinder the execution of the fugitive slave law. To-day he has been remanded to slavery. I hope the time may come, before you die, when slavery shall be no more in this Republic. Have you found time to read the life of Fowell Buxton? We have read it with great pleasure, also the life of William Wirt. You allude, in your letter, to my remark that 'a missionary who is worthy of his calling is the highest style of man.' I think you misapprehended my meaning. Certainly any calling that is lawful and honest is honorable, and, if pursued from the right motive, — to please and honor God, — is acceptable in his sight; but you will admit that the errand which brought the Lord of glory to this world, on a mission of love, was the highest and most sublime of which it is possible to form a conception. The office of a faithful minister of the gospel of Christ is very elevated and sublime. And doubtless he may in many cases, be subjected to more trials than a foreign missionary, and he may be a holier man. But the difference, and that which elevates the *calling* of a missionary is simply this: he goes to make known Christ to those who never heard of him, who without him would not hear of the way of salvation; whereas the minister preaches Christ to those to whom he has been known. Paul glories in preaching where Christ had not been known, 'that he might not build on another man's foundation.' This is the reason why I call a missionary 'the highest style of man.' His work is almost a counterpart to that which brought the Saviour down: in fact, he was the great foreign missionary. I can conceive of no employment more elevated or sublime."

X.

A PICTURE OF SLAVERY. — THE FATHER'S COUNSEL.

1852-1854.

AS each year passed, new duties and responsibilities came with it, so that my father's life was full, — full of service, of watchful love, and reciprocated affection.

He had come to the period *he* used to call the "battle-ground," and what we may surely say was the "heat and burden of the day." Yet nothing was, in consequence of these increasing demands, neglected; nor do I connect the idea of *hurry* with my father.

Each duty was performed in its own time; there was no overtaking of engagements, which causes so much pressure and mental worry in the lives of many persons. He found time and a mind sufficiently at leisure to write many letters which required thought.

This method in the midst of activity, was in a measure natural; but habit had strengthened the trait, so that it was the more marked. It may furnish a hint for those who, overwhelmed with a multitude of cares, would fain spare themselves the annoyance of being driven in their work.

An extract from a letter to a brother will help to give an idea of how constantly he was occupied:—

"I think I shall not be able to visit N—— unless something requires me to come. The days are brief, and the pressure of duties upon me is great. The missionary funds are falling short alarmingly. I have had to aid the treasurer to remit, and keep his credit good in London; and friends in this country could not do better than remit their contributions at once.

"I have arranged the supply of the pulpit during our pastor's absence. Business cares have been unusually great, on account of failures of customers. Much advice and assistance in effecting settlements are constantly required."

But in the midst of this complex life, he found time playfully to interest himself in the health of the same brother. "As to yourself, you must be patched up in some way or made over. My idea is, that there is a good deal of work in you yet. There is energy and executive talent. My impression is, that you stay at home too much, yield too readily to headaches which knock at your door, so they are pretty sure to get in, and are therefore bolder than they would be if you gave them a heavy blow, and drove them pell-mell from your premises. Be more in the open air, have more cheerfulness. Do not care if you lose money; it is all the Lord's. You have less responsibility, if you have less committed to you, for he knows better than we what we need.

"You have done well to obtain congregational singing; keep up the tone, and it will be popular. People always feel interested in what they do themselves. I trust you will have large spiritual blessings this winter."

To a sister-in-law, whose youth had been passed much under his roof, and for whom he always felt a strong affection, he wrote with considerable regularity.

The following letters give the tone of the correspondence: —

"Dear F., — Some months ago you suggested my reading the memoirs, as far as they are published, of the late Dr. Chalmers. I have recently done so, and I assure you that it has been a rich treat to me. It does not appear that he was free from the imperfections incident to men. Indeed, he seemed fully conscious of his infirmities. He began the ministry of religion without the power, and so continued for years. The grace of God overtook him, and, like any sinner, he fled to Jesus Christ. And now what a change! he was sweetly constrained by the love of Christ, in all he did. And what a life of engagedness was his! It would seem that he raised the standard of preaching in Scotland, that he infused new life into the Sabbath and week-day schools, that he accomplished wonders with the poor of the section of the city where he labored, and that he left an influence for good upon Glasgow which has continued to this day. How precious his memory! I will send you a copy of the memoirs of Mary Lyon, in which you will, I am sure, find much of deep interest. I have been full of cares of late. How difficult is it to have a heavenly mind amid our earthly duties! yet I believe such a state is possible, by keeping close to Christ. Indeed, I believe it is the intention of our Master, in placing his followers in scenes of trial and of full occupation, that they may show forth his praise by manifesting a calm, confiding, heavenly spirit, even in the midst of pressing applications, and of much worldly employment. Doubtless you have found the benefit of ejaculatory prayer. I think the Apostle Paul must have practised it much. He certainly was not favored with regular places of retirement as we are. He was ever on the wing as a travelling missionary, except when 'in bonds;' and then, for four or five years chained to a Roman soldier, he must have performed his devotions always in the presence of this soldier. Yet Paul held intimate communion with God, and grew in grace remarkably."

In describing to this sister the journey to the West, of which he speaks in letters to other friends, I find this impression given of slavery in 1853: —

"We were detained in the interior of Kentucky two days. There I saw slavery in its most odious aspects. The slaves were kept up till midnight every night, and compelled to be up early in the morning; ate their food out of doors although the weather was frosty, and were kicked and knocked about, so as to be almost stupefied if not brutalized. I walked out alone to a remote part of the grounds, and there, out of sight of the house, I met the gardener, a slave of seventy. I soon found he was a pious man, and had a hope of heaven. He detailed to me his piteous story. He was owned in Virginia, his wife was owned by B——, at whose tavern we were. In order to live with her, he got B—— to buy him. But B—— was a coarse drinking man, and, when he had been drinking, he would beat him most unmercifully. He told me his back was raw for two years from the lashes inflicted. He said all the time he tried to do his duty as well as he knew how. The visitors remonstrated with B—— for treating a good servant in such a manner, but without effect. This slave was a member of a Baptist church, but there was none within twelve miles; his master never let him have a horse to go, and he and his wife had been ten or twelve years without ever attending worship.

"The master is now dead, and the estate including the slaves is soon to be sold, and their prospects are dark. I pitied them, and talked with him about the heavenly inheritance. He said this was all he cared for, or desired. We called this old disciple, 'Uncle Tom.'

"At the Mammoth Cave our guide was a slave of thirty-eight who was remarkably intelligent, understood all the minerals found in the cave and their scientific names, and the various formations, knew much poetry, had a fine voice, and was a good singer. His master provided for his freedom in two years, and he then proposed to go to Liberia with his wife and two children. He would be intelligent enough for a high post, but unfortunately his employment as guide has exposed him to be petted by thoughtless visitors, until habits of intemperance seem about to fasten upon him. In Lexington we saw slaves treated well, and apparently attached to their masters. But the system is bad, wholly bad for masters and slaves. The masters said that slaves were diminishing in Kentucky, and must diminish. They felt the evil, and said slavery would have been abolished had not the discussions in Congress, and the movements of the abolitionists at the North, excited their pride, and thus prevented it. We were obliged to hire a private conveyance back to Louisville and passed the Sabbath at Salt River somewhat known in political circles. Here was a church, and preaching a part of the time, but none on this Sabbath. Learning that there was a Methodist camp-meeting in the afternoon, I attended. After prayer and singing the leader began at one end of the room, 'Well, brother, how is it with you?' To which the other replied, 'He had experienced the hiding of the Lord's face for some time.' 'Pray on, wait on the Lord: we will pray for you, and the Lord may visit you in mercy.' Then to the next person, and so on to each member present; about twenty-four. Then he came to me, and said, 'Well, stranger, how is it with you?' I told him that I had a hope of salvation through the merits of the adorable Redeemer; that when in the morning I walked out to find a place of worship, I only found boys playing at marbles, and began to think of the case of Elijah when he said, 'They have digged down thine altars, and slain thy prophets.' I felt as if there were no praying souls there. But since I came to this meeting I saw my mistake, and want of faith, &c. On the whole, it was an interesting incident."

"My dear Sister, — Your welcome letter of 5th February reached me some days since; and I seize the first opportunity to acknowledge the pleasure it imparts, not to myself only, but to my pleasant and profitable companion in the journey of life. For nearly twenty-five years I have been blessed with a gentle, genial soul to walk with me, and every year she is more endeared to me than before. I see her growing piety, and notice her elevated taste. I admire her genuine modesty, and on the whole, I am well satisfied on this head. Do you not think I have reason to be? Our treasures here are all in earthen vessels, easily broken, and soon to pass away. This, if we are wise, we shall keep in mind, and possess these blessings as though we possessed them not. At present there is much attention to religion in this city. Besides the morning meeting, which for six years has been held daily in Old South Chapel, there is one every afternoon, conducted by Rev. Mr. Stone in Park Street, and one for ladies conducted by Mrs. F——. Being more at leisure than at some other times, my wife has enjoyed attending these meetings, and been profited by them. We hear of sinners converted, and we know there is joy in heaven on such occasions. Should there not be praise on earth? For myself, it has been a busy, and on the whole a winter of much spiritual enjoyment, and I hope, of some spiritual progress to me. You are aware that Prof. Park has preached for us once every Sabbath. This was at the request of Dr. B., to give him an opportunity to preach Sabbath evening in another part of the town. The sermons of Prof. Park have been of a high order as intellectual efforts, but have been chiefly valued as setting forth the great doctrines of the gospel in a clear and forcible manner. His subjects have been mainly Christ as an atoning sacrifice, as an intercessor above. One sermon recently, from the text, 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin,' was very solemn and powerful. He preached a sermon on 'The Power of Conscience,' which took hold of many minds; one on Peter; another on Judas, which made his character appear so black throughout, that I told my wife I did not want to be a Judas. His discourse, last Sabbath, was the last we expect him to deliver. It was from the text, 'God is love.' It was over an hour in length, and of surpassing interest. He showed how this is consistent with his hating sin, and punish ing the sinner eternally. This arrangement for having assistance, and opening a chapel, points to the inauguration of a plan of measures, for some time contemplated in our society; viz., the settlement of an associate pastor with Dr. B., with a view to two places of worship, and two sermons from each pastor on the Sabbath, interchangeably in the two places. We now look forward to the settlement of an associate pastor to-morrow, in our church. We have a large council to install him; and Prof. Park preaches the sermon, while our pastor, Dr. B, gives him the 'right hand.' This arrangement is made with the cordial concurrence of Dr. B., and of the officers of the church, and of the great body of believers among us, and points to aggressive movements among us to build up the cause of evangelical religion in this city. One main reason for our desire for two pastors and two places of worship and other means of using money for doing good, arises from the fact, that after the present year, the income of our society will be over twenty-five thousand dollars per annum, all this large sum arising from rents of stores built on a piece of land adjoining the church. This belonged to Madam Norton, nearly two hundred years ago, and she used it to *pasture her cow*. She gave it to the society, at her death, and it is the only property our church has, or ever had. It has, by time and changes, become the source of the above large income, and we desire to spend it all in preaching the gospel in the city. Is the plan wise in your eyes? May we hope for happy results? You will see how my energies, physical and mental, have been taxed during the winter. But I must not use my eyes more. They are far from well, and I am in the evening entirely dependent on Mrs. S. I thank you for all the suggestions in your letter. All nature is again robed in a fresh snow which silently enveloped the earth last night, and it looks pure and white, like those robes which the redeemed shall wear above. You are literary with your good eyes. I am rather losing ground in this. I manage to prepare myself to meet fifteen young gentlemen, members of my Bible-class, on the morning of the Sabbath with a studied lesson, but am unable to use my eyes much more.

"Your brother,

"CHARLES STODDARD.'

A letter to his brother follows, containing his private views on some affairs of public interest.

"My dear Brother A., — You ask if I met and became acquainted with Col. Williams. On our return from England in 1847, he was a fellow-passenger, — a tall, intelligent, high-minded English officer who had seen much of the world, and, possessed of true politeness, made himself very agreeable. He was always up early, and from him I always received the first 'good-morning.' In the progress of the voyage our conversations were many and varied, as he was quite communicative. He had been in all parts of India and in the East, and was acquainted with most of the American missionaries. He told me he never neglected an opportunity, which his official station gave him, of showing kindness to missionaries. He told me that he was then under appointment as commissioner on the part of Great Britain for running a boundary-line between Turkey and Persia, and was soon to proceed thither to join the commissioners on the part of Persia, Turkey, and Russia. I told him I had a brother, a missionary in Northern Persia, and he promised, when in that region, to look him up, and make his acquaintance. Accordingly, when, in the course of their duties, they were encamped within thirty miles of Oroomiah, Col. Williams wrote a letter to David, inviting him to visit him. David accepted the invitation, and visited the colonel, and in return invited him to visit the station at Seir, which he did, with his retinue; and the subsequent events are known to you. How wonderful are the ways of Providence!" . . .

After a discussion at some length on the subject of slavery, my father thus closes his letter:

"But, my brother, the life *here*, whether of freedom or slavery, is but a short probation, and our chief concern should be to make preparation ourselves, and labor to prepare others, for the life to come. Whatever may be the importance of benevolent efforts for founding hospitals for the sick, schools for the ignorant, asylums for the aged and infirm, and kindred objects which look chiefly to the temporal good of men, and *are really important* and *godlike* charities, I have felt, and do feel, that direct efforts for the salvation of the soul are far more important, because they have influence on the life to come, and a preparation for it."

There is little need to introduce the subjoined letters with any comment. Their immediate influence upon him to whom they were written cannot be over-estimated. Without an appearance of authority, my father was able to guide by a subtle power; his conscientious life increased the weight of his words, while his words, wisely chosen, incited to a noble life.

"My dear Son, — Your letter of Jan. 28 really did me good. The style of penmanship was greatly improved, and the sentiments interesting. I know not how you could do better once a fortnight than to send off such an epistle. I will not promise to entertain you with my replies as much as you merit, but I will try to do something in this way. So you are to rise at four the rest of the season. The sun will rise earlier and earlier each successive day, and it will not be many weeks before, at that early hour, there will be the commencement of daybreak.

"I fully agree with you in the practical effect for good of the visits of a benevolent man to ten poor dwellings, and its happy reflex influence upon himself, and I could most heartily wish there were more of such character. Our great Master illustrated this in its full extent. He literally 'went about doing good;' and, although he had no silver nor gold to bestow, he had the godlike power of relieving human misery, and promoting human happiness in the highest degree. May we both be more and more like him!

"We all unite in love. May you keep near the throne, and live a life of faith! Faith, simple trust in God, and belief in his word as a living reality, is what we most need, my dear son."

"My dear Son, — I forgot to speak with you, when here, about the importance of discountenancing every effort made in college to depreciate the faculty. I presume you would not lend yourself to the efforts of any, to ridicule any one of them, even though not exactly to your liking. While a person *is an officer* or teacher in college, the only rule for students, is to treat him with the consideration and courtesy belonging to his office; and this even when there are grounds for thinking he is not fully qualified for his station. There are not a few of the young and inexperienced who allow prejudice and unworthy hostility to lead them into courses of conduct highly reprehensible. It is not manly, and generally those engaged as leaders, are persons who do not set a good example as diligent students. Always uphold the faculty, and never indulge in jokes at their expense: such things have a bad effect on character.

"Your theory about daily exercise as necessary, if a young person would preserve 'a sound mind and a sound body,' is good, and your own good health, under a systematic course of exercise, is a good illustration of its efficacy. But in the case of girls, it is not so easy to carry out in practice systematic plans of daily exercise. If it rains, they have no gymnasium to resort to but must stay in the house. Still much more might be done than is done, through the winter, by energetic effort day by day.

"I fully concur also in your remarks about the tendency of the times, especially among the young, *to live too fast.* I am glad your views are so rational, and I hope and trust they will continue so.

"To give ample time, after leaving college, to become a thorough master of your profession, keeping up, at the same time, vigorous exercise, and other appliances for producing vigorous health, to keep out of mind all thoughts respecting marriage-settlement in life, until established in any profession with reasonable prospect of the means of sustaining a family; to maintain, in college and out, through all stages of education, a primary design and purpose to do all to the glory of God, and to plan with reference to the prospect of the greatest usefulness in the world, — these principles, adopted and carried into practice, would save many a college student from a heavy, anxious hour, and many a sad regret, when regret can do no good; it would prevent making shipwrecks of happiness, and premature disappointment and death. There is time enough allotted us in our brief existence, to do whatever we are called on to do, deliberately and well. One duty should not crowd upon another. System and plan in every thing, adopted in early life, will very much aid in all its subsequent stages.

"I have been looking over, of late, a volume of miscellaneous sketches of a pastor's vacation, by Rev. Dr. Todd, which, if within your reach, may give you some suggestions about 'travels in the wilderness;' but, if you have an interview with him, numerous practical questions will occur to you.

"How does your gymnasium progress? How do you get on this term with your studies? The pride of parents will be gratified to know that you run ahead of your competitors, but this might make you vain, and lift you up with pride. If you acquit yourself like a man, and do the very best your intellectual capacities will admit, we shall be content."

"MY DEAR SON, — Your letter of July 30 reached me on the 2d inst., and was satisfactory on the subject of which it treats. There is one question on which you desire me to express my opinion: the subject of your future profession; 'what I wish you to be in life,' 'what I desire in regard to your future calling.' This is a matter of the first importance, and should be looked at with care at the outset. Otherwise one may hastily adopt a course of life, which, it turns out after a little while, he is not well adapted to succeed in, and which by and by he is compelled to abandon. Sometimes, indeed, a young man in college has his mind so strongly drawn in a particular direction, that he sees the way clearly marked out to his future profession, and he keeps that profession in view through his whole college-course, and never has a doubt but that it is the occupation for which he was designed. This is often the case with students who come to college without piety, and while there, a flame of holy love to the Saviour is enkindled in their hearts; and then they burn to make known Christ and his salvation as preachers of the gospel. They require no aid from their friends in making up their minds to become preachers; they go straight into the ministry, and, like Paul after his conversion, resolve to know nothing among their fellow-men but Christ and him crucified. Others there are who become strongly enamoured with scientific pursuits. Perhaps the study of astronomy in college, or some one of the natural sciences, leads a young man to an enthusiastic attachment to science, so that he acquires a great fondness for it, and would gladly devote his future years to its pursuit. This was very much the case with your Uncle David, as you know. He loved the study of astronomy so well that he would gladly have spent whole nights with Prof. Olmsted studying the heavens. He constructed several telescopes, electrical machines, and thermometers; and if he had not drank deep at Siloam's fountain, and been constrained 'to count all things but loss for Christ,' he would doubtless have attained eminence as a professor of natural science.

"But I suppose the majority of students are not conscious of strong enthusiasm in any particular direction. When they have finished their college-course, they teach till they have decided what profession to pursue, and then enter upon it. If they throw into it whatever talent and industry they possess, and continue on in an undeviating course, they usually succeed. Some acquire more celebrity, or money, or usefulness than their fellows, but all succeed in a degree. It is the *fickle*, the *unstable*, and the indolent who usually fail. *Distinctness of purpose*, *steadily* pursued with *great industry* and perseverance, usually insures success. What is styled a liberal education, by which is meant a college-course, and afterwards the acquisition of a profession, is calculated to prepare a man for a station of more responsibility and usefulness in the world than can be ordinarily attained either in agriculture, mechanics, or merchandise. The result of my observation has tended to the conclusion that a collegiate course is undesirable when the attention is afterwards to be devoted to merchandise. It could much more properly be devoted to an apprenticeship in a place of business. It is rare for a graduate to succeed in mercantile pursuits. He lacks the knowledge of business which is requisite to success.

"You have sometimes alluded to the mercantile business as offering scope for active habits. But generally merchants are not active in your sense of the term. Take Mr. S——, for example: he seems to be much confined, and works hard with his pen in-doors, and frequently this confinement or some other cause subjects him to severe protracted headaches.

"The students of college usually embrace one of the following professions; viz., medicine, law, civil engineering, teaching (including professorships in colleges), and the ministry.

"For the sake of definiteness, I will suppose your future path will lie in one of these pursuits. Let us look at them separately.

"The healing art has ever been honorable and useful.

"A thoroughly educated physician, who unites bland and courteous manners to religious principle, will hardly fail to command consideration and respect, and to exert a most kindly and benevolent influence around him. He will be respected, and by numerous patients, whom he has relieved or cured, he will be warmly loved.

Your friend J—— is about as fine a specimen of a young Christian physician as I know, and I can hardly look at him without admiration, hope, and promise. Like you, he is an only son of kind and pious parents. I think he has never given them pain; a lovely, virtuous son, possessing good talents, preparing himself to adorn an honorable and useful profession. May he live to attain great eminence and usefulness!"

"Perhaps you have heard that A—— is turning his thoughts towards medicine, and that he attended the course of medical lectures during the last winter. Whether you have any predilections for this profession, I know not. I have never heard you express any. It is very desirable that a young man should have some enthusiasm in the profession he chooses. Many, however, who do not begin with enthusiasm, acquire it gradually, and succeed well. In reference to the question of your being a physician, I will only say that if your mind and heart draw you that way, and you feel that you could master all the difficulties, and rise to the first rank as a physician, I should be happy to have you pursue this profession, and will furnish you with all the facilities in my power to prepare for its duties. In the city, a physician progresses slowly, and is long in getting into practice. Unless he has friends who can aid him, he must be contented to work for years without much reward. Sometimes in a village, if a young physician settles at the right moment where there is a vacancy, he may attain a full practice in a comparatively short space of time. But while the medical profession usually gives a skilful practitioner an honorable maintenance, the instances where a physician becomes rich by his profession are rare.

"2d, Law. My father was a lawyer, without enthusiasm in his profession, and so conscious that its temptations to wrong-doing were many, that he confined himself to its simpler duties, and rarely appeared at the bar as an advocate; yet by frugality, industry, and probity, he has ever had an honorable standing, and was useful. Your grandfather Noble, too, was a lawyer, honorable and respected. But notwithstanding these examples, and many others, of excellent men in the legal profession, it is not to be disguised that there are more lawyers than there is a call for; the profession is crowded. Then, though it is possible to be a lawyer, and yet be a consistent Christian, yet it is very difficult, and in a majority of cases, when a Christian young man enters the profession of the law, he slackens his pace as a disciple, if indeed he do not, one day, go over to the enemy's side. In truth, my son, I should deprecate your entering this profession. It does not give the greatest scope to the exercise of the greatest usefulness to your fellow-men, nor the greatest glory to God.

"3d, Civil Engineering. This is comparatively a new profession. It requires, to take the first rank, accurate and thorough mathematics. It furnishes scope for active labor, and it induces a roving unsettled life. It is a fitful occupation; sometimes plenty to do with good wages; then long intervals of idleness. One of your uncles has had experience in this department, without, as yet, much emolument beyond his necessary expenditures. The Atlantic States furnish comparatively little employment for members of this profession at present, while the West is demanding large numbers on its numerous new railroads. I do not think this profession holds out great inducements to such as you to engage in it.

"4th, Teaching, or a professorship in a college. A person can hardly prepare for a professorship with any distinct hope or expectation that he will be called to fill it; yet in this day there is an increasing demand for thorough scholarship; and a known thorough scholar, either in classical learning or mathematical, will not long be idle. Suppose the professor of Latin and Greek in Williams College was deficient in accurate classical knowledge; suppose, in addition, he was unpopular among the students, and had many deficiencies as an intelligent, energetic, and agreeable instructor. Suppose, further, you were a student in the college, and saw all those deficiencies in your classical teacher; and in view of them came to the resolution that you would qualify yourself, by hard study and the utmost pains, to stand, when you were through, on a higher platform than he will ever occupy, avoiding those foibles and failings and peculiarities which render him unpopular, and being sure that you know more than any one whom you would ever be called upon to instruct. What is to hinder your being sought for and employed in some college as a professor? I am of opinion, that if you were known as a first-rate linguist, and with that combined a good address, and aptness to teach, you could readily command an advantageous situation without delay.

"If, on the other hand, your attainments were only up to the average, and you were not distinguished for thoroughness either in mathematics or classical knowledge, you could not expect to be chosen as a candidate for a vacant professorship.

"Now, whichever may be your pursuit in after-life, it has seemed to me that there was no objection to the course above marked out. You are in a position, and have the opportunity, to make about what attainments you please; and why not seize upon it with avidity? As to the question of devoting your life to a professorship, I think it an honorable and a useful calling, where one may do good, and glorify God. How should you like to look forward to the time when you might hope to occupy a chair in Williams College, own the estate where your grandmother lives, have a home there of your own, and a consciousness day by day of exerting a healthful influence upon a class of young men in the college, as their professor and teacher? Yet such a thing is within the range of possibilities; and you cannot tell how much of its accomplishment depends upon yourself.

"I think the profession of a teacher, whether in college or out, an honorable and a useful one. You have not tested your qualifications for teaching by experiment, except what you are now doing in a Sunday school; but I see not why you may not possess the requisite qualifications, and become a successful teacher. I should be willing you should assume this profession as a business for life, if you found it congenial.

"5th, The Ministry, the most elevated calling in which a Christian can put forth his efforts; and, where a person has the requisite qualifications of head and heart, it is the most desirable. Not because it yields him an income sooner than most others, not because it gives him position and influence, simply; but because he can in the most direct way serve his Redeemer, and be instrumental in the salvation of men, as a minister of Christ. The demand for talented and well-educated ministers is very great. The profession is so far from being crowded, that I verily believe, if a hundred were now to appear on the stage, gifted and pious, every one would find situations, desirable and influential, in a very short time. But the ministry is an office for which peculiar qualifications are needed, — not mere learning and ability, and a logical mind, though these are essential; but, in addition, deep piety, and personal devotion to the Lord Jesus Christ, are indispensable. A person, to be an effective preacher, must have a clear voice, the more sonorous the better; he should have good health, a good address, a manly and open bearing, a warm heart, and perhaps an impassioned manner. No, of this last I have some doubt. He must be a devoted Christian, to satisfy himself in this office, or to succeed. He had better not enter it unless he is pretty sure he would hold on and hold out. I do not like to see persons turn aside from the ministry; and, unless there are imperative reasons, it should never be done. There are trials peculiar to this calling, and sometimes they are great. There are joys and consolations, connected with a faithful discharge of its duties, which are rarely to be found in any other pursuit. Considering how brief our life is, and what a crown of glory is to be the portion of a faithful soldier of the cross, to what station could we aspire with such alacrity and zeal as to the ministry of reconciliation? And yet many enter this office with small abilities, a slender stock of knowledge, and very few qualifications for their work. Many in the ministry are indolent, selfish, time-serving, no credit to the profession; and they accomplish but little good. Rather than be one of these, I would never enter the office. But when there is a high and holy aim, a strong desire to preach Christ, and good talents, I do not know as a Christian has a right to decline serving his Master as his ambassador.

" If you ask me the question, whether I desire that you should become a minister? I reply, that if the Lord was pleased to count you worthy, and to give you the requisite qualifications of heart, of head, of voice, of manner, and made you willing to joyfully engage in this holy work, it would be to me a cause of gratitude and praise. I should rejoice to have you an able and faithful minister of Christ, or a missionary to the heathen, if the evident indications of Providence, including your fitness for the work, and desire to engage in it, called you to such a post.

" But I will frankly say, my son, that I would not wish you to engage in a work like this, merely to please me, or because you thought it eligible in other respects, unless you have a conviction that it is your duty, and a desire to take upon you its duties. A degree of enthusiasm is desirable in entering this profession, as well as any other, to insure success. Some have more of this in their natural temperament than others.

“ These, my son, are some of my thoughts on this important topic, given at my place of business, amid many interruptions. If they should aid you in settling the subject of your future course on a foundation that shall abide, and give you joy in the review, I shall be very happy.”

XI.

LETTERS TO DAVID T. STODDARD.—DR. J. P. THOMPSON'S TRIBUTE.

THIS period of my father's life furnishes many letters to his brother David, the missionary, and covers what proved to be the closing years of their correspondence. They shall be given without reference to other portions of my father's correspondence, though, in so doing, they will carry us beyond the dates of many of his other letters. He writes, December, 1851:—

"During all this month, when the days are so short and the wintry blast salutes us at every turn, you have been much in my thoughts, and I have been fully resolved to snatch some time from my usually numerous and pressing engagements, to write to you a few items of the goodness of our heavenly Father to me individually, and to my family and friends, for the closing months of the year. We hear of a few revivals here and there about the country; and there are many prayers offered for the general outpouring of the Spirit of God. But our country is excited by political matters; and at present the Hungarian exile, Kossuth, is here, endeavoring to stir up the people to commit themselves, or rather the nation, in favor of the independence of Hungary, and of course antagonistic to Russia and Austria, which I hope they will be slow to do."

A month later he writes: —

"I hope you will hunger and thirst more for spiritual blessings, and that they will be granted to you. I have felt, myself, some growing desires after conformity to my risen Lord, of late. I think I desire to hold myself and all I possess in entire subserviency to his will. I rejoice in his government, desire to be in his hands, and to be employed by him as he may see good. His is a blessed service; and it seems most desirable to have my will swallowed up, as it were, in his, and to feel habitually allied to the interests of his blessed kingdom. I send to you Dr. Judson's memoir. I admire his single devotedness to the missionary work, renouncing even the use of English, that he might give himself wholly to the Burmese. He made mistakes which are not covered over; while the evident honesty with which they are touched upon makes the work more interesting. I am sorry that the sermon you heard on American slavery should have been preached at a communion season. A missionary appears to the best advantage when he gives himself wholly to his work; but the moral effect is lessened when he comes down to the arena of this discourse. Give *your* strength to the missionary work, and not think that you have the responsibility of curing all the social evils which exist, however great they may be. We are all in a lapsed state, and in order to do any good, we must do it in the midst of much imperfection, and it is a wonder that our heavenly Father accepts such imperfect efforts as we put forth.

"Missionaries should depend on the arm of the Lord. When will this be learned? Daniel relied on the Lord alone, and he delivered him from all the machinations of wicked men. You speak of the 'Stoddard pride and independence,' and how hard it is to be only a recipient. But why not regard yourself as the *channel*, the medium, by which blessings flow from your brothers and friends to the sons of Nestoria? You have not a brother or sister who does not feel it a privilege to send you love-tokens, nor one who does not feel it a privilege to remember you at the throne of grace. You are placed in a more honorable position than we are; and, while we would not envy you your superior advantages for serving your Master, we claim the privilege of the sons of Levi, as related to the sons of Adam."

An extract from another letter will give a brief description of an autumn excursion.

"Boston, Nov. 8, 1853.

"After the meeting of the Board of Missions at C——, of which you will read a very good account in the November 'Journal of Missions,' and fuller in 'The Herald,' I took Mrs. S—— and M—— to Louisville, Ky., one hundred and thirty miles, in a steamer, and passed the Sabbath attending a slave-meeting of three hundred, with a slave preacher. The services were deeply affecting to us all, and to M—— in particular, to whom such a scene was entirely new. From Louisville in a stage, one hundred miles, we went on the Nashville Road to the Mammoth Cave. This cave we visited, descending a steep hill about one hundred feet to its mouth. We entered an avenue seventy or eighty feet broad, and from thirty to sixty feet high, for a mile or more. The walls and ceiling are composed of limestone, and it looked as if it had all been whitewashed. We then passed under domes and into the 'Star Chamber,' where the lofty dome is blue, with dots of white all over it, making it strongly resemble a section of the heavens at night. Each of the party that accompanied us had a light, and we emerged after walking three miles in, and as far out, highly gratified.

"The next day we made an early entrance; about sixteen in the party, with two guides who carried our dinner. After walking through new scenery, over loose rocks and narrow defiles, we came out on a lower avenue, and at the end of three miles reached 'Echo River,' on which we passed in a boat three-fourths of a mile. The water is thirty or forty feet deep, and in some places ninety feet wide, and its surface three hundred and twenty-five feet below the surface of the ground. Having in our company fine singers, we sung 'Before Jehovah's Awful Throne,' with fine effect, the sound reverberating through the recesses of the cave, and echoing back upon us. Our torches illuminated darkness the most profound, and there was an awe and solemnity attending the consciousness of our situation, which excited serious reflection. Landed on the other side, we walked six miles farther to the end of the cave in that direction, through sparkling 'diamond chambers,' and beautiful formations of festoons in pure and snowy white. After eleven hours we emerged from the cave, the stars of evening shining overhead, having walked that day eighteen miles. None of the ladies experienced any inconvenience from so long a tour. The air of the cave is remarkably pure and pleasant, always winter and summer at 60°. Returning, we passed two days at Lexington, the country around which is the garden of the State, and over the Alleghany Mountains to Wheeling and Baltimore. By a most wonderful railroad we ascend these mountains forty-eight hundred feet on a grade of one hundred and sixteen feet to a mile, at the rate of twenty miles an hour, without any stationary engine, over gulfs and ravines of frightful depths. We came to New York by way of Baltimore and Philadelphia.

"Your letter to Dr. Anderson, of ten sheets, he has promised me the reading of, as soon as he finishes it. I am fully satisfied with the persevering efforts of the self-denying brethren at Gawar, and hope the Lord will graciously smile on their efforts, and that they may get a permanent foothold in the mountains. I should love to meet my dear brother and his wife and children in Persia, but desire to be chiefly anxious for a title to a happy meeting around our Father's throne above."

In August, 1854, after expressing his sympathy, and later adding words of courage, he says: —

"You write me about the sermon to which I before alluded, on slavery. A missionary has a perfect right to express his sentiments on all subjects. It is simply a question of expediency, whether it is wise for him on heathen ground to expend time and strength with sins and evils in his own land. It does not seem to me the best way of exerting an influence. If he watches the walls of Zion where he is, and blows the trumpet there, it will never give an uncertain sound; and in the long-run, a man speaks with more power and weight when he does not overstep what in the Christian community, would be esteemed his sphere of action. But of this each must judge for himself. 'All things are lawful, but all things are not expedient.'

"My views on slavery are, I think, very much like yours. The enactments of Congress, in relation to the Missouri Compromise and the Fugitive Slave Law, are utterly repugnant to my views of right, and ought not to stand. Thus far I am glad to say, men who voted for this measure are not retained in Congress, and Kansas is being rapidly occupied by freemen that will do away forever with involuntary servitude. For us, let us consider the infinitely greater importance of a preparation for an eternal life for bond and free, and not spend our strength in beating those who stand in the relation of master, as we cannot do away at once with the conditions of slavery."

Just after an election, he writes, in 1856, on the same subject: —

"We have recently passed through a highly excited political campaign; and the Northern States generally have spoken out in thunder tones for freedom. Just enough Northern States have failed to unite in their opposition to the slave-power, to secure the desired result, and Mr. Buchanan is returned, to the great disappointment of most of the people of the free States. I hope his administration will be better than I fear it will for free institutions.

"You speak of the pleasure you have in reading letters from brothers and friends. It gives me the purest pleasure to read your epistles, whether addressed to me or others. They are full of the living spirit of the gospel, and worth all they cost you. Let me encourage you, dear brother, to cheerful faith and hopeful patience. Strengthen yourself in the Lord."

So closes the correspondence.

A letter written to the widow of this missionary brother completes the history of my father's correspondence with David, so far as it can here be given, and shows his abiding interest in the mission work.

It is dated immediately on the arrival of the news of his illness and death, which came by the same mail. The grief that it occasioned was deep. He not only felt the cutting-off of the stream of his affectionate sympathy, but the blighting of his cherished hopes. Yet he said in his heart and in his life, that God knew best. He neglected no duty to enjoy the luxury of sorrow, but went on his way looking, as ever forward, but turning his eyes more upward to the home where he might hope to meet his brother again.

April, 1857.

"My dear Sister, — The steamer from England, which arrived in New York the 10th inst., brought me a letter superscribed by my brother A——, and sealed in black. At once I anticipated heavy tidings, but not such tidings. My dear, precious brother David called home, actually an inhabitant of the heavenly world, a glorified spirit before the throne, a joyful companion of the spirits of just men made perfect, and of the Redeemer whom he loved so well and served with such alacrity and success. How impossible to realize that more than two months of this happy eternity have been spent in the full enjoyment of God! Blessed spirit! thy warfare is accomplished, thy conflicts over, the burden of sin all taken away; things seen as through a glass darkly, are now clearly and delightfully realized, and thou hast entered into rest. Happy brother! Thou hast 'endured to the end,' thou hast 'kept the faith,' and, 'by patient continuance in well-doing,' hast approved thyself to the Master, and he has called thee up to higher services, and more noble employments. To our short-sighted view, a longer term of service in the missionary work would have seemed eminently desirable. With the peculiar qualifications of brother David for this work, and his high attainments in it, how much could he have accomplished in the field! But the Lord of missions is infinitely wiser than we; and he knows what is best for his cause and kingdom. I do not find it in my heart to criticise or question in the smallest degree, his dealings with my dear brother or with you. He does all things well, and blessed be his holy name!

"With you I would enumerate and count over the many mercies he has shown to our dear departed one in the past. I trust, dear sister, you are comforted of God under this treatment. His sustaining hand supports you; his exceeding great and precious promises to the widow will be a continual solace. Christ, your Elder Brother, is left, and ever lives to aid and help, yea carry you safely on to the final rest.

"You turn to us for sympathy, and I extend to you in my own name, and in behalf of my brothers and sisters, the grasp of brotherly and sisterly affection. The children will realize their loss more and more, but if both are able to secure the friendship of Christ, by repentance and faith, he will be to them more than any earthly relative can be. Give our best love and warmest sympathy to them. But, after all the sympathy with friends, there will be times when your heart would sink, were it not for the gracious assurances of His love, power, and faithfulness, who has said, 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he will sustain thee.' 'Let the widows trust in me.'

"I am, dear sister, most affectionately yours,

"C. STODDARD."

Dr. Thompson, a college classmate of my uncle, and a personal friend, to whom had been intrusted the labor of preparing the memoir to which he refers in the letter, has written the following tribute to my father.

It deserves a chapter by itself, but is inserted here.

The sketch which follows was written in Berlin, in March, 1874. The glowing words bring to my mind many a delightful hour when I too shared the pleasure of their sympathetic intercourse.

"My dear Mrs. Johnson, — You ask me for memories of your father, and my personal impressions of his life and character. If I could be sure that you would not print this letter, I would write you out of a full heart, all that he was to me as a friend, a counsellor, and an unconscious teacher, and all that he is to me as a memory, an example, an inspiration. But if there was one thing in which Mr. Charles Stoddard and I perfectly agreed, it was in the dislike of personal publicity; and though I should be willing to crucify my own modesty for the sake of honoring our friendship upon *his* side, yet I should feel that I was doing violence to the central beauty of his character by unveiling the confidences of his life for public praise. For you must remember that to me he still lives in that dear home on Beacon Street. I have none of the association of his going out of that door, never to come back again; I am sitting with him, even now, in that favorite back-parlor, looking out over the Charles River to Cambridge; I feel that he would read or know whatever I might write; and if I should say just how good and wise, how simple and pure, how true and noble, how broad and generous and kind he was, he would shake his head, and tell me to put that into the fire, and then would fall upon his knees, and pour out one of his humble, child-like confessions of sin and unworthiness, with a fervent prayer that 'we might not be puffed up with the vanities of the world, nor led into any snare of the Adversary.' So you see, my dear friend, I can not, dare not write all that I think of your father, for you to put into a book that might ever chance to lie upon *his* table.

"Do you know, that when I made his acquaintance, I was at first the least bit afraid of him? Of course, you never were; but you had always known him as a father. But, when I first knew Mr. Stoddard, he was a deacon! and in those days, a deacon still was had in reverence by young and inexperienced ministers. He was a deacon of the 'Old South!' and in my novitiate, I had once gone trembling through that mysterious hatchway into the Old South pulpit, and had stood trembling under its huge sounding-board, and had preached, trembling, to its great cushioned pews and vacant walls, and the name had, for me, a savor of the reverence of antiquity and respectability. And then he was a member of the 'Prudential Committee of the Board,' — a title that veiled as much of official dignity, and of sacred mystery and power, as the Jerusalem Chamber of the Westminster Divines. Moreover, Mr. Stoddard was one of 'the solid men of Boston,' always an object of deference to a superficial New Yorker, and he had rendered some public service that entitled him to be called 'Honorable,' and he was 'a gentleman of the old school,' with something of that precise and formal politeness, which, in the good old times, always put young men upon their good behavior in the presence of their elders. So I assure you I was upon mine on my first interview with Deacon Stoddard. But when, presently, I saw a merry twinkle in his eye, as he uttered some phrase of quiet humor, and heard his broad and liberal views of men and things, and felt the warm pulsation of his heart, as he talked of the great interests to which his life was given, I was drawn to him by that 'perfect love which casteth out fear.'

"The acquaintance thus timidly begun ripened to intimacy after the death of Mr. David T. Stoddard, when your father requested me to write a memoir of that most lovely of men, that most accomplished of missionaries. The magnanimity with which he committed valuable family papers to my honor, the courtesy with which he deferred to the suggestions of one much his junior, the cheerfulness with which he encouraged a labor so unaccustomed and so arduous, the refinement with which he smoothed away misapprehensions that arose in the prosecution of the work, the resolution with which he stood by any question of principle, the candid and cordial simplicity with which he approved the execution of the memoir, and the liberality with which he provided for its circulation, — these qualities revealed, under that placid exterior, a character of great dignity, culture, breadth, and force.

" At one period, the book was near coming to an untimely end. When it was fairly under way, members of the family who had a right to be heard put their veto upon any memoir, through deference to the supposed injunction of Mr. David Stoddard himself. How wisely, delicately, and effectively your father met this difficulty, will appear from the following letter, which, at the same time, gives a beautiful revelation of his own character.

"'BOSTON, Sept. 2. 1857.

"'MY DEAR SIR, — I knew David so well, that I feel *sure*, if we could now have an interview with him, and lay before him the probable influence for good of such a memoir as you are preparing, he would at once waive all private scruples, and say, "Use my letters in any way to promote the glory of my Saviour."

"'As a family we shrink from publicity and notoriety. This trait is strongly developed in my father. It has been a very strong feeling with me; insomuch, that I have often said, I have never occupied any post or office to which I have not been dragged, as it were, by the hair of my head.

"'In brother David, to this native constitutional tendency, was added genuine Christian humility and lowliness of mind; and this, combined with refined taste, led him to dislike strongly the general style of memoirs. I doubt not he had —— in mind, when he gave the injunction in reference to the use of his papers. In point of fact, there is little or no use of *his* papers. As yet none have been received, and as he left no diary, journal, or private memoranda, we are very much dependent on his letters which have passed from him, and are the property of others.

"'On the whole, I see no reason to alter the views with which we started. The papers are committed entirely to you, to be used at your discretion in preparing the work. I have perfect confidence in the wisdom of this course. You see, I put into your hands freely such thoughts, suggestions, and criticisms as come to my hands, thinking this the best course. Suggestions and criticisms from others may be available, or not: let them go for what they are worth. I see you feel your inadequacy for the work, and almost wish you had not undertaken it. I wish to encourage you in it. I think you will succeed well. Who knows but you may, by bringing out this work, glorify the Master more than you would be able to do in any other way? Do not feel yourself obliged to produce it by any given time, but as you are able, progress. I shall be glad to meet you at Providence, and to read what you have written.

"'With high Christian regard,

"'I am, dear sir, very truly yours,

"'C. Stoddard.'

"With the same thoughtful and generous spirit, he refused to allow the writer of the memoir to be in any way restrained by the opinions or wishes of others, as to the construction of the work, or the use to be made of the manuscripts.

"Before going to press, every line of the memoir was submitted to his candid and discriminating criticism, and with a most gratifying result. The other day, while making a speech here, I saw in the audience a German friend, who knows hardly a word of English, joining vehemently in the applause. I asked him afterwards, 'Have you understood much?'— 'Very few words, but with my feelings I have understood a great deal.' Mr. Stoddard's words of commendation were always few: he had a horror of flattery as a special snare of the Devil; but then he had a way of making you understand through the feelings, when he was pleased and satisfied; and after I had laid down his brother's life, I somehow seemed to have taken up his own. He insisted upon my making his house my home in Boston, and seemed really grieved if at any time I went to a hotel. 'Never send word when you are coming, but come directly, and you shall always find your room ready, and a good warm meal.'

"Your father was the perfection of a host. He knew how to put his guests at their ease, and to make them comfortable, without troubling them with inquiries as to whether they really were comfortable. He was punctual and orderly without being fussy, regular without being exacting, always cheerful yet never ostentatiously seeking to entertain you, nor requiring you to entertain him. His table-talk was lively, diversified, and appropriate, suited to the tastes of his guests, and seasoned with shrewd epigrams; and in those quiet evenings in the back-parlor, with the latest 'North American,' or 'Bibliotheca Sacra,' or the newest volume of history or science on the table, what a luxury it was to converse with him by the hour, and draw out his clear and sensible, wise and liberal views upon the higher themes of thought! Never a partisan nor a controversialist, and always charitable in his judgments of men, Mr. Stoddard was nevertheless positive in his own convictions of the truth, and earnest in the utterance of that truth which 'makes men free.' He had a large fund of experience, and many a pithy anecdote or wise proverb with which to illustrate his reasonings. It was this talking faculty that made him so attractive as a teacher of young men; but he always qualified himself for his Bible-class by a diligent study of the Scriptures. It was his habit of imbuing his mind with the inner meaning of the word of God that made his conduct of the family devotions as edifying to ministers and professors, as to the children and domestics of the household. I have heard him read a chapter of the Romans, with a terse, clear, running comment, and then epitomize it in the language of prayer, so that you felt it had entered into your very bones.

"Young men might well learn from him the strength of a quiet, cheerful, consistent life, serenely ordered by the spirit of Christ; in one word that the essence of power lies in character.

"While Mr. Stoddard performed with conscientious diligence his duties to the world, there was nothing he enjoyed so much as getting away from men, from the bustle and care of life, for quiet communing with friends, with nature, and with God. Do you remember, my dear Mrs. Johnson, that charming summer day when your father invited me to Swampscott to greet you on your return from Europe?—the long, lovely, inland ride, so peaceful, so restful; the quiet talk, the dreamy calm, the soulful memories of art, of nature, of music, of beauty, and the kindling prophecies of heavenly love? At last we came out upon the beach, and watched the fair white wings floating far away. I am with you again to-day, standing upon that sunlit shore, and our eyes rain silent tears; but through our tears we watch one sail that grows dimmer and dimmer on our horizon, till in a flash of light caught from the other shore it disappears, and we know that it has entered the haven of rest.

"Yours in the memory and the hope of the blessed,

"JOS. P. THOMPSON"

XII.

BUSINESS TRAITS AND HABITS.

TRIBUTE OF PRES. HOPKINS.

WE hear it said every day, "No one can attain success in mercantile life, and still keep his conscience pure." This statement is brought forward as unanswerable by young men who, in their haste to be rich, desire to find an excuse for "irregularities" which they cannot otherwise justify. By such an acknowledgment they show that their "mind's eye" is growing dim, foreshadowing for them a fatal blindness that will in due time prevent their distinguishing the right from the wrong path. "If, therefore, the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!" But is the statement true? Are there not merchants who reach a high eminence in their business, who yet have "clean hands," and a heart "pure" from covetous desires? Thank God, there have been and there are such men! The question arises, How have they been able to keep themselves thus? Some think it is more difficult to live up to a lofty standard to-day than thirty years ago. Then public honesty was greater, the luxuries of living not so possible, and the moral tone more decided. But after all, it is the governing purpose that a man sets before him in life, that decides for him, in the hour of temptation, whether he shall overcome, or feebly yield. That self-discipline which is essential to success in any department of life, is peculiarly needed in a business career. My father early subjected himself to this, as he says: —

"At the age of thirteen," he writes, "I bade adieu to plays and pastimes, and entered seriously into the business of life, and very little recreation did I have afterwards except my annual visit to my parents. Yet I had recreation enough. For eight long years I served an apprenticeship, rising at five, and working till eight and often till twelve at night. And most of that time I was doing that which I could not see was likely to make me a better merchant. It seemed like time wasted. I tugged on however, and at the age of twenty-one, after eight years, I was tolerably qualified to enter business." His duties were sometimes of the most humble character, not often requiring mental effort. He, however, looked upon them as duties not to be neglected, but conscientiously fulfilled; as a discipline by which his character was to be formed, and he was to win the confidence of his employers. He seemed, even at his outset in life, to have that sure evidence of wisdom, the ability to connect the present with the future, and wait for it with patient labor, and firm hope, while he performed his daily tasks.

The bishop of Exeter has said lately in a public address:—

"Of all work that produces results, nine-tenths must be drudgery. There is no work, from the highest to the lowest, which can be done well by any man who is unwilling to make that sacrifice. Part of the nobility of the devotion of the true workman to his work consists in the fact that a man is not daunted by finding that drudgery must be done; and no man can really succeed, in any walk of life, without a good deal of what, in ordinary English, is called pluck. This is the condition of all work whatever, and it is the condition of all success; and there is nothing which so truly repays itself as this very perseverance against weariness."

The purpose to do right was a marked element in my father's character, and he saw no reason for altering the laws of honesty in business affairs. Religion was not a thing by itself, but its influence entered into and leavened all that he did. He never hesitated in his path: there was but one that was right, and that he pursued.

In another letter I find the following experience: —

"I have repeatedly in my life had money come unexpectedly into my hands, from sources unlooked for; and in several instances these occurrences have been at a time when I was suddenly called to pay money myself, or when I was making an effort to carry out some plan. Placed in exactly these circumstances, one day a stranger called upon me, and said he was directed to pay my firm about nine hundred dollars; and he wished a receipt written as follows: "Received of A B nine hundred dollars, it being a sum justly due me from ——, but for which I have no legal claim." The person paying the money would not tell me who sent it, nor could I ascertain or even conjecture, though I diligently looked over my books to see if I could get a clew to it."

In 1823 he entered into partnership with his relative and friend Mr. E——, who had received a similar mercantile education. Their views on moral questions coming up in connection with their business were the same, and their habits of benevolence coincided. This partnership was continued twenty-two years with great harmony. They had confidence in each other, and sympathy; and when they separated, the friendship continued unbroken to the close of my father's life. When in business for himself, he showed in his transactions courage combined with rare judgment. The business which he conducted as a young merchant required a boldness which would not be needed to-day. A partner was stationed abroad, and orders were transmitted through him. Steamers did not come twice and three times in a week to bring merchandise, nor could electric messages alter, in a few moments, the order of a day before.

His faith, arising from his cheerful temperament and simple trust in God, proved another element of his success, giving him calmness in trying times, and courage for all exigencies. With this faith he associated prayer. These are his words: —

"I have made it a practice to take God at his word as revealed to us, and rest upon it with entire confidence, and have found it a strength to me in my business as in my religious life."

Like Daniel, he set apart a time for prayer before he began the duties of the day. Like him, in answer to his prayers he was clothed with a wisdom not his own, and a patience which was God's own gift. This fitted him to meet the difficulties and trials of his daily life. Prayer was the key-note from which the melody of his life ever sweetly flowed. Was it strange that he achieved success? Was it strange that he was enabled to resist temptation? Rather, might we not find more such men in our counting-rooms and our marts of commerce, if, like him, merchants were in secret, men of prayer?

A friend in writing to me, recalling certain pleasant visits at his house, says: —

"I was always much impressed by his habit of devoting the early morning hour to the study of the Bible and devotional exercises. When he appeared from his retirement, he seemed to bring with him the spiritual atmosphere from which he had come. I remember one morning he said, as he sat down at the breakfast-table, 'I have been studying this passage: "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever." His mind seemed to dwell on it, and he repeated it two or three times during breakfast. I can never recall the passage without associating it with him. He was one that seemed to combine, more fully than any one I ever knew, a thorough enjoyment of earthly things with close communion with God."

This self-possession and spirit of prayer, gave to his actions a steadiness, and impressed others with a confidence in his judgment, that they could scarcely account for, save as they acknowledged his source of inward strength.

During the year 1837, the whole country was shaken by commercial disturbances. Many important business houses failed; mercantile credit was not given to firms even with large capital, for they, with others, were tottering. At this crisis a partner of Mr. Stoddard, at that time residing in Paris, desired to give assurance to his banker there, that money he had borrowed would be refunded.

He had, however, only the name of his firm to give. In this difficulty, relying wholly on the character of the partners in Boston, and the principles upon which their business was conducted, he went to the banker. He felt sure that the promise and name of my father would carry with it more weight than the promises and names of many others of larger wealth. He was not mistaken, as the result proved. For, upon requesting the banker to make known at the Bank of France that the credit of the house was good, he quickly replied, "Certainly, sir: I made that statement there yesterday."

After that, there was no difficulty in transacting his financial business.

Within a few days, several kegs of coin arrived in Paris, purchased in America at a sacrifice, and forwarded to sustain the credit of the Paris house.

This outlay might be considered by some as a needless waste, and they might think there was no call for such a sacrifice; but it was the manner in which my father thought it right to do business. When he read his Bible, he sought to find out its lessons for his daily mercantile life, as well as to receive directions for his church and Sabbath-school duties.

Following such a course, his reputation with bankers abroad and business men at home stood high. During this year he did not fail, although he "liquidated the affairs of two business houses in which he had more or less interest," besides taking care of his own firm. He had, however, an anxious year "sympathizing with some of his near friends who had suffered severe losses."

He made it a practice to put aside all thoughts of his business when he came to his home. I do not remember that he talked of business at all, while he discouraged conversation upon its troubles when introduced by others. I cannot but believe that the light estimate he put on any earthly possession, in comparison with the heavenly inheritance, gave temporal losses their relative place.

Another feature of his business character must not be omitted. He inspired respect and affection in every young man that came into his employment. The young men who came with rough habits and rude manners, were subdued by his dignified but gentle influence, and his refined tenderness, and acquired polite and courteous habits under this influence. He never chided, but was himself what he would have them to be.

This result was not accomplished so much by positive effort as by a subtle influence felt from his steadfast Christian life. I have heard my father when encouraging one to a life of self-denying, faithful love, declare earnestly "that the rewards of such a course were not reserved for another world." He met in his own experience multitudes of instances to prove the contrary.

Entering a bank one morning, in the engrossment of the moment he failed to notice a young man by his side, who said, "Mr. Stoddard, you probably do not remember me; but you taught me in the Sabbath school, gave me my first business ideas, and to you I owe all that I am, as a merchant or a Christian."

He received often in business hours, letters full of gratitude, from persons formerly associated with him, and whom he would not be likely again to see. One recalled the Christian counsel that had guided him in his life's path, while another spoke of the words of cheer that had been like a "cup of cold water" in his desert journey, — all unexpected tributes to his love, and greatly valued.

It was at his place of business that many calls of charity came, interrupting his engagements, and taxing his patience. Yet he always received such visitors politely, without making them conscious of the inconvenience their visits occasioned him.

He listened to a plea for some new form of benevolence with ready attention, almost always giving in money. He was willing to hear a long tale of destitution, and was quick in responsive sympathy for the sufferer. If his judgment did not sanction his giving money, he would spend what was often far more valuable, his time and thought, for the permanent benefit of the applicant.

He did not fret at such interruptions, but, I have been told, would resume his writing with a smile, and the utterance of some little pleasantry.

Prof. Park of Andover has given me a fact from a letter received in 1853, in which he says: —

"I was then a professor in Amherst College. A young man, to whom your father was giving pecuniary aid, was found guilty of theft. I informed your father of the fact. He wrote me the following letter, of which I retain no copy, but which I remember very well: 'I had hoped that the young man would help the needy by means of his mental labors; but I think that he must exchange mental for physical toil, and thus obey the injunction, "Let him that stole steal no more; but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth."'"

The following incident has been furnished me by another friend. It occurred during a brief call of the gentleman with his sons at my father's place of business: —

"An occurrence came under my observation that happily illustrates the way in which Mr. Stoddard would seize an occasion to make a desired impression on the youthful mind. Calling at his place of business with two little boys on their first visit to the city, he observed one of them eying closely some very small, well-filled bags. They contained coin for the payment of duties. He gratified the lads by opening a bag and filling their hands with the gold, saying, 'This is but shining dust, which we are obliged to use in business; but it is useless to say to gold, "Thou art my confidence." Do you recollect what is said to be "more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold," and where this is said?'"

I have said that my father was consulted for advice by men from various motives, and with different views of life.

When they asked, "Mr. Stoddard, do you think that, if I place my money in these bonds, it will realize for me something handsome?" his reply might be, after a little thought, "Such investment seems wise." But if they persisted, "Then you think it will be safe? I am afraid it may not be quite secure;" my father would say, "Perhaps you might prefer such a railway."—"But is *that* safe?" the inquirer would demand. Again my father would patiently suggest something, and again be met with the response, "But can I be *sure* that the investment is entirely safe?"

Weary with this grasping after the utmost return possible from the money, combined with the extreme caution that could not hazard the losing of one cent, he would smilingly say, "My dear friend, if you want to make an investment that is entirely safe, that you need never have an anxious thought about, and one that will yield rich returns, give it to the American Board of Missions, and let it aid in spreading the gospel through the world." No one could be hurt by the pleasantry, though some might not think his idea best for this world.

Intimately connected with his business, because regulating his expenditures, was his benevolence. My father had, among those associated with him, a reputation for great system in his business habits. He was prudent and careful from his earliest years, and from 1813 kept an exact account of every cent, and in letters advised his brothers to require of themselves the exact balancing of their income and expenditures. He gives as a reason, that "it will tend to check selfishness and personal gratification in the use of money."

He kept a record of his gifts of benevolence, to keep his own standard in this respect high, and these records show that he gave away systematically more than he spent on himself and family. After 1853, in accordance with a resolution he had made, he devoted all that he received, beyond a frugal expenditure on his family, to gifts of charity, literally to deeds of love. The objects were various, and embraced private reliefs and public far-reaching benefactions.

The amount given by him for a period of forty years was very large, and proportioned each year to the measure in which he was prospered. But the time and thought and labor he gave to the cause of Christ was worth far more than the money. He never erected a monument to himself with one donation; but widows, orphans, the cause of home missions, education, ministers, and the whole world through the A. B. C. F. M., reaped the benefit of this stream of his benefactions. He held trust accounts for widows and orphans, which he handled with such sagacity, that while by investing he often multiplied their resources, he never lost a dollar. He also defended them against those who sought to wrong and defraud them. In this way he managed hundreds of thousands of dollars, and for these services declined to receive any compensation. He was one of the prudential committee of the A. B. C. F. M., and he had for many years the responsibility of safely placing in London the money required for the various stations supported by the board in foreign countries. The aggregate amount was very large, yet he was so sagacious in doing this, that not one dollar was lost to the board. This service, it is unnecessary to add, was done without any remuneration, except the joy he felt in being thus permitted to render it aid, in addition to that of his personal donations in money, and his ardent devotion to its interests.

His partners loved him as a valued friend, and their expressions of deep affection seem too superlative to be repeated. It would make far too long a story to give private testimonials to his labors of love; and it would be distasteful to his humble spirit to have his virtues thus set forth. One who knew him well describes the atmosphere of his counting-room, in his earlier business life, in the following words: —

"I called at No. 74 State Street, where he was at his usual avocations in that secluded corner, and had with him, as always, a delightful conversation. With him no pressure of business seems to expel his social feelings, or deaden the ardor of his piety. Oh that there were more men who, while in the world, would live above it!"

It was at his place of business that he received the letter which conveyed the intelligence of the death of his brother David. No tidings of his illness had preceded the news, and the event was most unexpected. A partner in referring to the incident has told me, that, though no one knew the cause, his face betrayed his deep grief as he read the letter.

He quietly finished reading it, and without remark retired to an upper room to be alone. All that others knew of this struggle was the fact of his absence; for when he returned his face was calm and even radiant. "Thy will, not mine, be done," he had been strengthened to say. He could then quietly speak of his loss, but so that he showed he was "comforted" with such "comfort" as only God could bestow.

Writing to one of his brothers in the last year of his life, he referred to the following resolution: —

"Twenty years ago, I think, I proposed with myself not to increase the principal of my estate, though scanty and small according to worldly estimates, but to give away all, after supporting my family and dependents. This resolution had a happy influence on myself. I found no desire to speculate, or make money by bold strokes. I own not a dollar in any railway or corporation; and at my age I do not feel like running into enterprises which promise well, but involve partnership with men I never knew. But why this strain? The objects of faith loom up in my horizon, and they are such as fill and satisfy my soul."

In making up a general estimate of the business character of my father, it is well to remember, that no dazzling qualities claim our admiration, no brilliant business ventures command our attention. In such persons we are often obliged to make large deductions for some great defect, such as might almost outweigh peculiar merits; but in the case of my father, we find a happy grouping of traits fitted to inspire confidence and achieve usefulness, while interwoven with all, and governing all, was his supreme devotion to the service of God.

Dr. Hopkins, of Williams College, whose long friendship for my father qualifies him to speak, has sent me the following letter, in which he ably and clearly draws his character.

"Williams College, July 10, 1874.

"My dear Mrs. Johnson, — I do not find that I have letters from your father that would be available for the purpose of a biography. The subjects of our correspondence did not call for such letters. Not having them, perhaps I may venture to indicate my impression of some of those characteristics which made him so greatly useful and beloved. Those characteristics belonged to him as a Christian, as a business man, and as Mr. Charles Stoddard.

"And first of all he was a Christian. He fully subordinated his business in its material and methods to the demands of Christianity. This, business men professing Christianity seldom do. Business they regard as having its own sphere and methods and standards, and to that are given whatever time and effort may be needed for the highest success. Spiritual results either in themselves or in others, are not made a direct object. Not so with your father. He sought first the kingdom of God. No line or method or standard of business not compatible with that, had any attraction for him. He was 'diligent in business,' but not to the neglect of spiritual results. Whatever time and energy were necessary for them, whether from labors in the Sabbath school, in the cause of missions, or in the care of trust funds, were cheerfully, systematically, and persistently given. Of what he did in each of the spheres just mentioned, I cannot give the details, but it was remarkable, and worthy of special record.

"And, as he thus made Christianity paramount in the acquisition of property, so did he in its distribution. He early reached the point, as so many in the great money centres do, where he had only to keep the ball rolling to insure its accumulation in an increasing ratio. But when the question was between thus rolling up a large estate and a response to immediate and urgent calls, whether for physical want, or for the evangelization of the world, he chose the latter. This was no slight test of Christian faith and fidelity, for the vision of a fortune to a merchant is like that of the presidency to a politician. It has a fascination that few can resist. But he resisted it, and doing so, his gains did not flow into a stagnant pool, with a tendency to generate moral miasm, but became a stream of living water constantly flowing and refreshing the parched places.

"But while your father was first a Christian, he was also a business man. As such he was remarkable for his way of combining enterprise with caution. Perhaps I should put caution first; but if so the combination in that form had its root in a high quality of honesty. Like truthfulness, honesty is of different degrees. Some think themselves truthful if they do not say what they know to be false; others only when they say what they know to be true. So some think themselves honest when they do not mean to cheat, or to lose property intrusted to them; others, only when they use a caution that insures the power of meeting every liability. Considering the commercial fluctuations and crises during his long commercial life, it is remarkable that Mr. Stoddard not only never failed, but was never in danger of failing. Enterprise is well, but the enterprise that puts at hazard the property of others is not compatible with the highest form of honesty. In this respect the example of your father is especially worthy of being commended to business men and those entering upon business at the present time.

"The characteristics just mentioned of your father as a Christian and as a business man were too prominent not to be readily mentioned, but who shall catch that subtle individuality which so endeared him to his family and friends, and made him to be Mr. Charles Stoddard? Life and those expressions of it by which our friends become to us what they are refuse to be put upon paper. This was particularly so with your father from the combination in him of seeming opposites. Among these it may be sufficient to mention mildness with firmness, and humor with sobriety. Firmness and sobriety were the basis of his character, and gave it strength and consistency. When principle was concerned, no man was more unyielding. In view of the evils of the present life and of its great issues, he was "sober-minded." And yet these sterner qualities only made his mildness and playfulness and a peculiar humor the more noticeable. These so pervaded all in him that might have been sternness as to banish any sense of constraint, and even to make him a favorite with the young. Than this combination, nothing could better fit any one to be the centre of the domestic circle.

"I will only say further that your father was a representative man. He represents the genuine Puritan merchant and gentleman. His parents, and his ancestors for several generations, were

Puritans, and he seemed to inherit from them that integrity of character, and in every thing pertaining to personal expenditure and to forms of religious worship, that simplicity of taste, not excluding elegance, by which they were distinguished. I know of no safer or worthier example for business young men.

"Very cordially yours,

"MARK HOPKINS."

XIII.

LETTERS OF ADVICE AND FRIENDSHIP.

1850-1852.

IN the years as they came and went, my father's song of praise was, "Goodness and mercy *have* followed me all the days of my life," while he anticipated with increasing joy that he should "dwell in the house of the Lord forever." His children, grandchildren, brothers, sisters, nephews and nieces shared in the love and letters he so freely bestowed. A college friend of my brother having planned at the completion of his course an extended journey, with the view of making his future theological studies more interesting and of preparing him more fully for his ministerial work, and having invited my brother C. to join the party, C. communicated the matter to my father, and received the following letter in reply, weighing the subject most fully, but leaving the decision with the son: —

"My dear Son, — Before considering his proposals, is it not well to pause, and inquire whether your mind is made up on this momentous question? Have you come to the point of laying yourself upon the altar of consecration, and in full view of your relations to God and man, freely and voluntarily and with all your heart, chosen the sacred profession as your calling for life? — not chosen it because others have urged it, or because you thought it would gratify your parents, but from gratitude and love to the Saviour to whom you are under so great obligations. My son, since the moment of your birth, I may say, certainly since the hour when you were dedicated to God in the holy ordinance of baptism, it has been my prayer and my sincere desire that God would take you for his own and adopt you for his child; and further that it would please him to qualify you, by his Spirit and grace, to become an able and faithful minister of the gospel. This has been and is my unceasing desire and prayer in your behalf, and I have felt, and do feel, freely willing that you should be called wherever he, in his holy providence, may see fit to employ you in the work of his ministry. In speaking of the general subject of the ministry, you have heard me express the sentiment that it is the highest calling in which a human being can engage, and other similar sentiments. But I have not been in the habit of urging you personally to become a minister. I have refrained from doing so, from a strong unwillingness to influence you, in so important a choice, by a desire to please me, or to act in accordance with my wishes.

"Now I will say, my son, that if the Spirit of God on whom I trust you daily wait for wisdom to guide you, has inclined your heart to this work, so that you enter, or propose to enter it, with a cheerful alacrity, and an unalterable purpose to devote your life to it, 'my heart shall rejoice, even mine,' and I shall bid you God speed, and do all in my power to aid you in becoming qualified for this high and holy calling. Personal holiness is the first and most indispensable qualification, and to make advances in this, will be your daily prayer and your daily effort. With reference to the ministry, and to qualify you for it, all your plans will be formed, of study and of recreation and of travel. Now are you prepared to announce your decision upon this question? What is the present direction of your mind? Is it doubt and hesitation? Is there a drawing-back, an unwillingness to make the entire consecration which just such a choice implies?

"I will say here, once for all, that much as I should be gratified if the Lord should please to call you to the work of the ministry and employ you in it, still I do not want my feelings and wishes to influence you in this matter. Decide for yourself, looking in earnest prayer for the guidance of the Holy Ghost.

"If so far as you have light, you cannot see your way clear to become a minister, but would rather turn to the mercantile or other secular occupation, as I have said already, I shall acquiesce and do all I can to place you advantageously where you may acquire a knowledge of the business you desire to pursue.

"On the supposition that your decision is clearly and joyfully made to devote yourself, God willing, to the work of the sacred ministry, then what is to be said of the matter proposed to you by Mr. P.? I am not much acquainted with Mr. P., except from his letters. From the tenor of those I have seen, I infer him to be a man of religious principle, and of firmness of purpose. Having chosen the ministry as his profession, no persuasions of friends who do nót sympathize with him in this choice can divert him from it. Nor can the allurement of foreign travel, nor the love of ease, which the possession of wealth is so apt to beget, turn him aside from the chosen work. If he goes to Palestine, he goes as a candidate for holy orders. He looks at and investigates every thing connected with the Scriptural geography and scenery, with a view to its subserviency to his chosen work. And he cannot fail to profit by his travels. But would it be profitable to you? You are two years younger as a student as he graduated two years before you. I presume too, he is your senior in years. However that may be, is he not more mature than you? Has he not much more knowledge? I suppose he knows French well, and probably Spanish, and perhaps Italian, while your acquisitions in either are probably small. If two more years could go over your head, diligently improved by study and observation, you would be much better prepared to profit by such a journey than now. If you should once be in other lands, you would feel your deficiencies very much, and opportunities would be let slip, for want of knowledge, which otherwise you might turn to good account.

"In view of all that I have written in this sheet, would it be wise for you to join Mr. P., even if you had my consent? This is a question which may well admit of a doubt. One thing I am surprised at, coming from him, and it indicates to me that he has had but little experience in travelling with many companions. It is the idea which he throws out, of making up a company of eight or ten, with whom to make the long journey to Egypt and Palestine. Does he believe they would keep together half the way? I do not. Every experienced traveller takes good care how he links himself with others for a long journey. 'Tis well to have pleasant company on the way, but not to be *bound* to them. Two or three are enough, for the more you have, the greater variety of tastes. One will wish to stop longer in a place than another. Frequently accommodations that would suffice for two or three cannot be had for eight or ten. But in such a company, you will be likely to have some who would wish to travel on the Sabbath. What is to be done? The party cannot be separated, the majority must rule, and the majority decide that there is no more sin in travelling over the desert than in lying by on God's holy day. And so you go, — wound your conscience, and sin against God. I would rather you would never see the East, than spend any part of one Sabbath travelling. There is no need of it: it can be avoided; but bound to a company, unless they make this agreement cheerfully beforehand, they would not submit to it at all, or submit with an ill grace. Every thing a man does as a traveller is known not only to his Maker, but at home; and a single indiscretion in a professor of religion is apt to be magnified in the report. In the mean time, if you choose you can draw your friend out on some of the points I have suggested, — large parties for travelling, &c., and perhaps light may break in upon the subject. The day of prayer for colleges was very stormy; nevertheless we had good meetings in our chapel, and in the evening a public meeting in Old South Church. I trust much fervent effectual prayer was offered, and that we shall hear of great and glorious revivals in Williams College, and other institutions of our land."

A niece of my father has recently handed me the following letter, which I will give as it stands. It was written to her when she had scarcely reached the age of two months, and combines sobriety and humor in the manner so original with my father. This niece says she has re-read it regularly since she was old enough to comprehend it, and never failed to be wakened to a new desire to use well her talents: —

"To F. *My Dear Young Friend,* — I am informed that you have but recently come upon the stage of action, and cannot be supposed to have much knowledge or experience as yet. Perhaps you have not yet learned that this is a fallen world, that a large part of its inhabitants have turned away from God, and desire not the knowledge of his ways.

"As you grow in years, you will be strongly tempted to join yourself to this throng of opposers of their Creator. Your friends cannot bear the thoughts of your doing so.

"They wish you to give yourself early to the service of your Redeemer, that you may spend your days usefully and happily. Many of the friends of the Redeemer are engaged in the blessed work of attempting to bring back his enemies that they too may become his friends. They have associated themselves in a society, to send the gospel to the heathen world. They invite you to become a member of this society. But as you live some distance off, and we cannot consult you, I have taken the liberty to enroll your name as a member, and herewith I send you a certificate of membership. I hope you will approve of it. I have reason to know it is not displeasing to your parents. When you think this matter over I hope you will not feel that as you already are a member, you have nothing further to do. I desire that you may be inclined to give your money and your prayers to promote this good cause. Perhaps you will be inclined to give yourself as a missionary, to go and proclaim the gospel to the benighted heathen. If God should incline your heart to do so, I do not think your parents would have a heart to say no.

"I remain your affectionate friend,

"CHARLES STODDARD."

"FEBRUARY, 1854.

"MY DEAR SON, — You have often heard me allude to the importance of preserving the mind pure, by abstinence from all reading of impure character; and have heard me say that when not over fifteen I adopted a resolution, to which I have since adhered, 'Not to read any thing which I should be unwilling to read *aloud* to any one.' I know not that I have ever heard you express your views on this subject, but I have no reason to think you would differ from me in sentiment. The mind is corrupted and moral principle undermined, by allowing the imagination to dwell on images that are impure. No degree of knowledge can atone for the pestilent influence of words, of imagination, or of fact indeed, when the details are low and corrupting. I have ever been sensitive upon this subject. 'From purity of thought, all pleasure springs.' And were I you, I would never tolerate in my presence a companion who threw out gross allusions in conversation, nor would I tolerate a book which did so. My mind has been drawn to this subject by some remarks on a book I have just seen, which is being circulated with great industry, on the money-making principle, but whose influence is most pernicious. I know not that you have ever met with the work, but if you have, and your moral sense is at all like mine, you will have thrown it from you with disgust.

"If our minds are satisfied with such reading, can we love a pure and holy God? To my mind, there is a total inconsistency between maintaining the habitual temper and spirit of a Christian, and the reading of works of fiction where decency and purity are frequently violated. I desire that in your future course your Christian principles will so preponderate, that you will set your face like a flint against every thing calculated to lower the standard of truth and duty which the Bible sets up. The press teems with works of vile and wicked tendency, put forth either to make money, or to corrupt the rising generation, and alas! too many eagerly swallow the prepared dose, and, while it is working their moral death, advocate and defend it; such is inexperienced youth.

"I have sometimes longed to have boys, in their early youth, see things in their true light, that they might avoid tampering with temptation, corrupting their minds and thus laying up in store, food for future sorrow and remorse. There is an elevated happiness to the pure. 'Tis the happiness of angels and holy things. It cannot be participated in by the impure and unholy. There is nothing of remorse or consciousness of guilt in such a being. We are defiled and impure. Our refuge is the cross; our hope is penitence and humbly looking to

Christ to pardon what is polluted and to make us holy. And blessed thought! if we commit ourselves to him in humble faith, he will do it, so that we shall finally be 'presented in his presence faultless, without spot or wrinkle or any such thing."

It has been suggested by some of Mr. S's acquaintances and friends, that he had characteristics not unlike those of his relative Benjamin Franklin; that the wisdom of the two men, though developing in different channels, had the same natural source. The following letter gives some ground for such an idea: —

"My dear Son, — The glorious Author of your being has spared your life, and permitted you to complete your twenty-first year, and you enter upon the cares and duties of manhood in the possession of a sound constitution and good health. For this unspeakable blessing you will return your grateful praises to God.

"I hope you enter upon your majority with no bad habits. For myself, I have ever felt it a cause of thanksgiving that I have been preserved from forming habits in my youth of smoking, chewing, taking wine, lying in bed in the morning, excessive indulgence of animal appetite, or any habit of body which would make me a slave. Those who have unguardedly formed any of these habits in youth, learn in their subsequent bitter experience, how hard it is to quit them. To preserve a sound mind in a sound body, the laws which our Creator has laid down in our physical and moral constitution must be complied with. I think you have learned something of what these laws of health are, and that you feel the importance of being guided by them. Regularity of habits in respect to exercise, food, and rest, is the general basis ; the animal always to be kept in subordination to the spiritual and intellectual, the order. The law proclaimed to our first parent, 'By the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread,' has proved a blessing in its operation upon successive generations of the human family. Neglect of exercise, such exercise as will daily produce the sweat of the brow, induces indigestion, dyspepsia, and the train of diseases which follow. I have repeatedly heard you express the opinion that much daily active exercise was unquestionably for your health, and I trust that hereafter, whatever your pursuits, you will not fail to devote a sufficient portion of each day to physical labor of some kind.

"No doubt it has occurred to you, that having arrived at man's estate, your future course should be marked out with care and deliberation, aided by such counsel as you can attain from your parents, and, more than all, seeking wisdom from above to guide you in the choice of a profession, that you may have nothing to regret in time to come. I hope you will calculate, in whatever pursuit you engage, *to work hard*. Life is the time for toil, and those are by far the happiest whose life is full of active labor. If you can make your labor and toil directly subservient to the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, I feel sure you will lay up for yourself the most desirable riches. You have several times, of late, expressed to me the growing conviction of your judgment, that it was best to devote yourself to the ministry of the gospel. If this continues to be your conviction of duty, and if you can enter upon a preparation for its duties with a determination to devote your life to the service of the Saviour, as his ambassador, I shall more than acquiesce; I shall rejoice in this purpose, and cheerfully furnish you with the necessary support while you are pursuing your theological course. But it is not my wish that you should prepare for the ministry, unless, with what light upon the subject you can obtain from friends and from waiting upon the Lord for guidance, you are satisfied that, all things considered, it is the course of duty for you. You cannot fail to be happy if you follow the path where duty leads. Let me here say that until you have obtained your profession, and fixed in general upon your future course of life, it is wise to keep entirely free from all matrimonial engagements expressed or implied. You will find this caution timely and important; for you will be strongly tempted to feel that you will lose a lovely prize if you do not secure her at once. Another temptation will probably occur not once or twice, but many times. Dr. Dwight, late president of Yale College, used to say to the young men whom he found in danger of being caught in those silken toils, 'Young men, you may be sure there will be plenty of young ladies left whenever you need to make choice of a companion.' A premature engagement embarrasses a young man, divides his thoughts and attention, so that he will not make half the attainments he would otherwise make. The results has often been an imperfect course of study, which ever after has hindered his usefulness, and been an occasion of regret.

"It was the old rule, when an apprentice had been faithful during the years of his apprenticeship, and had received only his board and lodging from his master, that, on his becoming of age, he should receive a suit of clothes, and a hundred dollars in money. With this capital the young man usually furnished himself with tools to 'set up' in his trade. I wish, in accordance with this time-hallowed custom, to see that you have as much. For a long time I have had a sum deposited in the savings bank to your credit, the interest of which has accumulated, so that the amount is much increased. It is a very good place to have it remain; and, were I to advise you, I should say, Let that be the last money you touch. Leave it for a rainy day. While you have hands and health, you can earn your daily bread. The time may come when you will need this. However, I hand the book to you, and remain, with my warmest wishes for your happiness,

"Your affectionate father,

"CHARLES STODDARD."

XIV.

LETTERS, TEMPERANCE COUNSELS TO YOUTH, &c.

1852-1854.

DURING the years over which these letters take us, his responsibilities as an office-bearer in the church were faithfully met by my father. The meetings of the church were never put one side. No engagement, no unusual fatigue, kept him from his place there at the appointed hour. Nor was he willing to be a receiver only: he prepared "beaten oil," which he said, was only fitting to be presented in the Lord's house. His supplications at home for God's blessing on the prayers offered and words spoken, and his habit of dwelling on some particular passage of the word of God, made his remarks at religious meetings profitable.

Not seldom would he infuse his cheerful tone of piety into a meeting, which, proving contagious, the doubts of others would disappear, and the whole atmosphere become hopeful.

The ease with which he conversed or spoke on religious themes was very marked, and his words were the spontaneous expression of his inward feeling, and for this very reason the more effective.

While he was so much at home in the use of Scripture, so childlike in prayer, he did not even suggest a lack of reverence. It was the assured confidence, the loving friendship of a disciple, not any undue familiarity.

The subjoined letter relates to a young man whom his friends desired to send to America, hoping the habits of intemperance he had formed might, by change of scene and country, be broken. I give the letter as it stands.

1854.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have read with deep interest what you say of the young man of good education, who has fallen into habits of intemperance; for whose good some plan or location in this country is desired. As soon as I received your letters I made inquiries about finding him a situation on a farm in Maine, and I think there is a prospect that a place can be found, with a pious man in a secluded place away from temptation, where the young man might retrieve his character, and form virtuous habits of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. I cannot now write more particularly, but as soon as I hear definitely, I will inform you further. In the mean time, and in order that the person might make up his mind whether he would take him, more particulars are needed. As to his age? Can he bear such work as is done upon a farm? Would he come *cheerfully*, and go to work? Would he conform to the habits of a well-ordered Christian family? Would his friends be willing to pay something, say one hundred dollars a year or more if it should be found necessary, to induce a suitable farmer to take him into his employment, and into his family? Was the young man of Christian parentage, and in early childhood and youth was he faithfully instructed in the principles of religion? When I have learned definitely that a place can be had for him, I will write you. He might, in such a case, come out in one of Train's sailing vessels to this port, and it could be so arranged that he could get no spirits on board, and be immediately taken to Maine.

"But much would depend on his own disposition; whether he is resolutely bent on reformation, and will make the needed self-denying exertions himself. Poor youth! He has my hearty sympathy. To fall in a country where intoxicating drinks are daily offered on almost every table, and where the public sentiment among the wealthy and more refined is, that it is mean not to offer a person dining with you rum, whiskey, *brandy*, *gin*, or *wine*, — how can the young man avoid it? Total abstinence is the simple remedy. Banishment from our houses of every thing of the kind is the plain and effectual remedy. When will Scotland rise in her might, and strangle this demon in the cradle? She could do it; it is right. If she does not, thousands of her children will go down to a drunkard's grave, and to a wretched eternity. Neither *wine* nor *brandy* is needful or desirable for persons in health. Water is the best drink. God has provided it, and the proofs are overwhelming that with this beverage a man will do more work and do it better, will feel better, sleep better, eat better, have a clearer head and heart, and live longer, than one who uses, even moderately, these drinks. Even if they had some good in them (which for me they have not), where the danger is so great of acquiring the habit of intemperance, we should abstain from their use as carefully as we should avoid warming a viper in our bosom.

"P.S. — I do not think nearly so well of a voyage in a temperance whaling-ship as of a regular life on shore."

In 1852, his mother, to whose counsels and faithful love he expressed himself so greatly indebted, was taken away in a ripe old age. Over eighty years she had lived in health, and no wearisome illness, which she had sometimes dreaded, no pain, preceded her final departure, — a close that she herself would have chosen to her well-spent life. He thus writes to a brother concerning the event: —

"My dear Brother A., — On Sabbath morning, April 25, our dear mother rose, and commenced dressing, when she was seized with paralysis, and fell. Father was out of the room, and, returning in a few moments, found her unconscious and on the floor. She was raised and put into bed, and applications commenced with a view to restore sensation, and she soon revived and spoke. It was then evident that her left side was paralyzed and benumbed. Her voice appeared as usual, and her mind was clear. She conversed some with F——, who came immediately down as soon as she learned that she was ill, and did not leave her while life remained. Mother was aware what had happened, and said it was what she had been expecting, and that her hour had come. By the close of the Sabbath, she seemed to be sinking into a lethargic state from which it was very difficult to rouse her, even for a moment. Her eyes were closed, and she seemed to respire heavily. On Monday, this state of things continued and increased. On Sabbath night a change seemed to come over her, and F——, who was watching with her, found it impossible to rouse her. Indeed, she showed no sign of consciousness after this, but lay motionless, breathing heavily and with increased difficulty, except that she answered 'Yes' to questions put to her very loud and with much energy by Dr. B—— on Monday. From Monday night she lay without movement or consciousness till about eleven o'clock on Tuesday night, when she gradually ceased to breathe. It was a solemn scene. Friends were kind and attentive, and father appeared calm and composed, though he feels the stroke which has deprived him of the companion of his bosom, who for fifty years has been at his side.

"Mother has led a Christian life in an eminent degree, unwearied in her attention to the sick and afflicted, visiting them frequently, carrying to the poor articles of food and clothing; this she continued to do up to the time of her departure. Can we doubt that she has gone to be with the Saviour she loved, and in whom she trusted? Is she not now pouring forth notes of praise in the upper temple to Him who washed her from her sins in his own blood? How precious is her memory to us her children! Let us follow Christ as fully and closely as she did. When arrayed for the tomb, the countenance of our dear mother bore one of her sweetest expressions, on which we delighted to look."

After minutely detailing all the services at her funeral, he says: —

"In the quiet burying-ground shall the peaceful sleeper rest with none to disturb her slumbers, till the heavens be no more. From there, at the bidding of the Lord, shall she come forth immortal and glorious in the likeness of her Saviour. The soul re-united to her glorified body, she shall be perfectly blessed in the full enjoyment of God to all eternity.

"Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

To the same brother soon after: —

"My dear Brother A., — The details you give of the accident to the 'Orion' steamer two years since, and the views you express, are so much in accordance with my own sentiments that I transcribed and published them. The accidents to passengers in rail-cars, as well as steamboats, are so constant, that the public mind seems to be hardened. A few weeks ago, I was waiting on the dock at Catskill, for the steamer 'Reindeer.' C—— and M—— were with me, and we were expecting to go up to Albany in her. Her usual time had passed, and she did not appear, and we became somewhat impatient. It was soon announced by telegraph that she had blown up at the next landing below, while discharging and receiving passengers. The custom is, not to lose steam by letting it off when the boat stops, as should always be done. She might have blown up at Catskill, as well as at Malden. About fifty were scalded, thirty-five of whom are dead. Returning from the West, on the Erie Railroad, the train in which we were ran over and killed a man, and this I understood was no unusual occurrence. Why our heavenly Father preserves us, while others are removed suddenly by these casualties into eternity, we cannot tell, but certainly we should bring forth the fruits of holy living, and show our gratitude for preserving goodness by lives of devotedness to him.

"I perceive you and F—— have been as much interested in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' as ourselves. If its pictures of slavery are as true as they are graphic, certainly the system is evil and only evil. I notice an able review in the 'Times' newspaper, showing much knowledge of matters in this country, which is, on the whole, unfavorable to the book. But it certainly is adapted to the popular mind, and will be universally read, and exert much influence."

To his daughter: —

"My dear M., — If you spend a season away from home, we desire it may be recreative, and at the same time profitable.

"You should not feel that, in order to enjoy yourself, you need to get up some new plan or expedition. A walk by yourself, or with an intelligent companion, among the beauties of Nature, so profusely scattered at your feet at this pleasant season of the year, may afford a more agreeable pastime, and be much more instructive and profitable, than a more expensive pleasure. There is not a flower that opens its petals to the sun, but may well repay the closest study. The wisest of men studied botany so fully as to be able to write upon the vegetable world, 'from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall.'

"You should assiduously cultivate the habit of observation, whether you are examining a leaf, a flower, or a bird. A city girl is apt to be *very ignorant* of the names of *trees* and *plants*. If in the country, she walks with an intelligent companion and is disposed to learn, she may in every walk, acquire much valuable knowledge of the names and appearance of the various shrubs and trees which adorn the hillsides and the valleys of any country town.

"I do not doubt but there are young ladies who were born, and have always lived, in beautiful places, who, from not cultivating the habit of observation, are almost wholly ignorant of the wonderful things which Nature's God spreads out before them, to invite their investigation and their scrutiny. They may have read the *latest novel*, or be able to repeat the newest slander, but for real beauty they have little taste, and, for the works of creation no desire or knowledge. My daughter, be wiser. Seek for knowledge as for hid treasure. It will afford you a rich reward for all the labor bestowed, and make your time pass rapidly and pleasantly in the country.

"In regard to books, you will have suggestions from your teacher, which I will look over. Avoid novels and trash, and elevate your reading to those works of *history* or *biography*, which will improve the mind, inform the understanding, and benefit the heart. I feel chiefly anxious, my dear daughter, about your spiritual interests.

"The Bible is the safest and best book for the Sabbath. Avoid indolence on the Sabbath. It should be a cheerful day of active occupations in reading and prayer, in those hours which are not occupied in public worship. If the hours of the Sabbath drag heavily, and you have no taste for reading religious books, you may be sure your heart is not right in the sight of God. Rest not with such a conviction, but seek to know your real state, and in prayer ask God to show it you, and to lead you to deep repentance for sin, and to faith in the

Lord Jesus Christ as the only Saviour. Avoid speaking disparagingly of other characters. If you cannot praise your acquaintances, say nothing about them.

"And may the season you propose to spend in W. be one of much enjoyment and profit!"

After his return from a Western journey, and at the opening of the new year, my father writes to his mother-in-law, enfeebled by age, seeking to cheer her on her way by word and deed. How can we define attentions like these? They were a part of the life, as necessary to his happiness as the fresh air of heaven for his breathing.

"Dear Mother, — From our recent journey, I have brought a bottle of 'sparkling Catawba' home in my trunk. It is the pure juice of the grape; but to make it sparkle, a small piece of white sugar is dropped into each bottle.

"The bottle I bought I send to you. I am not old enough to drink wine: I refer you, for authority, to 1 Tim. v. 23. But, lest you shouldn't like this, I put with it a bottle of Madeira, so that, by one or the other, your 'often infirmities' may be healed. In Novem ber, I sent among other things, a drum of figs. I regret to learn that those figs were of a kind well described in Jeremiah xxiv. 2; viz., 'very naughty figs, which could not be eaten, they were so bad.' Now, I had no intention of sending you fruit of this description, but I was deceived by the upper layer, just as we are often deceived by a fair professor, who is within full of unrighteousness. It seems but an act of justice to replace the evil with good figs. This I have taken some pains to do, and, if I am deceived the second time, it will lead me to feel the truth of that other declaration of Jeremiah xvii. 5, 'Cursed be the man that trusteth in man.' These bottles and these figs however good, will only supply the body, and in the name of my wife is added something for the mind. With this and the cheerful temper which is obtained by waiting on the Lord and reading his holy word, we hope you will begin the new year with cheerful trust in the Lord. May it be a year of grace and blessing to you, and the daughter who ministers to you! May the heavenly inheritance to which you are both tending, appear more and more desirable! and may you be refreshed by the streams of salvation which flow for the comfort of weary pilgrims on their journey from the city of Destruction to Mount Zion above!"

In writing to his daughter he transfers some of the suggestions of a literary friend, for her, of which the following is one:—

"He thought that good biographies of distinguished persons were excellent and instructive reading. This agrees with my own views. In biographies of public men, you obtain considerable knowledge of the history of the country with which they were connected. The speeches of Edmund Burke are regarded as in the very best style of English eloquence, as are those of Daniel Webster in this country."

A quaint letter to his oldest grandchild may be interesting, as a specimen of many that he wrote to nieces and grandchildren, who associated these letters, as they grew older, with one whom they learned to love very dearly.

"To my little Granddaughter,—I am very happy to add you to the list of my correspondents. Your beautiful letter of Oct. 26, the first, I presume, you ever sent, made my heart glad. Now, little M., you must come here and see me, with all your little warm clothes on. Tell your mamma she can well spare you a while, and we will try to keep you warm and comfortable. If she longs to see you very much, before you go back, all she will have to do will be to come on to Boston. Our house and our hearts are large enough to welcome you all. You must not forget your stories about the pumpkins and the calf and the chickens, and all the pretty things you saw at W——. I shall wish you to tell me all about these fine things. Come on by the boat or the cars, and I will meet and escort you to the house. We have bright sunshine here, while you have dark foggy weather in New York. Our streets are drier than yours. We have less noise at night, our weather is a little cooler and more bracing. We have a beautiful common, with trees and a pond and a fountain. We have a great State House here, where grave men assemble. Come, M., as soon as you get well prepared. If papa raises any objection, assure him that he will love you all the better for a temporary absence. Tell him that travelling expands the mind, and improves the conversational powers. If he still objects, you can say that one's own happiness is increased by imparting to others, and that if they make grandma happy by sending you on, it will re-act upon themselves. By such ingenious methods, you may lead the logical mind even of your dear father to the conclusion that it is right and best that you should visit Boston at this time. If he says any thing about the expense, you can say that would be a valid argument if he had half a dozen little girls, but with only one he surely cannot feel burdened. And you can further add that you have always understood that board was cheaper in Boston than in New York. The season of the year may be urged by your fond parents as a reason for not going from home. But you can say that we, in Boston, have an Indian summer late in the autumn, and even if it should be cold, that it will be likely to brace you up, and make you vigorous.

"Give grandma's and Aunt M.'s and my love to your dear mother, with many kisses, and to your soldier father in his military or civil dress."

Writing to his son then in the East he says: —

"MY DEAR SON, — The details from the Black Sea are disastrous to the allies, and we are not without fears that they will have to raise the siege of Sebastopol. The details of the battles are heart-sickening, and we may well pray for the time ‘when men will learn war no more.’ How ardently should we long for the reign of the Prince of Peace! His kingdom shall extend from shore to shore, and I fondly hope that my son will be instrumental in advancing this blessed reign of the Son of God. To this purpose let all your acquisitions be consecrated.

“Speaking of peace, reminds me that Dr. B., on the last Sabbath, preached from the text, ‘The peace of God, which passeth all understanding.’ He showed the unsatisfactory nature of the peace a worldling has. He cries ‘Peace, when there is no peace.’ He spoke of the possibility and desirableness of possessing peace of conscience, peace with God through an assured hope in Christ, and of our becoming partakers of the peace which passeth understanding. It was a rich and delightful discourse, refreshing to your mother and myself.

“You will see the countries you visit in the East, lying in wickedness. Egypt and Palestine are in a very abject state, sin and misery rampant. Let not the sight of so much human misery burden your heart, but rather touch your sympathy and compassion, and desire to send them the gospel, the remedy for the woes of men. Possibly you may devise some plan by which you can do some good to some of these sons of Ham; though as a stranger, ignorant of their language, I see not how you can do much but pray for them. You will realize what you carry with you, in the views you see in Egypt and Palestine. The Jewish prophets and writers had no scenery compared with Switzerland. Jordan was an insignificant stream. Their sea was land-locked. Yet what sublime imagery! 'The everlasting mountains,' 'The perpetual hills did bow,' 'What ailed thee, thou Jordan, that thou wast driven back?' The reason is, the minds of the writers of Scripture were filled with holy, elevated, exalted conceptions of the infinite Jehovah, and apart from their inspiration, they were thus aided in their conceptions. We often pray for you, my dear son, that the Lord will guide you, and bless you, and keep you from all evil. We were very glad to hear of your safe arrival at Melita, where the great apostle of the Gentiles was shipwrecked, and where he wrought by the power of God, for the recovery of the 'father of Publius,' the 'chief man of the island' at that time; where, though a prisoner bound with chains, he was honored with many honors, and from whence he sailed for Rome. Had your time permitted, we should have been much gratified by more details.

"It will refresh you and Mr. M—— and Mr. P——, after your long absence from religious privileges while in Egypt and Syria, to warmly enter into the prayers and labors of the beloved missionaries at these points, and I hope you will *spend time enough* to meet some of their *native converts*, perhaps to address them and to get your own missionary interest greatly increased. In this respect, act for your father, who has the missionary cause *most* at heart, and do not come back and say you 'hadn't time' to sympathize with these good brethren. It will refresh them to kneel with you in prayer, and to have you express an interest in their work, and, if you put yourselves out to do this, you will reflect upon it with pleasure. Go up on Lebanon, and see Mr. Calhoun and others, and grasp their hands as brethren in Christ, and tell them you will pray for them, and cheer them on, while life shall last."

He writes again a short time later: —

"February 20.

"We feel grateful to God for his preserving care over you, when exposed to the fury of the storm at the mouth of the harbor of Alexandria. In praying for your preservation, I often am led to the scriptural expressions of Paul, 'perils of the sea,' 'perils of the wilderness,' 'perils among false brethren,' &c.; out of all which, I trust, the good Lord will deliver you.

"The graphic descriptions contained in your various letters gave us very vivid and lifelike ideas of your circumstances. We travel with you over the interesting scenes you are passing through.

"I fear Prof. Hopkins's letter ordering a *sphinx* did not reach you in Egypt. You must know that he will be dreadfully disappointed if he does not receive one. He thought M—— and P—— and S—— could readily fish up one, and bring it on, to remain with the slabs from Nineveh.

"You are much upon my thoughts. Several times in your different letters you have alluded to the fact, which experience has made evident to you, that travelling is not exactly the pastime persons who have not tried it imagined. I believe you will be as prudent and cautious as one of your age can be expected to be, and I hope you may return free from the aches and rheumatic pains which result from exposure to wet, and bad air, &c. At Constantinople I hope you will not only look at mosques, minarets, and seraglios, but at the humble work of the missionary. I should like to have you see Mr. Dwight and his associates in the city; and also go up the Bosphorus to Bebec, and see Mr. Hamlin, and inspect the seminary there, and bring back a report of the welfare of these missionary men. I know Mr. M—— will like this, and presume Mr. P—— will also. I believe it is more interesting and important in the sight of God, than the Acropolis and Parthenon of Athens, or all the works and wonders of heathen deities and builders.

"You are often asked for by friends. Write as often as you can, and be assured we take a deep interest in all your movements.

"Affectionately your father,

"CHARLES STODDARD."

XV.

THE SECOND JOURNEY TO EUROPE.

1855.

IN pursuance of the plan which he followed in the education of his children, my father arranged his business and private affairs for another absence in foreign countries, to give them each an opportunity to profit by the culture thus afforded. This he did, but not till he had travelled with them in their own country, and made its natural features familiar, as also the peculiarities of this government. For this purpose Niagara and Canada, the Mammoth Cave and the Southern States had been visited, the Capitol at Washington and State buildings, as well as some of the chief cities of the country. These journeys were taken during vacations, and not allowed to interrupt study, but intended, rather, to supplement book-learning with cultivation of the habit of observation.

It seemed wise now for my father to leave his routine of daily responsibilities, and refresh himself with an absence. He was fifty-three years old, and arrived at the stage of ripened manhood. He had worn his powers considerably by unremitting use, for he used to say he 'would rather wear out than rust out.'

After crossing the ocean, on this proposed tour and a short stay in England and Scotland, he turned his face southward to meet the opening spring in Italy. From there he wrote as follows to his brother: —

1855.

"MY DEAR BROTHER, — Your letter of the 8th inst., I received here on the 16th. It was very welcome. We left Naples May 10, and drove to Mola the first night. The hotel there occupies a site adjoining the villa of Cicero, full of orange-groves, and extending to the Mediterranean Sea, a scene of unrivalled beauty. Gaeta is five miles distant, on a point beautifully rounded from the land. There you remember Pius IX. took refuge for ten months, a few years ago. The next day we travelled thirty-six miles over the Pontine Marshes without seeing a house. The road is excellent, being the ancient Appian Way. We stopped a few moments at 'Appii Forum,' mentioned in the last chapter of Acts. The third day we drove to Albano, and fifteen miles over the Campagna, without seeing scarce a single human habitation, to Rome. The country for many miles is, as you know, covered with broken arches of aqueducts, but has no beautiful villas sprinkled over its surface. The impression of Rome is that of decay. The population is stationary, about one hundred and seventy-five thousand, and no new buildings going up. Yet it is a most interesting spot. We recall the Rome which for long years was mistress of the world; its statesmen eminent above all other men of their time; its legions invincible till they lost their prestige. Its orators and jurists have been a model of the administration of justice by all modern nations, and Roman law has been the model on which is based much that is excellent in the legal enactments of England and our own country. We have seen the Pope, and been in his company more than an hour. He is a good-looking old gentleman of sixty-two, with a rather benevolent face, but evidently a man of little decision or firmness. It is said he is kept here by French soldiers, and is not popular with the people, but I know not how true this is. We are busily occupied, as you may suppose, in viewing the many objects of interest. The weather is very fine, not too warm, and thus far a slight shower every day. I had no idea the monuments of ancient Rome were so numerous. No one of them interests me more than the Arch of Titus, erected in commemoration of his conquest of Jerusalem. The bas-relief on it contains the triumphal procession, — the captive Jews bearing the golden candlestick of the temple with six branches, the silver trumpet, and the table for the show-bread, all chiselled out in marble. There they have stood nearly eighteen hundred years, a striking testimony to the facts of that great series of events by which the prophecies of Scripture were accomplished in the overthrow of the Jewish people."

To another brother who had previously been with him on a foreign journey: —

"DEAR BROTHER, — I thank you for your kind letter of the 9th April, received on the 1st inst.

"You cannot tell how many times you have been pleasantly recalled to my wife and myself, since we have been in the Old World, and we should much love your pleasant company, your enterprising spirit, your enthusiasm, to help us on. I am sure you would enjoy it. Just now we have no need, for Vesuvius, after five years' silence, has favored us with a splendid eruption. It began Tuesday morning, 1st May, after we had been here a week. That night the mountain on fire was a magnificent sight. The next day we went up, and found that a new crater had been opened, not on the top, but on the side of the mountain. Here we saw the red-hot lava projected from this caldron, in thickness like molasses, and glowing red-hot rocks and stones of all sizes and shapes flowed down the mountain with it. Fiery masses of several tons weight were rolling over and over, while from the mouth of the crater the stones and liquid fire were thrown into the air many feet. We remained several hours on and near Vesuvius, and then descended safely, having enjoyed a sight I never expected to behold, and being impressed with the power of Him 'who toucheth the hills, and they smoke.' The stream of lava like a river has now reached the valley, but not in the direction of any city. If it continues, however, it must overwhelm villages and farms, and be destructive of property if not of life.

"The scenery and associations around this bay are full of interest. I sent Sister F. a leaf from the tomb of Virgil, near Naples, where he wrote his works, and was buried. Enclosed I send you an olive-leaf I took from an olive-tree I saw growing in a garden in Puteoli. You remember this was the town where Paul landed and spent seven days on his journey to Rome. See Acts xxviii. 13, 14. This town was settled by the Phœnicians from Tyre. In it we saw a disinterred heathen temple, and objects of interest. We have visited the villa of Julius Cæsar, the villa of Cicero, of Nero, and of Lucullus, all in ruins now, but places actually built and occupied by Roman emperors.

"The ruins of the palace of Tiberias Cæsar are on the island of Capri, directly in front of our hotel windows. True, Rome was the residence of the emperors, but then, they all wanted country-seats like modern gentry and snobs, and, the Bay of Naples combining so much more beauty and variety than any other part of Italy, they located here. We have walked through the streets of Pompeii, and seen the frescos on the walls of these houses, and the mosaic pavement of the courts, all fresh as if finished yesterday, and we have descended into Herculaneum, seventy feet. *Two towns* were built over the latter without its being known there was any town below. There are many other objects of interest here. We remain a few days longer."

During my father's absence in Europe, in 1855, he was called to bear two severe trials.

While in Italy, his daughter, travelling with them, fell ill of that subtle disease, the Roman fever. The attack was violent, and continuing through weeks of prostration, carried her to the verge of the grave.

The season had become warm, and scattered the American travellers; even the residents of Florence had gone for coolness to the sea or the baths. There was not an English physician remaining from whom my father could seek advice. Accordingly he secured the services of an Italian physician and an Italian nurse, who watched the "pauvra bambina," as they called the helpless sufferer, with skill and tenderness.

Slowly the malady gave way. I have heard my father ascribe the recovery of his daughter not to fierce remedies, but unwearied watching and nursing. A loving Parent, wiser than he, had left him to the seeming hardship of seeking strangers to care for his child, when, as it proved, their peculiar knowledge of the climate and its diseases made them the fit instruments for saving her life.

These faithful ministrations, joined to submissive but unceasing prayer, were rewarded, in due season, by her returning health.

Almost at the moment that his daughter was pronounced out of danger, the second trial came, at home in America, in a short and dangerous illness which had seized upon a beloved granddaughter. The angel of death and the angel of life were sent on their appropriate errands. The little one was carried to the arms of her Saviour. My father "wept with those that wept." The letters of comfort and sympathy he wrote are not for others to read than those to whom they brought comfort. In writing, however, to John Tappan, Esq., his uncle, he alludes to these experiences: —

1855.

"MY DEAR SIR, — Many times since we left America, I have thought I would sit down and write you, but have been hindered hitherto. We have passed through many scenes and vicissitudes, some joyous, some sorrowful. Travelling abroad, as at home, we find that there is no cup of happiness unmixed. Generally, we have been favored with fine weather and good health. Our visit of several weeks at Naples, and after at Rome, was at a delightful season of the year, and the monuments of the past, and the gayety of the present exhibited by the whole population at Naples, corresponded well with the vernal season of the year. The eruption of Vesuvius was grand and sublime. At Florence, as you already know, we were called to watch the bedside of our daughter, and for many days were held in suspense as to what the Lord would please to do with us. His great mercy was shown in sparing our child. He graciously heard our prayers, and averted the stroke we had every reason to anticipate; and 'blessed be his holy name!'

"We had begun to journey northward, and had reached the city of Milan, when tidings reached us that our dear grandchild had been transplanted to the presence of Him who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' But as the announcement to us of this sore bereavement, by the mother, was accompanied by expressions of the most complete resignation to the will of God, who had removed the child of their affections, how could we murmur or repine?

"Since that time we have crossed and recrossed the mountains which bound the northern part of Italy, going over the Splügen, the Bernardina, and the Simplon to Geneva. We had clear fine weather through the week it took to accomplish this, and magnificent views of Alpine scenery."

While travelling he received from his brother A. the following:—

"MY DEAR BROTHER CHARLES,—It was my intention to have written you before now; but I have delayed, hoping that I might have some news to communicate from the other side of the water; but, since yours arrived, not a line has reached me from that quarter. I now begin to realize that *you*, my dear brother, are absent from your post. For more than ten years, you have been my constant, faithful correspondent, upon whose ready pen and brotherly affection I have relied for family and local information almost wholly. And I need not say, that all our family circle have occasion to thank you for similar favors, as well as many other acts of kindness too numerous to mention. Perhaps I have not sufficiently appreciated this kindness, but believe me I do keenly *feel*, if I do not often thank you for such attentions. Yesterday, I had the pleasure of reading your pleasant lines, dated 27th April, at Naples, which have been a long time reaching me. I read the letter aloud to my family, that evening, and all expressed much pleasure in hearing it. We rejoice that you have been so highly favored thus far, and pray that 'goodness and mercy may follow you' all the journey through, and that you may all be brought back to us in peace. The route you have followed is precisely the same that I travelled *nineteen years ago.*

"I have followed you in imagination every step of the way from Paris, and fancied you looking upon the splendid churches and palaces of Genoa, that ancient but now impoverished and decayed resort of commerce; then walking through the galleries of the Campo Santo at Pisa, where lie the bones of mighty warriors who perished in the Crusades; or looking down from the giddy tower so famous in architecture, or wandering amid the ruins of buried cities near Naples, or clambering up to Virgil's classic villa, or treading the strand once trod by St. Paul, and anon gazing on the turbulent upheavals of Vesuvius. Now you are in Rome, that city where lie enshrined the relics of past ages, the ancient seat of learning and of empire, and now the home of modern art; a city which fascinated and bound us with the spell of a magician's wand, uniting as it does, the past with the present, the real with the unreal, the shadow with the substance. There too is the seat 'of the beast,' that mother of harlots, who sitteth on the seven hills, making war upon the saints. Sad to see such a beautiful land, such a fine race of men, so degraded morally, spiritually, intellectually, so priest-ridden and down-trodden; is it not? But I must stop lest perchance the 'beast' should open this sheet, and take vengeance upon *you* for having a correspondent who dares to touch him in his den.

"Dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! through a moral wilderness?
Rise with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress."

. . . .

"Affectionately,
"YOUR BROTHER A."

XVI.

THE MINISTRY OF LOVE AT HOME.

1857-1860.

FROM one who was an inmate of my father's family, and personally shared the loving influence that pervaded his daily home life, I have received the following reminiscences: —

"Few who met Mr. Stoddard in business merely, or even those who were associated with him in the charities which occupied so much of his life, knew one part of his character.

"The daily sunshine that he shed in his home was never clouded. Many may have thought him Puritanical, stern, repressing mirth and joy, and critical in judging the deeds and motives of others. Nothing could be further from the truth. Criticism was forbidden in the family circle, and he himself invariably expressed the widest charity for the weak and erring. Such knew well to whom they should appeal for help, nor did he give them one word of bitterness or discouragement. Of all who have gone to him to confess the burden of some deep fault, some crime perhaps, no one was met with severity or reproof. To help with his best advice, with substantial aid, and wise encouragement, he felt to be his duty, and while hating the sin, never did he cast a stone at the sinner.

"Far from what many supposed, his Christian charity was not limited by any creed. There is scarcely a sect of which he has not been heard to particularize members as true Christians. Often when speaking of his differences of religious opinion from some one, he would add, with a bright smile, 'But I expect to meet him in heaven.' Personally, he was most difficult to convince. His opinions were well weighed and pertinaciously adhered to. No trace of indecision or vacillation was there. But in all matters of opinion merely, when vital principle was not involved, he left others as free to judge for themselves. While sham and pretence shrunk before his candid soul as at the touch of Ithuriel's spear, no one had a deeper regard for sincere conviction; with no one did those who knew him well, feel so free to believe and act according to their own honest opinions.

"He always served the Lord with gladness. His cheerful morning greeting, and the flowers or rare fruit which those who were under his roof so often found by their plates at breakfast, started the day brightly. He never left the house without the question, to him no mere form, 'What can I do for any of you to-day?' He seldom came home empty-handed. He brought a new book, a toy for the child, a novelty of foreign importation, or an interesting extract from some journal, often gifts of much value, almost always something to give, which was in life his great delight.

"When summoned from his meals to attend to some needy petitioner, a circumstance which took place almost every day, he never showed impatience, but after listening to the tale of sorrow, and bestowing perhaps relief, he returned with the same sweet smile on his face, and took up the conversation where it left off.

"For many years a resident in Mr. Stoddard's home, I can truly say, I never saw a frown on his brow, or heard an angry word from his lips. No one outside his family knew his indulgence or his tenderness to his children and grandchildren. To express a wish for a certain gift, a certain trip, a visit to a certain place, was to be sure it would, in the right time, be gratified. A few points of principle Mr. Stoddard held fast for those under his charge; outside of these points, he was stern only toward himself. His thorough enjoyment of a good joke, of children's romps, and of young people's fun, was marked. He liked the young about him, and was never happier than in taking a party of such on a pleasant journey, or for a day's excursion.

"Mr. Stoddard, in his home, no less than abroad, ever showed the manners of a perfect gentleman. It is impossible for me to recall, in a daily experience of long years, one carelessness or negligence in appearance or manner, one ungentle or unrefined word or act. No one ever entered his presence without being assured of regard and consideration. The lowest, as the highest, surely met that gentle respect which humanity should claim in virtue of its birth, but which, alas! is so often forgotten toward the humble and lowly. Respect a man to help him respect himself, was his motto and his practice towards all, even the fallen. Is there any better encouragement to any one?

"His servants recognized his regard for their comfort, and his appreciation of any excellence on their part, and in several instances, returned true gratitude and affection. Some came a long distance to look on his kindly features in death, and shed tears of sincere sorrow over his coffin. It is truly lovely when the daily beauty of the life of a Christian gentleman can be attested by those brought in hourly and disenchanting contact with him. His exact punctuality was recognized by all, but only those of his household could know the refined and exquisite order which prevailed in his personal habits. The purity of his life showed itself in his belongings, all of which were spotlessly pure and faultlessly ordered. His tastes were all refined, though he practised lifelong self-denial in many of these, notably in little luxuries to which his fortune entitled him. He practised this self-denial that he might have wherewith to bestow more abundantly on others; yet there were a few delicate personal refinements that were a necessity to his nature, and these bespoke the man as truly as did his wider and nobler works.

"The benevolence of Mr. Stoddard showed itself not merely in his charities, but in every-day thoughtfulness of those around him. It is sometimes harder to quit an easy-chair in a warm corner, than to subscribe a hundred dollars in charity. It is sometimes easier to give away a large sum, than to reply courteously and soothingly to a sharp attack. To patiently and constantly put the comfort of every other one before our own is a real trial of Christian grace. In that essential politeness which is the heart of chivalry, Mr. Stoddard never failed. To the aged, to women, and to the helpless young, he was tenderly gentle and helpful. His thoughtful devotion to those who bore the burden of infirmity was most touching. The atmosphere of love and kindness of his home was good to breathe, and its memory a sweet resting-place when the heart is weary. To how many tired spirits has his house been a haven of rest! How blessed to enter from rude buffeting with the world into that calm retreat consecrated to gentle beneficence, purity, and goodness! It was an inspiration to a better life, and one could not long rest there without feeling that the spirit of a higher than the Christian host was within, that the pure and holy One did not disdain to shed his influence where it was so earnestly sought. Thence came all which made daily life with this dear man so lovely. For 'the fruits of the Spirit are love, joy, peace.'"

After a New-Year's greeting to his brother far away, he writes:—

"MY DEAR BROTHER A.,—Here we have had a month of real winter weather, keen and cold, but sunny for the most part, with a large body of snow on the ground and good sleighing all over the country, North and South, East and West. 'Who can stand before His cold?' (Ps. cxlvii. 17) was a question asked by the patriarch of Judges, who inhabited a sunnier clime and a more southern latitude than ours. This question has never been affirmatively answered, except with qualifications and conditions which neutralize the demand. 'Cold cometh out of the north,' is another declaration of the Scriptures, the truth of which is proved by the experience of every winter here. The past week a north wind blew two days, which at first seemed comparatively mild, but grew stern, severe, sharp, cutting, tingling, and ended with biting the ears and noses of those exposed to its intensity. I often think when panting in the hot days of summer for a breath of air, the weathercock pointing S, of the exact description of Luke, when he wrote, Acts xxvii. 13, that 'the south wind blew softly.'

"But not alone with reference to the weather and the wind is the sacred record profitable and instructive. Chiefly are its wonderful words to be valued for the spirit and life they impart in the great and important subject of our relations to God, and how a sinner may become reconciled to God. Blessed be his name, we are not left in doubt in a matter of such high concern! Blessed be his name for the assurance that 'there is therefore no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit' (Rom. viii. 1)! Are we thus walking? Then we may be sure we are free from condemnation. We shall never come into condemnation if we walk after the Spirit, regulating our motives and our conduct by the will of God, as laid down in his holy word. Let us have faith, without which it is impossible to please God. Then shall we have his approbation and his blessing.

"Your portrait hangs where it hung when you visited us last, and very pleasantly reminds of you; opposite, the sweet, benignant, gentle countenance of your companion. They almost smile upon us. Not that we need any external object to keep our dear brother and sister in mind, still they are very pleasant to look upon, and we thank you for them. We must keep up our affection by frequent intercourse, and remember, it is your turn to visit us. In the mean time, we ask an interest in your prayers, that we may abound in the fruits of righteousness, and glorify God."

The next letter here inserted is to his daughter:—

"Dear M.,—The memoir of Mrs. Abigail Waters, which I send you by mail, I should like you to read. She was an eminent member of our church one hundred years ago. You will read of her conversion and of her deeds with interest. Once she was young like you. Then she was instrumental of gathering a prayer-meeting among the ladies of our church, which has continued till now. Her memory is fragrant. I once saw and conversed with her. She was then in her last illness, but was an eminent saint, and I remember the impression of awe I felt. She was then in the corner chamber, in the wooden house on the corner of Essex and Kingston Streets. You have often, no doubt, looked at it while standing on the steps of Mrs. ——'s house. She died in that room. If you should have time to read it before you leave Savannah, you may present it to your uncle J—— in my name; and you shall have another copy. Mrs. Waters was a blood relation of yours,—a sister of your Grandmother Stoddard's grandmother."

The letters which follow, most of them to nieces and nephews, are inserted to give as broad a view, in his own words, as is possible, of his constant kindness to those younger members of his family connections, that led them to revere and love him, as all did, without exception. He descended to their interests, to lift them up to sympathy with his highest longings for them.

These relatives are scattered far and wide; but, if they see these pages, their hearts will respond to this statement, while they will gladly acknowledge that his influence has bettered their lives.

"My dear Nephew,—I think you will be twelve years old on the 24th of July next. I remember how I felt at that age. I left my father's house, and never returned there to live. One year I spent at school in Portsmouth, N.H. There I was far away from my friends, with no one to whom I could open my heart. What could I do? I kneeled down, and asked Jesus to be my friend. He heard my prayer, and I bless his holy name this day. He has always been good and kind to me. He has borne with my waywardness and folly, and delivered me from all my fears, and crowned my life with his goodness.

"Make Jesus your friend by daily prayer, and his word your guide, and he will do as much for you. At thirteen I came to this city, and entered a dry-goods store. This was nearly forty-five years ago; yet here I continue. My 'bread has been given me, and my water has been sure;' and I feel it in my heart to praise the name of the Lord."

"MY DEAR NEPHEW, — I was pleased to receive your letter, and to learn from it your employment and recreations. So you are away from home most of the week at school. You say you are very fond of school. I am glad, because, when you love study you will gain knowledge much faster. The list of studies you give is rather long for a boy of your age who wishes to be thorough, but if you are able to master them all, and keep well too, I shall not regret the number. I have not forgotten your request for postage-stamps. I send a few enclosed. Perhaps you have them already. I do not receive many stamps on letters, except of the kinds you have; but if I can collect some that are rare, I will send them to you. F——, we should be very happy to have a visit from you; when you can spare time from your studies, will you not come and visit us? Perhaps we may have a visit from your father and mother and all the family, which will delight us much.

"The spring is now fairly opened with all its beauties, flowers, and fragrant breezes, and songs of birds, and bright sunshine. How animating is spring to the youthful heart! How jubilant and active it makes us, in young life, to ramble freely in wood and over lawn, or to ride on pony through brake and jungle, over hills and through valleys, and beside still waters! In due time, however, chill winter comes again, and stiffens and congeals all such pleasures.

'There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign:
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green.'

"May you, my dear nephew, by grace be prepared for that glorious home, when this life shall be ended!"

"My dear Brother, — I see you have had a fortnight of snowy, frosty weather, such as we have much of, and that you all enjoyed the scenery. Few things are more beautiful than the fantastic forms which snow and frost assume upon a window, and upon the boughs of trees. We have had a most magnificent exhibition of ice-works. Every stem and fibre and trunk of the two thousand trees on our common were incased in a coating of brilliant ices, which remained two or three days, and glittered in the sun, superior to all the diamonds and brilliants of the world collected together, and hung upon the trees. There is such a prodigality in all the exhibitions of divine power and beauty, so much more in reserve than is shown, that all the attempts of men shrink into utter insignificance in the comparison. I thought of the green vault at Dresden, containing the crown jewels and regalia, so highly celebrated throughout Europe. How much more grand and imposing these jewels which God scatters in such profusion! The particles of new-fallen snow after a storm frequently sparkle in the sun like a sea of diamonds, dazzling to the eyes; each tiny particle of all these countless ones is the handiwork of the great Creator."

Grandfather Stoddard, having more than filled the threescore years and ten, quietly went to his rest in November, 1860. A passing mention of this event is made in my father's letter to his son, which follows:—

"My dear Son,—Since we parted after the funeral of your honored grandfather, I have not heard from you. The remembrance of that day will not soon pass away. His memory is blessed and fragrant. Rev. Dr. Eddy preached a sermon on the last Sabbath, prepared with reference to the death of the patriarch. In it

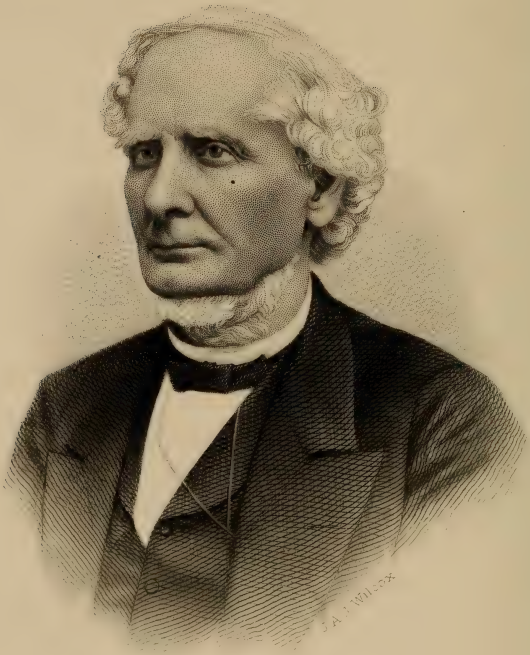
Dr. Eddy draws a contrast between Aaron Burr and your grandfather; both descended from the same stock, both children of the covenant, both lawyers. He contrasts the life and death of each with much force, and applies the whole to the young, urging them to shape their early life by piety, purity, and devotedness to Christ, so that their last days may be peaceful, and their eternity glorious."

To his brother A., on occasion of his fiftieth birthday, he writes full of joy and hope: —

"So your jubilee year, and that of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions came the same year. It was a pleasant circumstance to me, as it will be to you, that you made a jubilee donation to the Board on their jubilee and yours. May you commence your second half-century as free from debt and as hopefully as the Missionary Board does! And may your future and theirs be *onward* and *upward*, each dispensing rich blessings on many ready to perish!

"The season is more forward than usual at this date, by two or three weeks; frost out of the ground, no snow or ice, and flowers beginning to bloom. How beautiful are the revolving seasons! ever changing, silent yet refreshing, as they unfold to our senses; nothing sudden or violent, but quiet and gentle, — so quiet and gentle that we are hardly conscious of any alteration. The works of God are wonderful, and sought out of all those that have pleasure therein. But the word of God contains the treasury of his infinite mind, and is a far more glorious object of study and contemplation. By meditating on its sacred truths, which we could not know if they had not been revealed, we may be changed into a sort of resemblance to them. How much those lose who meditate but seldom, and with little fixedness of mind, on the glorious truths of the word of God! Attainments in this sacred knowledge will abide and give pleasure, when all other knowledge shall vanish away.

"If we are Christians, we are constantly drawing nearer to our heavenly home. Let us grow in meetness for its celestial society by a familiar acquaintance with the only book which reveals to us all we know of things unseen; which alone unfolds the Lord Jesus Christ as the *way*, the *truth*, the *life*, the joy, the hope, the satisfying portion of the believer.'


J A J Wilcox

XVII.

PATRIOTISM, AND PRACTICAL WISDOM.

1862-1864.

THREESCORE years had brought my father on his way. He was fresh and warm in his sympathies, and his habits of body and mind were in wakeful activity. But his life had been one of unwearied labor, of unusual responsibility, and although his health was good, yet he showed less elasticity after fatigue. He would sometimes playfully say he 'should like to grow old gracefully.' If he meant by this, a widening of his benevolence, an ever-enlarging charity for others, an added sparkle to his genial humor at home with his family, his wish was granted. The even temper of his middle life seemed the result of a strong will wisely controlled; the sunny character of his riper years was the outgrowth of his ever-developing love to God and man. The family worship in his home, in these later years, was remarked upon by those who were inmates of his family. His prayers reached outward and upward in their faith, and carried those who united in them to the presence of Him whom, though unseen, he loved. A friend was so impressed with one of these seasons that she has recalled it for me. The subject for reading was Gen. xxxvi., almost entirely genealogy, but the prayer which followed dwelt upon our relationship to God, which lasts through eternity, when earthly relationships and titles shall have passed away. The simplicity of his prayers was as marked as their devotion. There was much of praise in them, and this spirit he cultivated.

In writing to a daughter on the subject of prayer, he expresses himself thus: —

"The inference, that you cannot be a Christian while you find no delight in prayer, is not necessarily or always true. Many an humble disciple has found no nearness of access to Christ, and no enjoyment in prayer for a long time, who yet gave clear evidence to others that he was a true disciple. Frames and feelings are not the test, so much as a settled purpose developed in a daily life conformed to the gospel. Keeping the commandments of God is *his* test that we love him." But with him the delight was so positive in this exercise, that he could hardly understand the lack of joy in its performance.

His regularity in attendance on public worship, and the meetings of the church, was in accordance with the method shown everywhere in his life. His influence was thus in these relations decided. One of his cousins, a warm friend, recalls the following anecdote with regard to his undeviating habit of occupying his seat at his own church: —

Bishop McIlvaine being about to preach at St. Paul's Church, Mr. Stoddard asked a cousin visiting him, if she would like to hear the eminent divine. Upon her replying in the affirmative, he said, "I suppose if St. Paul should drop down from heaven, and were to preach anywhere save in Old South Church, he would not have me for a hearer."

Dr. Blagden, with whom my father was associated for a period of thirty-six years, said of him, "He was essentially devoted to the church of Christ. So devoted was he that he was peculiarly careful about uniting himself in membership with any organization that did not carry out that end. He loved the simple form of worship and government in Congregational churches, and the freedom they encouraged in the investigation and advancement of religious truth, and their harmony with the forms of our political institutions. He was scrupulously careful about punctual attendance upon all the meetings, and while others might be absent, he could be counted upon as one to be present."

He deprecated strongly the habit of running from one service to another, and said "that Christians should go where they could do good, and be useful; not where they enjoyed solely." He used to say that "men should be like the sun, givers, not receivers only." His habitually charitable view of others is illustrated by the following extract from a letter written about this time: —

"One thing I think we should not do much, viz., indulge in wholesale denunciation of either good or bad men. Did you ever read and wonder at the prudence of a certain personage mentioned in Jude, verse 9? — 'Yet Michael the archangel, when contending with the *Devil*, he disputed about the body of Moses, *durst not* bring against him a railing accusation, but said, "The Lord rebuke thee."'"

Letters from his brother to Mr. Stoddard were frequent at this time, on the subject of the war. The writer, from his standpoint, sees our perils and mistakes, and boldly states them.

The replies of my father are as follows: —

"Here we are by the seaside, all well. I see you say, 'South Carolina has "clean gone" out. 'Tis a pity, but better so than eternal grumbling and uncertainty. All will end well in the long-run.' You forbear to dwell on the political troubles in the United States. They are themes of profitless and endless discussion, but at the present moment, of engrossing interest to all Americans. It would seem, from the accounts we get, that the Union is to be dismembered by the secession of more or less of the slave States. It is sad that matters have come to this pass, but any thoughtful man must have seen and felt, for many years past, that the two systems of freedom and slavery were incompatible, and must, sooner or later, come into collision. It is, in fact, an 'irrepressible conflict' of opinion betwixt light and darkness, liberty and tyranny, truth and error, which, however pasted and patched up for a time, must inevitably come to an issue. Politicians have, for more than fifty years been trying to put off this day, instead of going to the root of the evil, and trying to get the cancerous matter removed ; but it has been spreading and widening, until it must either kill or be cured. And whether with or without secession, I look for a speedy solution of this problem now. If our Southern neighbors are wise, they will anticipate events, and take immediate measures for the termination of slavery, rather than wait for the alternative of a bloody revolution which is sure to follow secession.

"At all events, it is quite clear, that, for all concerned, we should *now* get this subject so adjusted as to put an end, once and forever, to the agitation which often occurs ; and if we cannot get the initiatory steps taken to end slavery, then, I say, let secession come, but no more compromises. I do trust that the Northern States will stand firmly by their principles, and not be led to tamper with a system of wrong, robbery, and oppression, by reason of any selfish, mercenary views. If they do so, all will be well in the end, but if otherwise, all this trouble and confusion and excitement will have to be gone over again a few years hence. For one, I am willing to suffer. I am already suffering; our business is paralyzed, orders cut off, customers unable to pay, and heavy losses will ensue.

"But I am not so selfish as to wish to stave off this crisis to a coming generation, because it affects my pocket.

"Rather let it come now; and if I live to see this huge fabric of barbarism totter and fall, I shall be content.

"God, I believe, will overrule all this commotion and contention, and cause the truth to prevail, in spite of all the previous darkness."

APRIL, 1861.

"MY DEAR BROTHER A.,—I have your letter of 5th inst., received yesterday. Your remarks about the inefficiency of our government came at a time when the government is putting forth every energy to sustain itself, backed up by the *united voice* of all the free States, rushing to arms with such promptness and celerity as astonishes every one. The call of the president was issued on the 15th inst.; and, ere six days had elapsed, Massachusetts had called together and sent forward four regiments, one of which was in Washington in four days, but not till some had fallen, and their blood been shed in the streets of Baltimore by the mob.

"This was on the anniversary of the 19th April, 1775, when the first blood of Massachusetts was shed in the war of the Revolution. I send you one or two papers which will give you the latest news. I have never seen our people so united and determined. The free States are united shoulder to shoulder, every press, every pulpit. Money is poured out like water. Three hundred million dollars have been offered to the government, by Boston and New York. Our city is full of the military passing south. The enthusiasm is unbounded."

To the same a few months later: —

"My dear Brother A., — I duly received your letter of 16th April, on 30th. Events succeed each other here with so much rapidity now, that a new view of affairs becomes old very soon. Suffice it to say, that the United States Government, under Lincoln, shows sufficient energy and vigor for the occasion. The capital is safe; the ports of all the seceders are to be closed, and their resources cut off; so that the Rebellion must yield, and its leaders be made examples of. It is only a question of time. I enclose you two printed documents, — an address to his constituency by Charles F.

Adams, who is now on his way as our new minister to the court of England. He is a son of John Quincy Adams, and grandson to the second president of the United States, and a statesman. His address gives a fair view, I think, of the dangers we have passed, and is truthful. The other enclosure is the instructions of our government to our new diplomatist at the French court; from which you will see the clear and distinct avowal of our administration, that the idea of two governments here is not to be admitted. Certainly, the stand taken is pretty clearly stated, and will be maintained. The people in all the free States are united to a man. The call for military troops is so readily responded to, that the full amount asked, one hundred and fifty thousand, will be ready this month, and money is so freely offered that we shall not need to go abroad to borrow a dollar. Twenty-three millions of dollars have been appropriated by States and cities for military purposes, independent of the general government. And in Boston, a soldiers' fund for the families of those who may fall in battle, has reached thirty-three thousand dollars."

To the same brother: —

"I send with this a 'Weekly Advertiser,' which will give you the progress of the war. The Federal troops have suffered a defeat, which will, for a time, give courage and strength to the rebels. Eventually we may hope it will work for good to us. It should lead every man, and especially every Christian, to humble himself individually before the Lord, and repent of and forsake his sins. It should prevent boasting, and glorifying instruments, and lead us to look less to man, and more to God.

"Joshua, the leader of Israel, after crossing the Jordan at God's command, was defeated in his first battle. So was the army who attacked the Benjamites, at God's command, in an evil war. I am hopeful and trustful, and commit the cause to God.

"Nephew George and his regiment were in the battle. We have not yet heard from him, or the particulars of his command. Col. B—— was in a different quarter."

To another brother: —

"JANUARY 17, 1863.

"DEAR W., — I think well of your new mode of taking up your collections. Why do you fear for the result? *You* will not give less. Can you not trust others?

"In our church we have a committee appointed, once a year, for *each object.* I have been chairman of the foreign mission committee. As this cause requires much the largest sum, our operations being in distant parts of the earth, special pains are taken. Friday of the previous week, I send to all the principal contributors at their homes, or through the post-office, a small printed paper enclosed in a sealed envelope, that each may know *beforehand* that the collection is to be taken the next Sabbath, and be prepared for it. On Sabbath morning these printed envelopes are put in each pew (two or three), and also the printed note, and the printed notice read from the pulpit. Many take the envelopes home at noon, and insert their contributions, and write their names.

"Heretofore we have given notice that any whose names were not in the boxes would be called on. This year we did not. Our success, by the favor of God, is due to a long training of our people, and setting them a good example.

"The committee on home missions have for some years gone to individuals; so they do for city missions. For all other objects we have collections, and generally no sermons, unless by one of the pastors. This year and last we had no missionary sermon. I think the great point is to get your people to give on *principle*, and not to be seen of men. In our case we have sealed envelopes, and the sums given are known only to a very few. If any neglect to give, they should be waited on. If one is not prepared to give in money, insert in the notice, in which they put their name, the sum they will give on paper. As to our national affairs, looking from an earthly standpoint, they look dark. Not so to God. Read aloud God's address to Job in the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth chapters, and remember that Job was a good man, whose conduct in general was pleasing to him, but who, by his afflictions, had lost his faith.

"God is a sovereign in his dealings with nations and with individuals. He is not bound to continue us as a nation. Perhaps he will not do it. Certainly such a proud, boasting people as we, deserve to be humbled and punished; neither is he bound to help us because our rulers have proclaimed liberty to the captives. Read Judg. xx. 10, to the end; Judah twice defeated when they went out to battle, having previously *asked and obtained* counsel of the Lord. Now, I say to you, brother, and to all others, 'If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small.' As for me, I shall hope in the Lord, and in him only. No external or national events can hinder my entire trust and confidence in him. 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' And, for my country, I am hopeful, prevailingly.

"We must walk by faith, and not by sight.

"The religion of the Bible will stand if *we* are beaten and overthrown. It is not on such a narrow foundation.

"God's purposes and plans will certainly be accomplished; and we may as well fall in with them, and rejoice in them.

"In regard to Christian hope, to which you allude, I perceive that you have not made progress beyond the experience of the Apostle Paul, though blessed with more light, and in a later age of the church.

"He found that, when he would do good, evil was present with him, and you find the same. His experience was, 'Without are fightings, within are fears.' Your experience is similar. Now, I will not write, herein, an argument why you should go beyond the apostle in truly

Christian experience; but I trust, *at least*, you will not lag behind. Meantime, I will ask you, brother, why you are made unhappy and despondent in your mind, by 'a conscious want of conformity with the will of God, so little of the spirit of the Master?'

"Is it not the Spirit of God in your heart, that leads you to mourn as above? The natural man has no such mourning. Again, you say you feel your 'need of a more simple, childlike trust in Christ, and a more hearty and entire consecration to his service.' Who made you feel so? Is not this plainly the work of the Spirit in your heart? And will he excite such desires in your heart, without gratifying the longings, and filling the desires? Again, you 'loathe the company of the wicked, and love those who bear the image and possess the spirit of Christ.' But it was not always so. When did this change take place? who caused it?

"My dear brother, give God the glory of what his grace has wrought in you, and trust in him who hath begun a good work, to carry it on unto perfection. Like a little child, trustfully, joyfully, confidingly, commit your whole salvation into the Redeemer's hands, who is *able to keep it* until that day. And rejoice in the Lord always; and again I say, Rejoice."

Extract from letter to the same brother: —

"Boston, June 27, 1865.

"The council adjourned near four o'clock, P.M., Saturday. It was divinely directed throughout. And there were several points of thrilling interest, — one to which you allude, when the reply was made to the English delegation; another, when the confession of faith was assented to, on the top of the hill at Plymouth, where the Pilgrims lie buried. There was harmony throughout, and a high Christian spirit; and I think the happy influences will extend beyond our day, and beyond our country. No fear for foreign missions. If they raise this seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, as can easily be done, they will raise all wanted for the heathen world besides."

The letters on political subjects were written to a brother away from the scenes of the war, but cherishing an undiminished love for his country in his heart.

"Dear A., — There is no doubt about the objects of this war, so far as the North is concerned. They are understood by the great heart of the British nation, or at least the best part thereof. But the *public* acts of her Govern ment, and the creed of some of her influential prints, is far from what she herself would like, or think *just and fair*, in a change of circumstances, — *her acts*, in deciding and publishing that the privateers of the rebels should be regarded as those of belligerents, in hot haste, and before our minister could reach England to lay the matter clearly before her Majesty's Government. The decision also to send three regiments to Canada is entirely uncalled for, and looks like dropping an anchor for a future contingency. The provinces of Canada will be as little affected by this conflict as England herself, unless she declares war on us.

"The sending of so many armed vessels to our Southern ports to watch the progress of events, and look after the blockade, seems to me a very questionable thing, and it will be very strange if it does not lead to collision between our ships of war and those of England, in the heat of controversies; and it may not improbably involve us in a war with England. Many think the British Government has this contingency in view. Else why send a fleet into our waters? If she will *keep away*, then her declaration of *entire neutrality* would be better credited. If the instructions to her fleet are such as I have heard, then the effectiveness of our Southern blockade is to be decided by her naval officers; and if they think it not effective, then they are to break it. Of course, this will give aid and comfort to those who have risen up against us.

"Now, England should sympathize with and help the right, — her brethren of the United States. France abstained till she had received our new minister, and all her expressions correspond with her acts. I wish I could see England's acts correspond with her words, and, candid as you are, I am sure you will wish England acted differently.

"The cause of the Government is progressing steadily, slowly, but surely, so far, with little bloodshed. I think the measures adopted eminently discreet; and sooner or later, the misguided aspirants of the so-called Southern Confederacy must be placed in a very awkward predicament."

"MY DEAR BROTHER A., — I have your letter of Nov. 8, and note that this is your 'last say on politics, unless something special seems to call for a fresh onset.' I doubt not but something special will make such a call. I doubt not you feel a deep interest in the matter, and that you strongly desire that the cause of good government and civil liberty should triumph. You have given material aid to the loyal portion of the country. Possibly you may, at such a distance, be in danger of too dark and discouraging a view of our progress. Perhaps you have means of knowledge respecting the character of our President and his Cabinet, not open to me. I infer this only from the discrepancy of our views. But I rest contented in the belief that time will rectify errors in judgment, and perhaps modify hastily formed opinions. Certainly all the North continue united and resolute. We are making sacrifices and efforts difficult to be appreciated. Every woman in the North is knitting or sewing for the soldiers. Government furnishes clothes and food liberally; but still there are many cases, in so vast an army, that cannot be reached by the regular routine of the authorities, and these are calling for larger contributions and sacrifices. Indeed, I may say that our calls and contributions have been *daily* for the past six months, and I see no indication of being tired on the part of our people.

"The sacrifices in families giving their best and choicest sons for the defence of the country cannot be better illustrated than in the case of Col. B——. If ever a man went forth in the fear of God, with an unselfish desire to serve his country, he so went. Hundreds, if not thousands of dollars, he spent in getting his regiment ready to be accepted by the Government, and ever since he has cared for them, as the father of a family of a thousand. Government pays, and pays well; but the food and lodging of several hundred men, in process of forming, at the beginning of the war, could only be borne by private funds. Col. B—— has found many hearty sympathizing friends, who have written words of cheer and encouragement, and sent in abundant materials, stores, and even delicacies for him and his officers and men; and these, in their circumstances, are very highly appreciated. Considerable sums of money have also been tendered for his use in the various needs of his command.

"DECEMBER, 1861.

"MY DEAR BROTHER A.,—I am in receipt of your letter of 13th December, and notice its subdued and gentle spirit; also your liberal offer to put into my hands means to aid in the war. I will forward any sums for this great cause, and I will not abuse your generosity. I know you are a true man, loyal to your own country, and as desirous as any of us to put down this Rebellion. But you find much fault, which is natural. Let me repeat that we have a *most able government*, including the President and his Cabinet. We have rarely, if ever, had as able a body of men since the days of Washington. They command the universal approbation of the loyal States, and stand very strong.

"If it had been decided that we could not honorably yield to the demands of England, in relation to Mason and Slidell, the people would have been *as one man* in sustaining the Government in a war with England. Now there is a quiet and noiseless and universal acquiescence in the result of Mr. Seward's despatch, which I send you with this. No pressure of 'mob,' no outward pressure of any kind. Our public national men hold office four years, and they cannot be put out, except by impeachment; no clamor can move them. But, in England, the loss of a single vote in parliament breaks up the Government. Which country is ruled by the mob? The English papers and statesmen have betrayed, in this 'Trent' affair, what we on this side have from the beginning seen, but you have not seen, and thought did not exist, — a sympathy with the South, and a desire to see them succeed. This is now patent to every one. Will the Queen, of her own will, remove the consul at Havana for violating her proclamation of neutrality? If England continues to drift on in hostility to the United States, it will not be long before some pretext is found for war. But here there is no wish or desire for this. This must be apparent, when the president's message, and the documents about 'The Trent,' are received with you. Nobody here wishes any thing but *peace* with England; but we are deeply hurt by her *hot haste*, after a one-sided statement, to resort to extreme measures with our country. . . .

"Is there no such thing as patriotism, devotion to one's country in peril?

"In the Revolutionary war, America had a Lafayette, yes, and a Washington; who were never richer for their services, but went to war at their own charges. And many such examples history has furnished of heroic self-devotion to country or to liberty, but few or none more illustrious than those above named. And, in the present struggle in our land, there doubtless are 'Christian patriots,' in the highest sense, and perhaps many such, but they are not yet developed, so as to be visible to the naked eye. You speak of five months' time spent by 'an army not having gained an inch of ground, but, if any thing, having lost:' our 'armies held in check at every point by the Confederates; the latter even threatening the capital.' This is *one way* of putting the thing. Another way is this: Then we had not Maryland. Our soldiers were attacked and insulted all the way from Havre de Grace to Washington; railroads torn up, and frightful calamities impending. Now every part of Maryland is held firmly; not a point open to secession efforts. Even Baltimore is held firmly, and the union and strength, which has ever been the majority there, fully developed. Kentucky has been saved for the Union, although there is still commotion there. At that time *we had not a soldier in Virginia.* Now the bulk of our army is in that State. All Western Virginia saved to order, loyalty, and union, and we are gradually making way into the interior of the eastern part. Then we had not a port blockaded. How is it now? Col. B—— has been at Hatteras on the *North Carolina coast* with his regiment, holding firmly that portion for the Union.

"And *what have the rebels gained? Are they not held in check* at every point, unable to cross the Potomac anywhere, and now actually withdrawing to the interior? They were bound long since to take Washington, and advance on Philadelphia. Have they done it? Have they put a foot on *free* soil, in all the land? Are they not completely foiled so far?

"The future is to us all unknown. God is a sovereign; we are a nation of sinners, Northern sinners, grievous sinners in his sight. We do not deserve his clemency. If he spare us as a nation, it will not be for our righteousness, but on account of his mercy. Yet I do not think he will destroy this great people. He may scourge and try us. We may again be defeated in battle. We may be more humbled than we have yet been. But my hope is in God. Yet, if he slay us, I will put my trust in him. I *know* that he is righteous, and I know we have deserved all he has sent, and far more.

"I am not a prophet, and know not what will be. But I am *cheerful*, and *hopeful* of the future. Not because we are stronger than our opponents, but because I am of opinion that the *Lord has other designs* and purposes in connection with this Christian nation, which are inconsistent with its overthrow, or subjection to slavery. One word in regard to slavery. Suppose Government should to-day issue a proclamation declaring every slave in the land free. What would it amount to? Nothing at all yet, except to exasperate the Union sentiment existing at the South.

"Government has not control of the slaves. The country where they principally are, is yet to be overcome. Until it can enforce a proclamation of that kind, it better not be issued. My impression is, that slavery is doomed; that in some way it will come to an end in this land, as a result of this conflict; perhaps (and the thing is by no means impossible) by the aid of the slaveholders themselves, when they are sorely pressed and threatened with internal and external foes. At any rate, my confidence is in God. In *Him*, not in an arm of flesh, I trust. In Him I place my confidence. For the rest, 'ye have need of patience.'"

1865.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,— Your pleasant letter of March 25 was received the 8th inst., also the paper and pamphlet of Mr. ——. This I have read. It is very well gotten up, and popular in style, and you have gone into it bravely, and I trust will have good success in collecting funds. I should not wonder if you had a very large response in money. I admire your enterprise and energy in this noble cause. Here we are having stirring times. One week since, I sent you accounts of the defeat of Lee by Grant, and the capture of Richmond and Petersburg. And now I send the surrender of Lee and his whole army to Grant, which virtually ends the Rebellion. Sherman will take care of Johnson and his army, and no other will be raised, and the war will end. In our public exchange news-room yesterday morning, was inscribed in large capitals over the books, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.' A crowd of subscribers and merchants gathered there; a prayer of thanksgiving was made, and the words, —

'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,' —

sung to the tune of Old Hundred. Later in the day the Old South Church was opened and filled to overflowing with a devout assembly, who listened two hours to prayers, praises, and addresses full of recognition of God as the Author of our victories, and of patriotic fervor. Not a word of unkindness toward the rebels; nor is any bitter feeling witnessed. We hear nothing of it. The Lord's hand is in this work, and praised be his name!

"Your affectionate brother,

"CHARLES STODDARD."

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER, — Last evening I received from you an elegant, elongated and brilliantly worked footstool. It reminds one of many a careful stitch, taken often with a consciousness of bodily weakness. It is the sum of the patient toil of one well beloved. As such I accept it with much pleasure. It points to a warm hearth and the pleasures of a wood-fire in the cold season.

"It reminds me to say that the ever-blessed Lord our God, condescends to have a footstool of larger size and more substantial build, than this tiny one which you have made.

"'Heaven is my throne, and earth is my footstool' (Isa. lxvi.; Matt. v. 35). Of one day, it is said, he 'is expecting till his enemies be made his footstool' (Heb. x. 13). This is even said of our divine Lord, in accomplishing the work of human redemption.

"'The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand until I make thine enemies thy footstool' (Ps. cx.).

"That is, as I understand it, Christ shall sit at his Father's right hand, clothed with all power in heaven and on earth, until the work of redemption is finally completed, and the last of his chosen are gathered into his fold. Those that remain, who have rejected his salvation, and are counted his foes, shall also be counted his footstool. May you, and your husband and children, and all our dear family, be present on that great occasion, when our Immanuel shall be crowned! I mean this present of yours shall remind me of the certain triumph of the gospel, and the certain glory of our King."

XVIII.

PATRIOTISM, MORAL COURAGE.

1863-1865.

MY father's letters are so multiplied during the later years of his life that other words are needless. Indeed, those who longed to be with him, grudged the time spent by him with pen in hand, and were inclined to fear lest he would overtask himself by so much writing.

The personal charm of his influence at home refuses to take form in description. His presence ever seemed a benediction, and left holy memories after it was gone.

The following is to his son: —

"JANUARY 1, 1863.

"MY DEAR SON, — I duly received your letter of the 6th December, and since have heard of your movements through M——, and hope your personal solicitations for aid for your church may be successful. It is to many persons, and probably to you, an irksome duty to solicit money even for a good object. It would be more agreeable to human nature to give at each call, than to ask others to give. Yet in this work, where even good men are so backward to lay their property at the Saviour's feet, and to ask respecting *that*, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' it will be a duty you may probably be often called on to perform. Now, when you go out, you of course need to be fortified with a strong conviction of the *excellence* and *importance* of the object you have to present. This will give you confidence and self-respect, very needful in the prosecution of your enterprise. In addition to this, and that you may make the happiest impression on others, you need what few possess in large degree, and which, I think, is described in Latin as '*suaviter in modo;*' in the Bible, under these terms, 'Be courteous;' —a certain, winning, pleasing, persuasive mode of approaching men, which, in case of difference, will assume *a priori* that *you*, not he, are in the wrong. A man is disarmed if he hears you 'beg his pardon;' and a certain degree of respect is due, and may safely be awarded to every man we have occasion to converse with, without our being chargeable with flattery in so doing. If you have in earnest prayer committed the visit you are about to make to God, asking him so to influence the mind and heart of him to whom you are about to apply, as he shall see best for the glory of his name, and the good of his cause, and the best interests of the object you advocate; and if you evince, in going, the desire that God's will should control in the result of the visit,—I think it will be presented with much inward peace and satisfaction, if not with great outward success.

"I am interested, as is your mother, in the description you give of your Christmas Sunday-school celebration, presentation, &c. So it seems you were 'watered' with a fine inkstand while you were watering others. I think these unexpected gifts are peculiary agreeable. What could a minister do without an inkstand?

"I hope the progress of the year will develop a spiritual interest among your people, and that, while you are laboring for the removal of the burden of debt from the parish, the Holy Spirit may remove the burden of sin from many a heart in your congregation."

"June 29, 1863.

"I note all your reflections on the past year, in connection with my birthday.

"Your remarks upon your father, and his supposed goodness, make me feel most sensibly my imperfections and unworthiness. I have no goodness, and as a poor sinner, depend simply upon the atonement of Christ for pardon and acceptance with God. I have indeed, a cheerful hope that he *has* pardoned and accepted me, and I desire 'to live not to myself, but to him who died for me, and rose again.'

"You are aware that I had very limited school advantages, ending at thirteen, and that what I have gained of knowledge has been by improving time I could save from labor to study and read. My early profession of religion, and constant study of the Scriptures with a view of teaching Bible-classes, for more than forty years past, has doubtless had a good influence in quickening and improving my intellect, and I hope my heart too. But what influence I have been enabled to exert in the past and in the present, I consider *very much owing* to my uniform course, never changing my business, never failing in it, always to be found in my place; and, gradually, there grows up a feeling of reliance and dependence on such an one.

"It is my duty and my pleasure to aid you, as I am able, by my counsel.

"I do indeed rejoice in the work in which you are engaged, so far as I see on your part fidelity and devotion in it. Were you in a secular business, scrambling for wealth, you might indeed attain it; but you might be pierced through with many sorrows. Therefore, having food and raiment, and a clean conscience, and good health, I hope you will be content. I look forward to a long and useful life for you, growing brighter and brighter as years advance, till you reach 'the measure of the stature of a perfect person in Christ Jesus, our Lord.'

"Your affectionate father,

"CHARLES STODDARD."

A letter follows written to a daughter-in-law, interested in procuring a church organ: —

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER, — Your little note received yesterday sent a vibration through our hearts, as from the pipes of an organ; and my wife wishes to do no less than pipe to you one, while I add two. I hope the notes will be harmonious, and with other sweet melodies, swell into a full-toned instrument. 'Tis a good idea to own it yourselves, and place it in the church as your property, loaned to the congregation.

"We shall be glad to hear that the full sum is made up, and the matter fully accomplished. Are you to play it? If you fill the church with its loud-swelling sounds, and C—— lifts the finances into a prosperous state, and the Lord is pleased to lift the light of his countenance upon you, and give you peace, and a revival of his work, it will be to you a year of prosperity indeed."

"MY DEAR SON,—My thoughts for a few days have been occupied with reflections in connection with this anniversary of your birth, which will have arrived, probably, about the time this is received.

"I recur to the past, and remember that, when I became thirty, I was still a single man, though under an engagement of marriage to your excellent mother, which shortly after was consummated, and this union has been to me a perennial fountain of happiness in all the years that have since run their rounds. The very day that you first saw the light, I well remember on my knees thanking God for the precious gift and at the same time, consecrating you to him and his service. Then and there I tried to pledge myself to 'train you up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,' and to seek first, for you and for myself, the kingdom of God and his righteousness. With much imperfection in my example and my efforts, I feel conscious that such was my desire and purpose ever after.

"God blessed the efforts of your parents even beyond our highest expectation. Anxiety and solicitudes we have had, during your progress through the slippery path of childhood and youth; but you can say, —

'Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.'

"To a person who has had the advantages of culture and of training which you have enjoyed, this age should be 'a season of the gathering of the first fruits;' that is, your intellectual powers developed and somewhat trained, should bring out of the treasury of the Scriptures those things which are profitable and to the edifying of the Church, which is Christ's body. And so I think you do minister grace to the hearers.

"A larger and fuller experience, such as will surely come as you advance, will doubtless enable you to attain a higher standard of excellence, both in the manner of forcibly presenting divine truth, and commending it to every man's conscience in the sight of God. And I look, too, for that personal experience of the fulness and excellency of Christ as a complete Saviour, and that oneness with him by faith, on your part, which shall give you great power in presenting him to your people as 'the chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely,' and enable you to influence them to love him too. As to health, I trust this anniversary finds you in a sound condition. For myself, my freedom from all inflammatory tendencies, headaches, and other kindred evils, I attribute, very much, to my entire abstinence from wine or other stimulating drinks from early youth to the present time. You know that I began, when a boy, to set my face like a flint against the use of wine or any kind of spirits, either as a beverage or a medicine. This was long before any temperance societies were formed.

"I do not think, as a boy or young man, I ever took a drink of spirits and water, brandy and water, or wine. At one time I had, by overwork and irregular hours for meals, an attack of dyspepsia, and a glass of port wine with an egg beat up, was prescribed for a season, by a physician. With this exception, I was ever a total-abstinence man, belonging to no temperance society, but from full conviction and determination a drinker of cold water only. Till forty-five I never used coffee, and but little tea. Since then, I have used one cup of coffee in the morning. I mention these things more in detail, because I have, somehow a conviction that the headaches, the inflammations, the rheumatisms, the gout, with which so many are afflicted in later life, grow out of the moderate use of stimulants. The system becomes more or less charged with inflammatory tendencies, and when an exciting cause occurs, they at once accelerate and aggravate the evil, so that I feel in my own mind, a conviction, that those who use, however temperately, stimulating drinks, will sooner or later pay the penalty therefor, in many ills which flesh is heir to, but which would not otherwise develop themselves in the system. I doubt not you will endeavor by a regular, abstemious, and careful way of living, to lay up a stock of health and vigor for later life, should you be spared, as I hope the Lord may spare you, for long service to his church. My present age is something more than twice yours, as next month

I complete my sixtieth year. I feel vigorous and able to work, though not in the same work, nor to the same degree, as formerly. Yet I have no idea of giving up, nor relaxing my efforts while I have health and strength remaining, and while sin is not wholly banished from the world.

"Perhaps this year you may let, or lease, ten pews or more. Whenever *the final lift* is to be made, and the year of jubilee in your church proclaimed, if I am alive, I shall be glad to aid in laying the top-stone of your temple."

"MY DEAR BROTHER A.,—Your letter of 29th April reached me 12th inst. You are overcome, and unfitted for your usual business, by reason of the awful murder of Pres. Lincoln. Your letter shows your deep emotion and sorrow. So do all the proceedings of Parliament and public bodies in England. This universal mourning shows how great and good a man has fallen by the hand of treason. The Lord's hand is marked in this, as in all other dealings of his Providence with our nation. It is marvellous in our eyes. We have peace from one end of the land to the other; all the armies of the aliens have surrendered (unless there be one the other side of the Mississippi); and the principal rebels are arrested, including Jefferson Davis and his staff.

"The loans authorized by Congress are nearly all taken; thirty millions of dollars being subscribed for in one day, and ninety-two millions last week. In a short time, all our army and navy will be paid up, and as rapidly as is prudent, put upon a peace footing. Indeed the reduction of the public expenses has already been very great. The income-tax brings in a large amount, and it is cheerfully paid. Gold has fallen to twenty-eight per cent premium, and indications are that it will not be long ere specie payments are resumed. A demand is making for merchandise, and every branch of industry (except those for the supply of the wants of our army and navy) seems to revive. There promises to be much activity in business in the autumn. We received with much interest the account you sent of your celebration at B——, in honor of the downfall of the Rebellion, and honor your patriotism and constancy in a good cause. Mr. L—— says to me often, 'You have had full confidence in the Government and their securities from the beginning, and lent them freely, and spoken in support of their credit in the darkest hour;' all of which is true. I have not sold a dollar of the securities I hold for you, and in due time you will receive principal and interest in gold, besides all the premium on the gold paid from time to time for interest. What an opportunity was offered Mr. John Bull to send here and get our securities at forty and forty-five, which he failed to improve, and lost the golden harvest! Now he must pay par or premium, and apply soon, or he can't have any."

"April, 1865.

"My dear Brother,—This week the grand review of our national army, two hundred thousand men, takes place at Washington, and after that, the larger part are to be honorably dismissed to return to their homes, every soldier with his full payment of wages in his pocket, and the money in the treasury not exhausted; quietness and peace reign over all the land, this side of the Mississippi River, and all the southern ports will open again to the commerce of the world after July 1.' We may well look up with gratitude to God for the wonders he hath wrought, and ascribe to him all the glory. In a part of a letter from Brother J. he says, 'God carries out his plans often in entire disregard of what we conceive to be the right way. We may labor *with many prayers* to build a house (or a confederacy); but, except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.' The universal sympathy for our great loss expressed in high places and in low places, in Great Britain and on the Continent, is grateful to our people, and will be most happy in its influence in softening and refining the intercourse of the future. Our Government never was so strong as now. It can afford to be magnanimous. There is a determination which cannot be turned aside, that all the problem of reconstruction shall be settled rightly. My idea is, that each Southern State will be required to pass the amendment to the Constitution, abolishing slavery, that is, abolish all laws inconsistent, and give the negro the right of suffrage, as a condition to their return to their status."

XIX.

FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT BORNE IN HIS LIFE.

1865-1869.

ADD to godliness, brotherly kindness, and, to brotherly kindness, charity."

"Love, or thou livest not: life is more
Than counts by pulses; make thy gain
Thy brother's welfare: so thy store
Shall prosper, nor thy work be vain.

"Walk where thy Master bids thee: shun
No rough path, or deserved rod;
Right up the sunbeam seek the sun:
God's light must lead to God."

One of the daughters of my father, and her husband, were absent on a journey for health, in Europe. In a letter written to them, he mentions the telegraph, saying, —

"What a wonderful success is this Atlantic telegraph! By this same telegraph we hear that the yacht owned by Mr. T. G. A., 'Alice,' Capt. A—— C——, arrived at the Isle of Wight, from Nahant, after nineteen days voyage. She is a very small craft of thirty tons, and it shows skill and bravery to navigate such a little vessel over the seas. It is said that Columbus discovered the New World with a craft of fifty tons burthen.

"Your letters come with regularity, and are a great comfort to us. I trust you have the daily presence of the Comforter. God is not confined to time or place.

"Our Lord said to the woman of Samaria, 'The time cometh, when neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem, shall men worship the Father. God is a Spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

The following letter to his brother A—— was on a subject that had deeply interested Mr. Stoddard. It was the case of the young man who had been sent over to this country from Europe, seemingly devoted to his own ruin. And as the finding of the one sheep that went astray caused more joy than all those which were in the fold, so the exertions made in this case rendered the final success more joyful. This incident, however, was known to scarcely more than a single person, during all the time that it was an object of his unwearied attention and prayer.

"My dear Brother A., — I yesterday received your lines. The interesting statement you give of the great change in J—— ——, proved to be genuine by his subsequent conversation and life, calls up to my remembrance many tender recollections which have lain dormant in my memory, — how I met him on the pier where was the sailing ship that brought him to these shores, and took him to our house; the correspondence which resulted in finding him a situation with a pious man in the wilds of Maine where he staid a year, and conducted himself as a strictly temperate man; his subsequent falls and recoveries; his residence at Northampton and at the West; the prayers and tears and efforts of my wife and other friends; his disappointment of all our hopes; and his final departure for England; his being met, as you say he was, far away from the means of grace, and brought to repentance, — all illustrates the wonder-working providence of God, and should encourage us *always to be hopeful*, and *never despairing of poor sinners.* Our heavenly Father has far more patience than we. It is by his patience and forbearance with us, that we are not already beyond the reach of hope. How should we labor to reclaim the fallen, and bring back the wandering to the Father's bosom! How should we be instant in season and out of season, in filling the minds of the young with pure and holy principles, and by example and precept, do all in our power to train them for glory and for heaven!

"Let us, dear brother, strive daily to realize our own frailty, and turn our mind often to the contemplation of the great truths revealed in the Scriptures respecting our own preparation to see and enjoy God. Should not our affection for heavenly things increase as we advance toward the end of our pilgrimage? Should we not cultivate a longing desire, daily expressed in prayer, that the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, may abide with us as a constant guest, that we may have the communion and fellowship of the Holy Spirit? I hope we may each make progress in the divine life."

"My dear Brother A., — Your letter of 2d inst. reached me on the 14th. I note your earnest argument for free trade. I am ready to go with you as fast as our circumstances will allow. We must have sufficient income from imports, to pay the annual interest on the debt in gold. Beyond this we do not need to tax imports, and should gradually remove the duties, first on raw materials, and gradually reduce them on all articles. I hope you will be pleased with the platform of the Republican party, unanimously adopted at Chicago. Especially are all forms of repudiation of the national debt pronounced a crime, and the full payment of principal and interest, according to the highest standard of upright public faith, is set forth as a cardinal doctrine in the canvass. So of equality before the law, and equal suffrage for all; so of other things. I cut out and send these resolutions, and think you will like them. I see England and British institutions are to be reviewed and scrutinized. It can hardly be prevented or hindered by the course of the prime minister. No doubt old institutions with you are to be shaken, but I trust that which is true and right may remain. We must, however, personally rely on a treasure and a portion above. The conscious life of faith is in an ever-present Redeemer, as our friend, our portion, and our hope; the conscious guidance and indwelling in our hearts of the Comforter, which is the Holy Spirit, leads us to the knowledge and practice of holy living."

"My dear Brother A., — I see by your letter, and by the printed accounts you have kindly sent, that you have had an opportunity to show hospitality to that indefatigable friend of the slave, William L. Garrison, and to be present and witness honors paid to him by public bodies. I have witnessed his course since he finished his studies. At first he took up the Colonization Society, and I heard him advocate its claims to a crowded audience, on the Fourth of July, in Park-street Church. I remember standing during the address, which was eloquent for a young man. It was not many years before he found the Colonization Society a hinderance and an obstacle to his cherished purpose, the freedom of the slave.

"Then he abandoned it and became its enemy; for he was no half-way man. The period of persecution and defamation he went through subsequently is all fresh in my mind.

One Fourth of July, after attempting in vain to get a place in which to speak, a hayloft over a stable behind the Marlboro' Hotel, Washington Street, was obtained. There were no seats, and the rickety staircase was outside the building. Nevertheless there was an assembly, and I was one. The hay was scattered about, and the day was hot. Mr. Garrison looked about, and began his address with these words. "My friends, you will all agree with me that our cause to-day is on a *stable foundation*." This put them in good humor, and he went on. I have often listened to him, and admired his fearless eloquence, but not his denunciations which came later. *My* longing for love among men, for peace in all hearts, grows daily. Let this ever interest us more than any thing else."

Dr. Anderson, so long and widely known for his intelligent devotion to the cause of missions, for his study and writings on the subject, as well as untiring labor, was ever an esteemed friend of my father. They were associated in conducting the affairs of the society for this object, from 1832 till the time of Mr. Stoddard's death. His words of affectionate appreciation cannot fail to be read with interest.

The letter which follows, written in the midst of pressing literary work, shows that he did not undervalue his long-time helper in this cause. He also enclosed one of my father's letters to him, which I give in full.

"CEDAR SQUARE, BOSTON HIGHLANDS,
Oct. 19, 1874.

"MRS. MARY S. JOHNSON, 7 COMMONWEALTH AVENUE.

"*Dear Madam,* — My time has been much absorbed by my History of the Missions of the Board, which was completed only in the last month, and I have thus been delayed in sending this to you.

"I knew Mr. Stoddard intimately for a long course of years, but our official duties and other causes brought us so often together, that I scarcely remember an occasion for epistolary correspondence. I send you the only letters I find from him, — one of them written from Northampton on my birthday, Aug. 17, 1866, containing suggestions of great importance to me. This I will thank you to preserve.

"Mr. Stoddard was a fine illustration of the value of *character.* He was comparatively young to be brought into the Prudential Committee forty-two years ago; and I well remember the discussion by such men as Judge Hubbard, Dr. Wisner, and Gov. Armstrong, previous to his election. But I never afterwards heard a doubt expressed as to the wisdom of the choice, and his hold upon the public confidence gained to the last. The cases before that body are often important, and sometimes perplexing. Mr. Stoddard was accustomed to make such cases a study, and to do his part to have them decided correctly. He seemed to me to be right in his opinions. He was made chairman of the Committee, with entire unanimity, in 1859, and held that office till his decease.

"I hope to live long enough to see a good memorial of my friend and brother, and am, dear madam, with great respect,

"As ever, very truly yours,

"R. Anderson.

"P. S. — Concerning Mr. Stoddard's letter of Aug. 17, I would say, —

"1. The lectures he recommended, and just such lectures, were written, and delivered in six theological seminaries, and published in one volume.

"2. The 'History of Missions' recommended by him, and just such a history, was written, and published in four volumes.

"3. The kind and sustaining influence of the wife, of which he speaks, I enjoyed throughout, and, though I do not think she wrote a sentence for me, the influence was essential to my success."

"AUGUST 17, 1866.

"MY DEAR DR. ANDERSON, — Permit me on this seventieth anniversary of your birth to tender to you my cordial Christian congratulations, that in the good providence of God, your life has been lengthened out, and you permitted to see this day. I feel this the more, as doubtless you do, from the dangerous sickness through which you have recently passed.

"And now, with returning health and vigor, I trust you will gird up the loins of your mind and address yourself to new duties of great importance to the cause of Christ and the cause of missions, which you only, are fully qualified to perform. I refer to a proposed series of lectures on foreign missions, prepared with a view to delivery in all our theological seminaries, and perhaps some of our colleges; and also a history of American missions; in which should be put on record, in a permanent form, the great underlying principles which have been evolved by long and painful experience on your part.

"If your heavenly Father, in his infinite wisdom and goodness, should spare your life and your mental vigor for the full accomplishment of these two objects, then I should think you might truly be said 'to bring forth fruit in old age.'

"And why may we not hope for such life prolonged?

"Are you not ten years younger now than Moses was, when by the call of God, he went to lead the chosen people out of Egyptian bondage? Forty years afterwards we read of this same Moses, 'His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated.' In our own day, Hon. Josiah Quincy completed two elaborate works after he had passed his eightieth birthday. With your cheerful temperament and Christian hope, and with the gentle and constant attentions of your beloved companion, whom God has graciously spared to you, may we not hope (I do hope) for many years of usefulness and enjoyment in your chosen work? I hope you will occupy a room at the Missionary House *as long as you live;* and that you will always be present at the committee room, when health will permit, to give us the benefit of your wise counsels and long experience.

"Mrs. S—— unites with me in all that I have said of any value, and desires her warm congratulations to you and also to dear Mrs. A——.

"I am, my dear sir, your friend and fellow-worker, C. STODDARD."

The years, as they passed, were ripening the fruit of holiness in my father's life, in a manner noticeable to all his friends. He prepared his trust accounts for concluding settlement. His treasurership in the Old South Church he had resigned, not from weariness or lack of interest, but with a view to a more contemplative home-life, a life he strongly loved, and at periods yearned for. He did not express any longings to quit this world, but his thoughts and plans more than ever centred in the heaven to which he was looking forward. When he conversed on these themes, as he loved sometimes to do, it was with enthusiastic and almost triumphant joy. His eye would glow, and the pain which would thrill the heart of the listener, thinking he felt his call might not be long delayed, was lost in a sympathetic throb of delight at the anticipated blessedness.

Still the "daily round, the common task," was filled as ever with cheerful alacrity; the tender words to the young, over whom he felt he might exert an influence, were more earnest, if possible, than before. But the calm few years, that he had expected, he did not find. He was needed, and his post was not to be vacated till his Captain called him from service.

All the difficult questions with regard to the use of the property of the Old South Church came up in these last years of his life. The members of this spiritual body, with which he had been associated for fifty years, were going through a trying ordeal; wide differences of opinion showing themselves, which needed judgment, wisdom, and Christian courtesy to reconcile. The details of all this are sufficiently known; but certainly, had it not been for his unfailing Friend upon whom he could roll all such burdens, he would have had a weary time in the conflict of opinions which these questions called forth. On all matters of this sort he waited for the providence of God, keeping his mind ever open to the indications of the divine will. Meantime he prepared other minds for such steps as seemed wise; and so, without seeming to lead, exerted a weighty influence. This trait of his has been generally appreciated, and spoken of before. Perhaps it was more conspicuous in him as he grew older, but all who knew him well can testify to its prominence.

"My dear Niece S., — Your letter reached me just as I was seated in the car for a short journey. As I read it, and noticed the disturbed condition of your mind, and the doubts you had who were right, Catholics or Protestants, Unitarians or evangelical Christians, some passages of Scripture came into my mind, which I will quote. John xxi. 22, 'What is that to thee? Follow thou Me.' The question, whether Miss M. is right or wrong, is for her to settle, not you. You are to follow Christ yourself; he is every thing to you, or he is nothing. Make him your personal Saviour. Again, the test of 1 Corinthians xiii. 1–3: perfect knowledge, faith to work miracles, abounding in good works and deeds of charity, or willingness to suffer martyrdom, — neither of these, nor all combined, are any thing worth in God's sight, where love, pure, glowing love, is wanting.

"Nothing supplies the lack of personal, hearty love to the Lord Jesus Christ.

'What think ye of Christ? is the test
To try both your faith and your schemes:
You cannot be right in the rest
Unless you think rightly of him.'

Make him your chosen personal Saviour from sin, and his death the ground of your acceptance with God.

"*Sincerity* is no test of Christian character. Paul was sincere in persecuting the Christians, even unto death; and he says, 'I verily thought I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth.'

"Yet for these very things he calls himself 'the chief of sinners.' A blameless life and sincerity of belief, never carried a sinner to heaven, unless he had something more. It is for us, as guilty, to flee to Christ, and truly and cordially accept his salvation, and in him lead a new life.

"On my return from my journey, I found your letter awaiting me on Saturday evening. By this I am most happy to know that you have found Christ as never before, and that you have great joy in the consciousness that Jesus has forgiven your sins. May you abide under his shadow, and may you daily go to him as a loving Redeemer! Trust not in frames or feelings, but in Christ, and be active to do his will. Watch and pray, pray and watch. You will meet with enemies and hinderances. Different temptations will arise, but cling to the words of your Lord. What can be so refreshing to you as the words of your Redeemer?

"And now, my dear niece, I commend you to God and the word of his grace, which is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before his presence with exceeding joy. To him be glory forever! Amen."

"My dear Brother A.,—Your letter of 7th was received on the 20th inst. You well remark that 'American travellers have yet to learn how to enjoy life, for they make a toil of pleasure, and rush through life at railroad pace.' Yet you may call to mind that a certain dear friend and brother of ours, when last over here, was ever on the wing, and rarely at rest. The truth is, 'life is real, life is earnest,' and we have little time to lie upon our oars. Even Dr. P., on a year's absence, could not find time to come out to visit you. So it is. We read and mark the gigantic movements in Continental Europe with wonder, and remember that this year, 1866, is called the year of prophecy, in which, according to the interpretations of Scripture of many eminent divines in past ages, there are predicted great changes in the status of Popery. We know that Almighty Power has determined to overturn and overturn among men, till He whose right it is to reign, shall be established on the throne of universal dominion. And with these stupendous purposes in the hand of Infinite Power, the people of God may well watch the unfolding of the providences which develop God's grand designs. I am ready for him to assume universal dominion; and shall say, Amen! if he hurl Satan from the throne of his usurped power. Nay, further, I should not mourn if the pope was chased away like a rolling thing before a whirlwind, and not be found any more at all. You see I am a man of progress. I think the chariot-wheels of Jehovah's providence will crush those that attempt to hinder or thwart its progress, and that all those will be supremely blessed who cast in their lot with his people and plans. May such be our happy case! I thank you for your remembrance and honor of my natal day. It certainly was a great compliment to me, and undeserved."

Here follow two or three brief letters to his grandchildren, indicating his happy ingenuity, as well as his habitual painstaking to interest and benefit them.

"My dear Grandson, — I thank you for the drawing you sent me of a squirrel and his house, drawn by your own hand, and bordered with gold. It is a pretty squirrel and a pretty house. But after all, are you not glad you are something nobler than a squirrel? You can draw him, but he cannot draw you. You can thank the Lord, who is ever doing you good. You can talk with kind parents and friends. The squirrel cannot. He has a brief life, and then dies; and that is the end of him. But your soul will live forever."

"My dear Grandson, — I thank you for the present, so useful and good. It will daily remind me of my beloved grandson. May you have a happy Christmas to-day, and the joy and peace which come by doing well, all the year!"

"My dear Grandson, — On your fourth birthday I send you this little line, to tell you that grandpa thinks of you, and prays God to keep you from all evil, and to make you his child.

"I send you a willow basket, strong and good, with a cover.

"When you carry peaches to a sick person, you will want the cover on. When you pick up shells and pebbles on the beach at N., you will want the cover off."

To F. W.: —

"DEAR NEPHEW, — I learn from your sisters, who have been our pleasant guests more or less the past year, that you are in Paris, spending a season with a view to improve yourself, and fit yourself for the responsibilities of business, which will be coming upon you one of these days. I recur to my feelings when I went from the roof of my parents, at the age of twelve, and wonder if the lonely and desolate feelings I then had more or less, are experienced by you. Your circumstances are different, for you have been from home before, and you are older than I was. But you will have lonely hours in the great French metropolis; and much depends on the manner in which your leisure is occupied. I trust you will have the strength of principle to resist the allurements of the city, and preserve yourself from all evil external contaminations. I do not doubt you have a faithful companion in the Sacred Word, which I hope you find pleasure in reading morning and evening, with prayer for divine direction and guidance. Then if you could devote some evening to religious meetings, or take on the sabbath a class in the Sabbath school, or engage in some way in efforts to do good, it would help to strengthen good resolutions, and confirm you in good ways. There used to be, and probably may be now, a very good Sunday school and Protestant preaching service, in both English and French, at about 180 Faubourg St. Honoré, doubtless advertised weekly. And there is an American chapel also. The Sabbath must be regarded as unto the Lord, if we would guard our morals, or advance in what things are lovely and of good report. The season you will spend in France will speed swiftly away. I trust it will leave only pleasant remembrances, and a consciousness of time well improved, and the greatest of all interests not neglected. I often think of some pleasant walks I used to take with you at T. I shall be most happy to welcome you to Boston, whenever you can come, as would also your aunt."

To a niece of whom he was fond, he thus writes: —

"My dear Niece F., — I am indebted to you for two pleasant letters, the last dated July 5th, and received the 20th. You speak in each of your delightful summer weather, and by a few lines of later date, I perceive that the heat and sun have dried and parched England, and roasted the Londoners. I know not where it has not been hot this summer. The month of July was, with us, a 'heated term.' Even at Nahant, they had many scorching nights and burning days, with a glassy sea. You speak of the goodness of our heavenly Father in preserving your circle, a happy family. Why not, at some interval, pursue this theme, noting things down in order, as shown in personal, social, and family blessings, branching out into public, national mercies, and by contrast with less favored nations and communities, draw considerations for grateful praise? Then, remember that all the blessings and mercies which make life desirable, come to us through the mission and work of our Lord Jesus Christ, who crowns all his mercies to his people here with salvation and everlasting glory in the world to come. And will not our gratitude to him rise and swell and overflow, when we contemplate him as the unspeakable gift of the Son of God? Then comes the question,—

'What shall I render to my God,
  For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit his abode,
  My voice address his throne.'

The pleasure and happiness which flow from communion with a God of love, and the expression of gratitude to him through Christ, is the highest, purest enjoyment on earth, and within our reach in the exercise of gratitude and love. Dear niece, write down some thoughts on this, or some kindred theme, and send them to me, to help me on in my Christian course, and if they are worthy, I will print them for the benefit of others.

"You ask my opinion of the second advent, or, rather, say you do not remember that I have expressed an opinion. I believe, then, my niece, that our dear Lord shall 'so come' as his disciples saw him go into heaven; that 'we know not the day nor the hour when the Son of man cometh;' that what he said unto his disciples, he said unto all, '*Watch* therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come' (Matt. xxiv. 42). He further says, 'Be ye also ready; for, at such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh' (Matt. xxiv. 44). Now, watchfulness and prayer are my prescribed duties; and my Lord hath said, 'Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing.' I would be so much occupied with watching and praying, and doing my Master's will, as to have *no time left* for considering and determining the question *when* he will come; especially as he has said, 'It is not for you to know the times and the seasons the Father has put in his own power' (Acts i. 7).

"When Christ comes, if I am ready to welcome him, all will be well. If he is ready to welcome me, how blessed! 'But do you expect to see him here on earth again?' I expect to see the 'King in his beauty,' whenever and wherever he is pleased to give me audience. The question of time and place he hath put in his own power. They are not material, if I feel sure, on scriptural grounds, that 'I shall behold his face in righteousness,' and be accepted for his dear sake."

"MY DEAR BROTHER W.,—I have your lines dated Monday, 25th, asking why I should pass the evening of Friday with strangers at a hotel, when a room awaits me at Chestnut Cottage, &c.?

"In reply, we, that is, Old South Church, have on Friday evening, at half-past seven, a special meeting for thanksgiving and prayer to God, for his great goodness to us during two hundred years.

"I much wish to be present and take part in these exercises. They occur but once in two centuries, namely, Friday eve. At nine that evening, I go to Springfield, expecting to reach there about midnight. I think I must stop and rest at S. So in returning in season for the Sabbath (that Sabbath is a 'high day,' the last day of the feast, when Rev. Dr. Manning preaches two historical or anniversary discourses, and our communion is celebrated), I hope to reach home by twelve Saturday night. Should you not think my reasons sufficient, I trust I am open to conviction, on a proper representation of the case.

"Your affectionate brother,

"C. STODDARD."

"MY DEAR NEPHEW F., — I am not unmindful that you addressed me a letter from

Cannstadt, in Germany, where I learn you passed a pleasant and profitable year in the pursuit of knowledge.

"I am now informed by your father that you have begun a business life, and that you take hold well, promising to make yourself very useful. This takes me back to my apprenticeship. At the age of thirteen, I entered a wholesale dry-goods store, and attended to the drudgery of sweeping out, packing boxes, and making fires. Gradually I was advanced to more responsible duties, though I was in my twenty-first year before I was at all free from those with which I began.

"I never regretted my long period of service in a subordinate capacity, and think, in various ways, it was very useful to me. Sometimes it will do where a young man shows unusual tact and skill, to advance him rapidly; but in very many cases, the young man is not able to sustain himself in this advanced position, and loses ground, instead of gaining it, by the movement. A very thorough acquaintance with the duties and responsibilities of your present post, with accuracy and promptness in their discharge, will be the best recommendation to a future promotion. Excuse the train into which I have fallen.

"I am inclined to sympathize with a young man in your circumstances, and would fain encourage you; that 'patient waiters are no losers;' and that fidelity in that which is least is a good guaranty for fidelity in that which is much. The sacred volume daily read, with prayer for divine guidance, will be every thing to you. 'Commit your way to the Lord, and he will direct your path.' I trust you have committed your interests for both worlds to him, and will be under his protection and guidance."

XX..

CLOSING CORRESPONDENCE.

1866-1872.

THERE remains but one more chapter of my father's letters. Many of them, as we read them in the light of events which followed, seem to indicate a silent preparation going on, fitting him for the transition from his life of loving service here, to the lofty joy of a life of praise in the Father's home above.

Following this are two letters to his brothers.

"MY DEAR BROTHER W., — Since my return I received an interesting letter from you, dated at *Saranac Lake* in the Adirondacks, to which I replied, addressing my letter to 'Martin's, Saranac Lake.' I fear you have not got it, for Mr. C. informs me that you have with precipitation fled from the woods; and I judged from his narrative, that it was with as much determination as Bunyan's Pilgrim fled from the City of Destruction. Pray, what changed your mind so suddenly? It is said in the Scriptures, that 'the wicked flee when no man pursueth;' but this would hardly apply to you. David accuses Saul of pursuing *a flea*, in following him up so closely. But it would not be like you to chase a flea or fleas. It would seem more likely they had chased you out of the world of the Adirondacks. How is this?"

"MY DEAR BROTHER A., — Yesterday I received your letter of the 3d inst., with transcript of ancient records in the public offices of the realm, in which our name figures, and perhaps our ancestors were included. Badly off would his Majesty have been if he could not have purchased of Mr. R. Stoddard a piece of ground for a park. Suppose Mr. S. had refused to sell, as Naboth did his, when the king wished it for 'a garden of herbs.' Would he have fared as badly as Naboth did? If there was a woman in the case, like Jezebel, he might have smarted somewhat.

"In both your last letters you speak of home scenes, and the enjoyment of your entire family circle, with the exception of F., who is in Paris. I have no doubt the sweeping improvements since her journey, in the greenhouse and among the shrubbery, by your fair daughter, to which you allude, will shine out and please the eyes of the beholder, and possibly be worth a journey to inspect and to enjoy. An intelligent person can hardly fail to receive profitable hints from foreign travel. I remember, as you will, that Prof. H., who once carried his effects through London tied in a bandanna handkerchief, came home, and immediately set on foot a plan for beautifying the college in his village, by laying out landscape flower gardens, and putting shade-trees through the village. To this day he leads that community in every thing relating to taste and beauty. Did I ever tell you that he had a church erected in the 'White Oaks,' nearly a mile further towards Clark's Mountain than the Sand Spring? — with a pretty tower and bell and Sunday-school room and library, with a garden and fountain and grass-plot, roses of eighty or one hundred varieties, and other pleasant things, *all paid for*, and in full operation. He himself is the pastor, and is cultivating in that people an appreciation of moral beauty and fitness. One of the "White Oaks" men is the 'keeper of the keys' of the church, and does he not feel as much dignity and importance with his sacred trust as the Lord High

Keeper of the great seal of England? Even the boys and youth, under his gentle ministrations, feel a self-respect and an aspiration which is new to those parts.

"You will do well to discriminate in your estimate of our public men. Where every thing is so free, and newspapers so numerous, much that is untrue is printed; much also that is wholly made up, and has no foundation in fact. It is certain there are in Congress many well-principled upright men, who would not countenance or uphold what they deemed wrong or wicked. A few members of the legislature of New York give a bad name to the whole body. But is this a singular case? Do not all popular bodies, closely analyzed, present similar characters? Should we not expect them, knowing that human nature is corrupt?

"The weather is warm, the season beautiful. The leafy world is in the ascendant. The birds carol the sweet praises of the Lord.

'Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,' —

come short in our praise and thanksgiving, obedience and love?"

"My dear Children,—I thank you for the bird's-eye view I had of you last week. We learn through Mrs. J——, that you returned safely, and found no detriment to your dear children in your absence. Some months ago we received from you a beautiful present of two framed photographs, pictures of 'Morning' and 'Evening.' We admired them at the time they came, and, I believe, expressed our admiration and our thanks to you. But we were uncertain where to hang them. They seemed to require a stronger light than is afforded in the hall, to bring out their beauties. So they have stood on the mantle in the library.

"Since your mother has come home, we had a little consultation upon the matter. The result arrived at is, that they now hang in our sleeping-apartment, opposite to our couch, side by side, where never picture was suspended before. Is not this a sort of virgin soil? The question came up, What position should these charming pictures hold toward each other? Does Night belong at the right hand, or at the left? If at the left, she would be *toward* the luminary of day, as he rises in the east, and be liable to be extinguished by the brilliancy of his beams. Besides, she would turn her face away from her bright companion, which, in a married couple, implies some disagreement or coldness. If we put Morning at the left, with the new-born infant grasping the torch, it is sunrise in the soul, and emblematic of the fresh Aurora, of the new-born day. Then Morning faces and pursues Night, the owl hides his diminished head, and the sable gradually gives way. What a thing is light! 'It is a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun.' How much we are indebted to light! 'Let there be light,' was the first command of the almighty Architect of this wondrous frame; and light was. He is the Father of light. 'In him is no darkness at all.' His children are said to 'walk in the light;' to tread in the path of the just, 'which is as a shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.' My wife and I have enjoyed hanging these pictures. They serve to remind us of our goodly children from whom they came.

"They are beautiful, as works of art; they are objects on which our eyes rest, as the veil of night is withdrawn. They are on wings, and point upward. And so we will enjoy them, and be profited by them, until the

‘Brightest and best of the sons of the morning
Dawns on our darkness;’

‘Until the day dawns, and the shadows flee away.’ Then shall we see Him as he is, ‘and behold the king in his beauty,’ ‘and the beautiful land’ that to us ‘is not far off.’”

“My dear Brother W., — No one likes ‘special appeals’ for charitable objects. We hope not to make them. But suppose the churches, on whom the board depends, put off their collections till midsummer, which seems a growing habit; or, suppose a deacon or collector gets the money collected in an earlier month, and *holds on* to it, instead of promptly remitting, and finally pays over the 1st of September, or later; what can we do? Both the above, or something similar, are of *very frequent* occurrence in our experience at the Missionary House. What is wanted is *one* or more efficient persons in each congregation, to *see* that the whole strength of the contribution is got, and *promptly* got. Such I suppose you to be in your church, and such I am supposed to be at Old South. The work we are engaged in is a *work of faith*, eminently so. We spent two days this week in earnest exhausting labor, looking over estimates from all the missions, and making appropriations for 1870. These must be made in time to reach the missions, all over the earth, about the 1st of January of each year. But, when made, we have no money on hand. How can we know what the churches will give? Whether they give, or not, the missionaries *must be fed* and sustained. We *trust in the Lord Jesus*, whose servants we are. We think *he has placed us where we are*, and that he has guided the missionaries to their work. When we finished our appropriations, and the amount was ascertained, with one accord we looked up to our Master and Lord, told him what we had done, asked if it was agreeable to his will, and committed the *whole case* to him. I feel happy in doing so. He has the silver and the gold, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. Not that we should relax any effort, or blindly expect him to work miracles to fill the treasury, but *go forward* with *cheerful hope* and *expectation* of a full treasury. What can we do besides? I can and hereby do *exhort you*, my brother, to *see to it*, that every man, woman, and child in your church and congregation *is invited* to a liberal contribution to the cause of foreign missions when the time comes. You cannot see *all personally;* but you can double the gifts, probably, by some plan all pervading. And I exhort myself to do the same in Old South, that there may be a cheerful response, larger in measure, and more elastic in manner, by reason of painstaking in detail, the consequence and the fruit of fervent prayer. Let all the congregations be treated in this manner, and the treasury would overflow with blessings to the heathen."

"DECEMBER, 1869.

"DEAR BROTHER W.,—I thank you for the kind suggestion 'that I should resign my position on the Prudential Committee, having served in that office as long as is prudent.' You say too, 'there are younger men qualified to act on that committee, you are sure, and those who would be willing to serve. Now, what shall I say to all this? I am just at the age our dear father was, when he resigned his office of clerk of the courts. He said that people were waiting to have him die, so as to take his office, and being a sensitive man, he would no longer occupy a position where others envied him. On the other hand, our honored mother ever regretted that her husband resigned so early. It threw him out of employment, and made some of the subsequent years pass rather slowly. However that may be, I have never contemplated a long life as probable in my case. I do not look forward with hope, expectation, or desire, to attaining the years of our father, or paternal grandfather, nor even to those of our maternal grandfather, or his predecessor. Yet there is to be said, on the other hand, that, in the fifty-five years I have resided in this city, I have never been visited with a serious illness, and rarely have consulted a physician. Once in a year is oftener than I have been detained from the house of the Lord on the Sabbath: so that others may build theories from these data, that I should not. We are on the seventh decade. We can hardly expect to continue as now, a long time. What we have to do, we should do with our might.

"Your affectionate brother,

"C. Stoddard."

"My dear M., — I cannot remember the time when you were not affectionate and loving in your attentions to me. As years roll on, I notice that you pay special attention to my feet. A footstool, cunningly wrought by your own hands, has long reminded me of our great

Creator, whose throne is the heavens, and his footstool the earth. Now your free-will offering is a 'kid of the goats,' that my feet may be 'shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace' (Eph. vi. 15). You doubtless desire that I should walk in wisdom's pleasant way, and that I may walk safely, that my feet may not stumble (Prov. iii. 23); and also that my feet should not slip, nor run to evil. The embroidery, so pleasing to the eye, is in good taste. The soft and easy fit, and the whole surrounding gives a peculiarly pleasurable sensation, for 'tis a slipper for which I thank you. I will not say, with an impulsive disciple, 'Not my feet only, but also my hands and my head' (John xiii. 9), but will be satisfied if, in time to come, as in the past, you will watch my footsteps."

"MY DEAR NIECE F., — Do you know how *rich* I am just now? I have recent letters from my nieces F. and A., also from E., also from F. and C., and from their father and mother, and yours. These letters, coming from a literary atmosphere, bring with them a fresh and agreeable odor, and answer to my mental and moral nature, as a bracing atmosphere does to the respiratory organs. They impart vigor, they cheer, they expand. Your letter is the eldest in date, and, though written on paper tinged with blue, it is not a blue letter, by any means. It is rather racy, and descriptive of the scenery and the character of the Norsemen of Northern Europe. I cannot tell you how many times it has been read, nor how much enjoyment it afforded. Arriving at a moment when I was absent at Pittsburg, on important public duties, it followed me thither, and waited with great patience at the post-office, for a call from me, while I waited, with as much equanimity as I could, for a call from it at my hotel. Suffice it to say, we missed each other; and it was not till after my return home, and repeated solicitations, that I could induce the postmaster at Pittsburg to part with so valuable a treasure, and send it to its rightful owner. Yet, though it reposed near a month in that smoky atmosphere, it came back with 'no smell of fire upon it.' Rather, it was a fresh and satisfying epistle. I wish you would go up to Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, every year, and write me the result. Thus you might perfect yourself in the language, and adapt yourself to the climate; but I will not dwell on the possible consequences of such visits.

"And now this letter lies open before me, written on board the steamer 'Warsaw,' off Cox Haven. No doubt the date will call to mind a stormy, rough, and disagreeable passage home. But

> 'The storm is laid, the winds retire,
> Obedient to His will;
> The sea, which roars at his command,
> At his command is still.'

"We have had a mild and pleasant winter, with little or no frost or snow. Not a particle of snow is to be seen, and no ice on our ponds and lakes. In the cheerful morning, as we look out upon the land and water scape, lit up by the brilliant shining after rain, I cannot refrain, in our orisons, from giving thanks to the Father of mercies, for lighting up, in so beautiful a manner, the objects which greet our eyes, while we stand in the shadow of our home to enjoy it. My Father made all this wondrous frame. It is his, and he made it. And he made me capable of enjoying it. And I do enjoy it as his handiwork; and as I journey, I would fain sing of his goodness to the children of men, and of his mercy to myself. 'Tis He who crowns the year with his goodness; 'tis He that makes our paths to drop marrow and fatness; and 'praised be his name!'

"You can sing, F.; and I think you love to raise your voice in hymns of praise to our bountiful Creator and Benefactor.

'Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing the Saviour's worthy praise,
Wondrous in his works and ways.'

And so we go on our journey in this afternoon of life.

"What a grand idea is that of living, *not* unto *ourselves*, but unto Him who died for us, and rose again! Let gratitude, for what he has done for us, mingle with desires to imitate him in saving the lost. Then the soul mounts up to some resemblance to Him who came on an errand of mercy and love, to save us; yes, to save me."

The letter which follows is written to his brother: —

"My dear Brother A., — Your lines of the 26th March reached me last week. I agree with you that all material prosperity of a state is what is drawn from the earth or the water. And it has often been a remark of mine, that a day of rain, when a drought was threatened to our country, was of more consequence than the loss, at one blow, of all the material wealth accumulated in New York or Boston. The traffickers, traders, and merchants of a city are engaged in exchanging commodities; and it often happens, that what *one* gains, makes *another* poorer.

"In reference to questions of political economy, the first condition to be considered is the geography of the country. If it be an island, like Britain, depending in part for its food upon importations from abroad, and unable to get more than a moiety from the soil, then free trade, or a market for her manufactures, is *vital*, a question whether the people shall starve or not. She must make outside nations give her grain or food for her wares.

"But in a country like this the question of food never comes in. We always have abundance, and a large surplus, and it is difficult to imagine circumstances where we shall need to import any *necessary* article of food.

"I think the less the restrictions on the intercourse of men in exchanging products, the better. Trade should be as free as possible, and the tendency is to hamper and restrict it by duties on imports, direct taxes, &c. But it should not be forgotten, that, for *eighty years* of our existence as a nation, we *never* put a direct national tax upon our people, to the amount of a dollar, and were only necessitated to do it by the gigantic war of the Rebellion. I find a reluctance in our legislators, to relinquish these direct taxes; but the people will demand it, as fast and as far as is consistent with a sure provision for the payment of our national debt, principal and interest. Congress is now hammering away at a tariff, as if even more duties should be laid, instead of a reduction which can well be made. But I trust this tariff will be rejected and never become a law, and that there will be a reduction of duties on many articles. This would suit my ideas: to be reduced as fast, and as far, as is consistent with a full provision for paying the nation's debt.

BOSTON, Sept. 30, 1870.

" In your various letters, you have alluded to the remarkable war now going on in France, where the success seems all on the side of the Germans. I think the hand of Jehovah is in it, and that its results will be greatly for the furtherance of the gospel. It has been France and French influence, that has encouraged and sustained the Jesuits in the heathen world, and thwarted and hindered Protestant missions to lands to be evangelized. It is the sword of France that of late years, has upheld the Pope and Popery in Italy, and especially in Rome. The Pope now feels insecure. His temporal power has vanished, and he has no temporal helper. I acquiesce in the mighty events, and pray the Lord to bring order out of confusion, and to so control the passions and ambitions of men, as to promote his glory and kingdom among men. Mrs. S. unites with me in love to F. and to all your children.

"Your affectionate brother,

"CHARLES STODDARD."

"MY DEAR NEPHEW F.,—I wish you a happy new year, a pleasant voyage, a joyful meeting with your family and friends, a future of as much worldly prosperity and happiness as our heavenly Father is pleased to send, or you can safely receive; and in addition to these and all terrestrial pleasures, a good hope that you are a child of God, illustrated by a life of usefulness in the service of the best of masters, and, in the world to come, a crown of glory that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for all the faithful.

"Your affectionate uncle,

"CHARLES STODDARD."

His thoughtfulness, shown in the quiet manner in which he incites his grandson to study the Bible, appears in the following letter: —

"The Second Psalm,
"The Twenty-third Psalm,
"The fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah,
"The last chapter in Revelation,
"And the first ten questions and answers of the Assembly's Catechism.

"My dear Grandson, — I know you have learned and committed to memory the four chapters in the Bible mentioned above. I want to have you know them so well that you will never forget them. I give you April and May to review and *make them perfect* to a word. Then, if you repeat them to me without a miss of one word, I offer, with the approval of your parents, to take you to Plymouth, forty miles, and show you the rock where our forefathers landed."

"My dear Niece F., — I enclose you proceedings of a very interesting interview, held last evening with a number of Indian chiefs of the wild, roving tribes, whom Gen. Grant, our president, is trying to tame and make quiet citizens, by settling them on land and teaching them to cultivate the soil. The past policy of our government to these tribes of aborigines has been, to make treaties with them as foreign nations, and Congress has often failed to make the needed appropriations to carry out the treaties; or, if they did, unscrupulous men have been employed, who have cheated the Indians out of their annuities, and left them to starve, so that the word of the president with them has been broken. They live far away, in sparsely settled parts of this great continent, and it is difficult to look after, and make strictly accountable, the agents of the government. The true policy, as it seems to me, is to treat them as citizens under the protection of our laws, as we do emigrants from other countries, and allow them to own land, and build houses, and have schools and churches, the same as other people; not punish the crime of one poor Indian, by a war on all his tribe.

"F., I verily believe a person of your patient temperament, and intellectual perceptions of the fitness of things, if clothed with the needed power, would work out a solution of this Indian question, which would be most happy for the untutored savage, and blessed for the country where he sojourns as 'a pilgrim and a stranger.'

"Now in these days of woman's rights, what could you do better, than to take up this great subject of redressing or righting the wrongs of all the Indians on this continent, who are within the territory of these United States, so far as these can be affected by general regulations and faithful agencies, and comprehensive plans? It would probably take all the leisure of such an one as you, for a year, to *read up* and learn the history and policy of the United States, with reference to the tribes; and another year to visit, and inquire personally into the wrongs, the feelings, and the plans for doing them good. The great obstacle is the number of different tribes (seventy or eighty), and the different and dissimilar languages these Indians speak. Good and well-qualified interpreters are not plenty, yet they are to be had. Were you a man, I should gravely present this subject to you, as a practical way of doing good; and as you are not, I throw out these thoughts for your cogitations. I think your father has a few volumes about the Indians, in his library. And should you desire, I can procure the published Congressional documents in relation to these tribes, for your improvement and study. The gospel, I regard as ultimately the only effectual remedy for the wants and woes of poor Indians, as well as of all others. We have a flourishing mission among the Dacotahs, a tribe of some thirty thousand souls. And the other religious denominations have missionaries among other tribes. Their *great want* is a personal interest in the provisions of the gospel for the salvation of their souls.

"But preparatory and in subordination to this great end, is the locating and protecting of them in their rights of property and the avails of their industry, that they may be encouraged to adopt the habits and the practices of civilized and Christian communities. Your letter of March 31 was received about a fortnight later, and gave me much pleasure, as it did to your aunt, and Cousin M. We are having now warm weather, 80° to 90°, Fahrenheit, while you were shivering, a fortnight ago, with cold. You have much to enjoy in your varied life, —practising with M. on the piano, sketching from nature, gathering wild flowers, and studying the objects in earth, in water, and air, making yourself mistress of geology. Do you discover, as yet, 'sermons in stones'? I shall be happy to hear of your discoveries in this line. I doubt not the effect of all your geological investigation will be to deepen and confirm your unshaken confidence in the Scripture declaration, 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.'

"We are beginning to cherish a better feeling towards the mother-country. The treaty is generally acceptable here, for its equity and fairness. It has been confirmed by a four-fifths vote in the Senate, and we feel sure it will be signed by your queen, and become a fixed fact. I have no claim under it, nor any of my friends, so far as I know; but I rejoice in it because of the principles of rectitude which it embodies. Your aunt M. is the same quiet, placid friend and companion as when you were with us; but she will not be able to write much. Love to you.

"Your affectionate uncle,

"CHARLES STODDARD."

There follow two characteristic letters to different grandsons: —

"JUNE, 1872.

"MY DEAR GRANDSON, — I wish you much happiness on your birthday. I send you in this five small notes by the United States. They promise to pay you ten cents cash, or fifty cents in all. At Andover, you may not wish to buy any thing, but you may wish to do good with money; and I dare say they have collections in the Sabbath school and the church.

"We heard this morning that the steamer in which your father and mother sailed, arrived at Queenstown to-day. If you are glad to hear this, thank the Lord, who has preserved them, and write a little letter. Thank Mr. and Mrs. R. for all their kindness to you. Praise the Lord, for he is good.

"Your affectionate grandfather,
"C. S."

"My dear Grandson, — I shall be most happy to hear you recite perfectly the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, at four o'clock the afternoon before Christmas.

"Sooner, if snow comes, and you are in a hurry for a blue sled.

"Your Grandpa Stoddard."

"My dear Brother W., — I wish to thank you in advance for remembering me with the beautiful autumnal fruit. I shall look out for it, and be grateful as I partake of it. I have all things, and abound; but I never owned an apple-tree, nor ground to plant in, but I have before now sat under my own vine, and had more blessings than I can remember."

A little later he writes:—

"I have suffered from a cold; but I did not keep in the house, except when rainy, but went about my regular avocations, and had no anxious apprehensions, although my mansion, having stood the storms of seventy winters, may be expected to be racked soon. Still I am happy to have it taken down, when it pleases the great Master-Builder; and, while it lasts, my purpose is, in my poor way, to sing his worthy praise, and to extol his excellent majesty. In this I invite you to join, and it may be an acceptable offering, well pleasing to God."

He writes this year to one of his daughters as follows:—

"It is a matter of increasing satisfaction to me, to know that my times are in God's hands. He condescends to order all my affairs. I would have no will nor purpose on which I cannot ask his blessing. And I would feel satisfied with his disposal of me and mine according to his most holy will. I feel sure that my highest desires for my children and grandchildren are, that they may be new creatures in Christ Jesus.

" And, as the years roll on, the final abode of 'the just made perfect' looms up to the eye of faith as infinitely desirable and blessed. In connection with these experiences, the word of God has such a relish for me, that I can lay down any other book as insipid compared with the sure word of prophecy. I have great pleasure, nearly every day in the year, at the early morning hour, in dwelling upon portions of the Scripture, in preparing for my Sabbath Bible-class, and in this way, have gone through the Old Testament, with the exception of Jeremiah and Ezekiel, in course. Now I am upon the life of Christ, chronologically arranged, and the daily refreshment amply repays for the time and labor given. The Christian life, to be of any value, must be one of *service.* It is not our enjoyment or comfort we should seek, but the good of others. And happiness, in the Christian course, must be found in imparting to others the blessings we have received ourselves.

"This is the way our heavenly Father does good even to the evil and unthankful. And we can never have an example more sublime than our Father above. I trust the winter will not wear away without a visit from you, even though it be short. The opportunities will not always last, and let us enjoy intercourse as often as we can; for we may be gainers, and do each other good."

During his last absence in Europe, he met an English clergyman who, with his wife, was studying art and recreating in Italy. Mr. Stoddard with his quick appreciation of this refined, scholarly, and cultured mind, and more than all, with the sterling piety of this gentleman, fostered the acquaintance casually begun. Many were the walks on the Pincian Hill, many the conversations that they held, in which I shared the pleasure. And delightful, in the quiet rooms of the hotel were our Sabbath services, with only the two families as worshippers. The friendship was kept up, first by notes, then by a delightful visit at the English home, where husband and wife joined in making the sojourn most refreshing. Subsequent correspondence bridged the ocean that separated them, and this was full of a warm, mutual sympathy. A part of one of my father's letters will give an idea of this intercourse. Alluding to the great fire of 1872, in Boston, in regard to which Rev. Mr. B—— had written a letter of sympathy, my father says, "Man is an animal slow to learn wisdom. Wisdom is said to come out of the fire. And now all sorts of plans are broached for rebuilding our burnt district in a safe manner, well protected against fire. But I scarcely hope for any substantial protection until we have suffered again and again. Concert of action in builders, peremptory orders from competent authority capable of enforcing its mandates, are especially needed in so free a community as this.

"I fully sympathize with you in the views you express of the unsettled state of our moral and theological affairs. New theories are constantly advanced on all subjects. The Bible is assailed by friend and foe. For wise reasons, our heavenly Father permits error to spring up, and impossible theories to be brought forward, that they may be combated by truth, and, in the end, truth prevails.

"Meantime, the work of the world's evangelization is steadily going forward, and one nation after another is preparing to wheel into line under the banner of the cross. And blessed are those who bear a part in this work! We are certain of the final triumph of the gospel of the Son of God.

"I hope, dear sir, your health and usefulness will be long continued, and made more and more apparent. My wife joins me in affectionate remembrances to you and Mrs. B——.

"I am, dear sir, yours in Christian bonds,

"C. S."

Shortly after this letter was received, word was sent to him that my father was no longer here to confer with him upon the themes on which both loved to dwell. Rev. Mr. B—— thus replied:—

"Dear Mrs. J.,—When your letter reached me, there lay on my desk an envelope addressed to 'C. Stoddard, Esq., Boston;' and I cannot tell you with how much regret I received your painful communication. In your father's last letter, he enclosed his latest photograph. And, though I did not need it to preserve the outline of his bodily presence, yet it was very acceptable, as showing the advances of age under the sacred influence of faith in Christ, and the daily enjoyment of a hope which purifies the spirit, the nearer it approaches the blessedness of fruition. I have always esteemed it one of the felicities of my life, that I ever knew him, and have always looked upon him as a unique example of some Christian graces, the remembrance of which has often been of great use to me. He was so serene, so self-possessed, so unambitious, and so real in his life, that he has often occurred to my thoughts when endeavoring to describe the true disciple, in opposition to the fretful, restless tribe, who weary themselves for 'very vanity.'

"His most obvious characteristic was serenity, which seemed to be made up of self-possession and cheerfulness. He was so good, so calm, so beneficent, that I have thought he was one of the best examples of Christian faith and diffusive goodness I had ever known. His peace arose from reconciliation with God, and his love for his fellow-creatures. I remember one day, he was passing through the passage in the hotel where he staid in Rome, when a pane of glass in the inner doors was broken while he passed through them. I said to my wife, knowing his calm manner, 'I should as soon think it was broken by a sunbeam, as by Mr. Stoddard.' He has left a fair and lovely image on my memory."

There are, among the letters sent to me from which to make selection, two addressed to Dr. Clark, Secretary of the American Board. They were written to cheer and encourage him in days of physical weakness. Dr. Clark sent them, suggesting that they were 'characteristic,' and 'very valuable to him as tokens of his personal regard.' That all who were associated with my father loved him, is their constant testimony. The first of these letters was written in 1870:—

"My dear Sir,—I hope that you are enjoying yourself in your quiet, pleasant home, and are conscious of gain.

"I hope as your recovery progresses, and strength returns, as I believe it will, that you will have patience with yourself, and not be unduly anxious to go to work again.

"I have often admired the quiet contentment of Gentleman Noah, when the flood had abated, and he was naturally anxious to get out of the ark, and smell the fresh air once more. It is said of him (Gen. viii. 10), that he 'staid other seven days,' and, in verse 12, 'and he staid other seven days,' and lingered till he had received the command of God *to go forth out of* *the ark.* 'Patient waiters are no losers;' and you are one of these; and, in due time, we shall hope to welcome you back to the Missionary House.

"Yours very affectionately,

"C. S."

The other is written in 1871, when Dr. Clark was absent chiefly on missionary duties, while at the same time his friends hoped that he might gain, in the change of work, some needed refreshment.

"My dear Friend, — Your most welcome letter, dated Brindisi, reached me before I left my house yesterday, and the manner in which you speak of yourself is quite encouraging, especially as what we had previously heard from you in Florence and Rome was not particularly favorable. If you are indeed 'feeling better than for a year before,' it is a great gain. You have the ordeal of warm weather, and exciting scenes with missionaries and native brethren before you. But the Lord seems to have sent his angel before your face, and thus prepared the way before you, in and around Constantinople and the region of Western Turkey. So it may turn out that your chief business there, may be to pour oil, and bless them in the name of the Lord, bidding them God speed. In such a state of things, too good to be looked for, the very exuberance of your feelings, from distressing doubt and apprehension, to perfect love that casteth out fear, may be too much for your nerves. And the Lord, ever mindful of our weakness, may send you trials there you could not have looked for. Yet he will help you, and in any case bring you out of all your experiences into a large and healthy place. Perhaps this place is Switzerland, where it will be well for you to pause on your return, and spend a month in quiet repose among those grand displays of God's creative power. I am not sure that you could do better, though wanted here; and not calculate to be here until the eve of the annual meeting in October, leaving others to make all the arrangements therefor.

"I write, not by authority, but you are invested with a wise discretion; and in a matter of this kind, your wife, like her father, would be, I should think, a wise counsellor. I am much interested in your comments on Italy and Rome. God works slowly, but he will overturn, and he, whose right it is, shall reign.

Let us adore his excellent majesty. Let us admire his wonderful ways; not as ours, but higher and more glorious.

"I rest in his exceeding great and precious promises, not for Italy or Turkey only, but for a revolted world, one day to sit down at our Immanuel's feet, and crown *Him Lord of all.* Mrs. S—— desires to join with me in best wishes for your prosperity.

"We pray for you to our God and yours, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

"Yours,
"C. S."

With his only sister, letters were exchanged during the years from her childhood to these last weeks of Mr. Stoddard's life. All but very few, and those the last that were written, were burned.

The following is to her: —

"My dear Sister, — Your letter of 2d December, at B——, has been long in my hands. I thank you for writing; and I wish we might oftener exchange letters, thus knowing events in each other's lives minutely, that we might sympathize more fully in each other's joys and anticipations. For I trust, my dear sister, your prevailing feelings in reference to the future, partake something of the spirit of Paul in chains, expecting martyrdom, when he said, 'I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord shall give me at that day.' I hardly expect you to be in the expectant attitude of Paul, though I think it is our privilege to rejoice in the Lord, and in the exercise of faith, to recognize our title to the heavenly inheritance; not of works, but of grace. For myself, having nearly completed my seventieth year, I am called an old man. I have lived a very busy life, and been more stationary than some of my brothers. As to the best use of life for the glory of God, and the best interests of men, who of us can compare with our brother David, whose life, though brief, was so full of labor for Christ, of successful missionary work, and who still lives to influence the present and the future generations, by his example of self-sacrifice to his Master?

"It is twenty-five years next November, since our eldest brother entered into rest.

Lovely and pleasant' was he to me in life, and his memory is fragrant."

"With feeble health how much did he accomplish! His Latin grammar yields his widow an income yearly. What he did, in the way of instructing and influencing the rising race for high and holy work, we know not, but his influence was only for good while he lived. I suppose you will be happy in having a son in the missionary field. I know your heart is in the work, and I shall be glad to hear often from you.

"Affectionately,

"C. S."

To one of his grandsons, April, 1870: —

"My dear Grandson, — On this, your tenth birthday, I send you a picture which I admire, and I hope you will. It contains twenty-three heads, or portraits, all Jewish. Two of them are supposed to be the reputed parents of our Lord, Joseph and Mary. But the principal figure is intended to represent the Lord Jesus Christ, when he was twelve, two years older than you are to-day.

'Yet he obeyed his mother then,
And came at her command.'

He was holy, harmless, and separate from sinners. He has had many followers and imitators. One of them was Thomas à Kempis, who lived some hundreds of years ago. Another was Paul, called by some people 'Saint Paul,' because he followed Christ so closely. Won't you imitate Christ, and follow him, my grandson? Do as you think Jesus would have you, every day. Learn to love him. Try to please him. Daily pray to him, for he is alive in heaven, and, if you love and serve him here on earth, he will take you, when you die, to live in that glorious world where he is. Ask if you may have this picture hung in your room. If you will look at it every morning, and ask yourself, How would Jesus like to have me act and do to-day? it may help you to do right, and thus to please and honor him.

"My dear grandson, I wish you many happy years: so does grandma.

"Your affectionate grandpa,
"C. S."

"DEAR BROTHER A.,—I do not call myself young now. Providence, or rather I would say my heavenly Father, has favored me with a good measure of health, during nearly all my life.

Rarely have I had occasion to consult a physician, and more rarely have I been detained from the house of God on the Sabbath. Last November completed fifty years membership in Old South Church, and I shall have been in the Sabbath school, as teacher, in September, during the same period of time. For thirty-one years I have served the Old South, as treasurer, but this office I resign in April. And at next commencement I propose to vacate my connection with Williams College, as trustee, having served thirty-three or thirty-four years.

"In your letter of Feb. 21, you say of the Washington treaty, 'If claims are set up and enforced, or, rather, persisted in, which are opposed to common-sense and to justice, do you think we shall gain any thing, in the end, by bringing them forward?'

"To which I reply, The Golden Rule, laid down in the New Testament by the Lord and Redeemer, is the ultimate and final rule for the good alike of nations, communities, and individuals. Here it is: 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.'

"To learn whether the government and people of England did according to this rule, in our late civil conflict, they have only to place themselves in our circumstances, and ask if they would like to be served as they served us. If they would, then no treaty is needed. When England is next at war with a European power, precisely the line of conduct pursued toward her, which she pursued toward us, would go far to ruin her commerce, protract her conflict, and well-nigh ruin her country. Then, as to indirect or consequential damages; if it is against common-sense to put forward such claims by the United States, then it would be against common-sense in any future wars of Great Britain; and she may be ruined by indirect losses of the profit of her ships and commerce; but she can never bring forward any claim for damages. I think the *royal law* will stand the test, and nothing short of it. And there had better be no settlement between the two powers, unless on the basis of the Golden Rule. England has stoutly and persistently said that she could not prevent 'The Alabama' from escaping from her ports. But she could have *stopped* that cruiser in the *first* of her ports afterwards entered. Did she make an effort to do this? Did she not give all these cruisers aid and comfort, in her ports, while they were destroying our commerce? Has she ever denied this? Which was the worst, — allowing the pirates to escape, or giving them aid and comfort ever after? Remember, England *proposed* the late settlement, and sent her best men to Washington to form the treaty. They were received with cordiality and candor. The British envoys consulted the home government by telegram at every step. The treaty was drawn with clearness and precision; each party was to make a statement to arbitrators. It was ratified and confirmed by our president and his cabinet, by United States senators, and signed by our chief magistrate. It was also ratified by the government of Great Britain, and has the signature of her Majesty the Queen. The arbitrators are all appointed and all ready. Each party agreed to submit absolutely to their decision. Now, before they have met, a great outcry is heard in Britain, 'We never will submit to arbitration on such claims.'

"England makes up her case as she pleases. We make our claim for damages definite. "Besides, we *argue claims* for consequential damages. We, the United States, will accept the decision as final, whatever is awarded. So England must not lose ground. There is no excitement in this country about the treaty. The reason it was universally approved here when negotiated, was the evidence apparent, that each party *meant to do right*. We want not a dollar more than the arbitrators think we should have. For the cause of humanity, I hope there will be no further hinderance to a final settlement by the arbitrators at Geneva.

"I find my mind more and more occupied with the world which lies beyond this, and the importance of doing with my might what I have to do while here, which cannot be long. Why should we not open our hearts and our contemplations to the objects of faith; especially to Christ as a personal Saviour, who is willing to come to us, and to hold intimate relations to us as our guest, if we so desire? May you, dear brother, as you abound in knowledge and in wisdom, abound in this grace also, of intimate communion with Jesus as your personal Saviour! Let us strive together for this."

"MY DEAR NIECE S., — I remember that this is an anniversary day to you. I hope it may find you on the ascending series, in regard to health. True, the winter has been long, and cold and stormy. But you have had a warm dry home, with good lodgings, and kind friends to anticipate your wishes and supply your wants. Then you have a kind Father above, who knows your frame, and takes cognizance of your weakness, and who will not 'break the bruised reed.' Confide lovingly, my dear, in this heavenly Friend; accept with cheerfulness all the allotments he sends. Receive them as from a Father's hand. Feel that He will order all things in kindness and love, and, if you are his, cause all to work out your best good for this world, and for that which is to come. 'Do all things without murmurings or disputings, that you may be a child of God without rebuke.'

"The wise and good who have preceded us have found much profit and permanent benefit in the afflictions and trials which they have been called to meet. And it is no doubt true, that our light afflictions do often yield 'the peaceable fruits of righteousness' to those of us who are exercised thereby. May we not hope that you may find your Christian graces refined and purified by the confinement and illness which has now followed you several months? There are many severer sufferers in the range of my acquaintance. You can recall such cases.

"It is a world of trial in which we live; but if the trials are received by us with meek submission and acquiescence to the divine will, they will be sanctified, and work in us the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

"I write to you not expecting a reply, unless you feel like it some time. Your aunt sends her love. She has a sympathizing heart, and often speaks of you and of your indisposition, with a longing desire for your recovery. You share in our prayers, my dear S. The portrait of your dear departed father is before us whenever we are in the dining-room.

"His bright Christian example should animate us in 'running the race set before us,' which race, in my case, must be nearly run already. With love to all,

"C. S."

"To his niece S.: —

> "Children of the heavenly King,
> As you journey, sweetly sing."

"'But I can't sing; my voice is weak, and I have a cough.'

"Yes, you *can* sing. The birds sing, in a wet morning, without a towel to wipe off and dry their feathers. If you can't sing, hum; if you can't do that, say, 'Lul, lul, lul.' Turn your thoughts outward. Think of some one whom God cares for, but who has little sympathy from men, and *go and visit her*. There must be many in Northampton who would value a brief call from you; and if you get tired going, you could rest after. I would go out every day, and have some *objective point*, as the theologians would say.

"I hear that the poor horse is dead. Well, I presume he has lived out the full measure of his days. Please say to my brother that there is a horse in N. or its vicinity, gentle, and easily driven by a female.

"His owner wishes some one to hire him for three months, and give a moderate compensation for his use. I do not know exactly what barn holds this horse. You might say, 'Now, father, you want just such a horse as Uncle Charles speaks of, and he says he can be found in a barn in the town, or near it. *I will volunteer* to visit *all the barns in town*, one each day, till I discover the nag; and having found him, I will immediately introduce him to you, and you to him.' Do not be shocked, my dear, at the suggestion that a public-school teacher should become a horse-hunter. Any honest employment is honorable; and, till 'that horse' was found, you would always have an objective case to govern walks. So if there are not wilted mortals in sufficient numbers to visit, you will not be without motive in going out. After you get out, *do as I do;* open your mouth, and take a long breath, then inhale as large a quantity of the air of heaven as your lungs will contain, and do that *over* and *over* every few minutes; and in the course of thirty walks, on as many days, you will find your chest and respiratory organs wonderfully improved, so that you will sing for very joy, sweetly and loud. Don't read or meditate; when at leisure, sing, if not loud, then softly, —

"When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys."

"The gentlest whisper of a song of praise will do you good. I hope those dirty books are carried back to the library, and you need none in their room just now. You have three months of delicious fall weather before you. Go and count the apples on a tree; and count how they can be made to do good, and not perish. I think of your pleasant face, and am drawn out to thank you for your company at Marion, during four weeks. You did well to come. Now that house is deserted and still. All the inmates are gone to their homes; but poor 'Dan,' the dog, where is he?

"With love to all, your uncle,

"CHARLES STODDARD."

"MY DEAR BROTHER W., — Probably you may remember the return of your birthday, and be aware that you now enter upon your seventieth year. I presume you do not feel any thing like as old as you have done at earlier periods of your history. However this may be, I come to congratulate you on attaining so respectable an age, and to sing with you, —

"Thus far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace."

"I think you sing better than I, for I do not, as yet, sing any; but I hope to learn some of the tunes which fill with delight the holy throng above. While your 'bow abides in strength,' may you yet do much for the cause of the Lord! I think it matter for praise to

God, that you were called so early into his kingdom, and that you have had so active and prominent a part in building up the kingdom of our Lord in connection with the benevolent enterprises which have grown out of the church with which you are connected. Let us not feel that we must retire from active labor, but continue 'to do with our might what our hands find to do' for the spread of the gospel, and the glory of Christ, knowing that the time must be short. And let us report to each other as we journey on."

XXI.

CONCLUSION.

April, 1872.

A SHORT time after the closing letter of the preceding chapter was written, the messenger came to call my father from his labors to enter into his rest. The last time that he went out was Friday, April 12, when he was present in his accustomed place at the weekly prayer-meeting, refreshing himself and strengthening others with spiritual communion. The next morning found him oppressed and feverish; but unaccustomed to yield to any trifling illness, he dressed as usual, intending to bid good-by to friends who were to sail for Europe at an early hour that morning.

But his strength failed him, and he was compelled to remain at home. Those who knew his power of will, but saw him nevertheless submit to a foe stronger than he, felt, with a foreboding begotten by their anxious affection, that the shadow of death had indeed come to darken their hearts.

He had completed his work; his trust accounts had been closed; his last words of admonition and Christian cheer had been spoken; while his soul had been day by day living rather in the heavenly home than here.

"His conversation," in the full meaning of that word, was "in heaven."

Yet he had not put off the harness. As he says in his letters, "While I live I would serve my Master, and be his faithful soldier unto death." His wish was granted. One week only of pain and weariness was allotted him. During these days, one of his grandsons carried to him a bunch of rosebuds.

He desired to see and talk with the child; and while enjoying the perfume of the flowers, repeated the hymn of Watts, —

> "Go worship at Immanuel's feet,
> See in his face what wonders meet;
> Earth is too narrow to express
> His worth, his glory, or his grace.
>
> Is he a rose? Not Sharon yields
> Such fragrancy in all her fields;
> Or, if the lily he assume,
> The valleys bless the rich perfume."

And with unfailing memory he repeated all the verses of that hymn, closing with

"Oh, let me climb those higher skies
Where storms and darkness never rise!
There he displays his powers abroad,
And shines and reigns the incarnate God.

Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven, his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace
Till we behold him face to face."

The day after this interview, he was confined to his bed. Much of the time was spent in prayer for others.

He prayed earnestly for his immediate family; he poured out fervent supplications for the members of that church with which he had been united so many years; he prayed in whispered words, even when his strength failed, for the cause of Christ.

Adoration was, as ever, mingled with his petitions. In his times of restlessness, a few of the words of Jesus would soothe and quiet him. And while they were repeated, he looked out beyond, as if he not only heard the words, but saw his beloved Redeemer.

He had no strength now to warn those about him to be ready for this hour, nor had he visions and glorious revelations to describe to waiting watchers by his bedside; but the peace of God was a felt presence, so that even a stranger, who had been in many a home at such a time, esteemed it a blessing to be permitted to hear his prayers and minister to him.

The second Sabbath morning found a change in him, which, to the inexperienced, awakened a faint hope of his recovery. Like the flame in the candle, which brightens just ere the light goes out, so he revived but for a few moments. Then whispering, "To-morrow I shall be with my Saviour," he shut his eyes like a weary child, and, with shorter and yet shorter breathing, went to sleep; to wake — "What type of earth can picture that awakening?" Attendant angels lead him into the presence of his life-long, best-beloved Friend and Saviour. Let us leave him there, forever 'satisfied.' All the vain longings of empty human hearts *must* be still, contemplating such felicity. While we turn upward our tearful eyes to catch a gleam of the radiance that is within the portal, we hear a voice, "Why stand ye here gazing?" Follow him, as he followed Christ. Then shall ye also enter the gates, and join the assembly of the saints before the throne, who cry, "Worthy is the Lamb!"

"Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary, worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him in the eventide of life, —
A life well spent, whose early care it was.
His riper years should not upbraid his green;
By unperceived degrees he wears away,
Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting.
High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hampered, struggles hard to get away;
While the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast-coming harvest. Then, oh! then,
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought. Oh, how he longs
To have his passport signed, and be dismissed!

'Tis done; and now he's happy! The glad soul
Has not a wish uncrowned. E'en the lag flesh
Rests too, in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to sunder more.
Nor shall it hope in vain: the time draws near,
When not a single spot of burial earth
Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long-committed dust
Inviolate."

The funeral services were held in the Central Church, which was filled with men and women who had honored and loved Mr. Stoddard, and came to pay him this last tribute of their respect and affection. It was remarked, as an unusual characteristic of the services, that they were animating and triumphant in tone. The hymns were favorites of his; the first, —

" Lo, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down
Adorned with shining grace.

Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing, —
Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode, —
Men the dear objects of his grace,
And he the loving God.

His own soft hands shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself, shall die.

How long, dear Saviour! oh, how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day!"

Dr. Blagden, for many years his pastor, gave a lengthened testimony to his life of Christian fidelity and love, exemplified in days of difficulty, as well as in days of peace and serenity.

Dr. Manning, his pastor at the time of his death, read the following selections of Scripture. Both pastors expressed, in their different ways, a deep sense of their personal loss in his removal. The words that were used by Dr. Manning in his reading were entirely from the Bible, beginning, —

"I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

"He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith."

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.

"And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying, Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God.

"And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

"The memory of the just is blessed.

"The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord.

"And it came to pass, as they still went on, that, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven. And Elisha saw it, and he cried, My father, my father! the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof! And he saw him no more. And he took the mantle of Elijah, and smote the waters of Jordan therewith, saying, Where is the Lord God of Elijah? And the waters were parted hither and thither, and he went over. Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. O Lord, revive thy work; in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy.

"Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might; let not the rich man glory in his riches: but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving kindness, judgment, righteousness, in the earth; for in these things I delight, saith the Lord.

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee. The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children.

"Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal; for, where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. We know, that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

"It is sown in weakness: it is raised in power. It is sown a natural body: it is raised a spiritual body; for this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

"And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God; and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal;

"And had a wall great and high, and twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels; and names written thereon, which are the names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel.

"On the east, three gates; on the north, three gates; on the south, three gates; and, on the west, three gates. And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb. And he that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city, and the gates thereof, and the wall thereof.

"And the city lieth four square, and the length is as large as the breadth; and he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal.

"And he measured the wall thereof, an hundred forty and four cubits, according to the measure of a man; that is, of the angel. And the building of the wall of it was of jasper; and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass. And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony; the fourth, an emerald; the fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, a sardius; the seventh, chrysolite; the eighth, a beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth, a chrysoprasus; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst. And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl; and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass. And I saw no temple therein; for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it, and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there.

"And they shall bring the glory and honor of the nations into it. And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

"And after this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb! And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God, saying, Amen! Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever! Amen.

"And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Dr. Clark, Secretary of the A. B. C. F. M., gave a sketch of Mr. Stoddard's connection with the Board of Missions, and expressed his personal estimate of him, and his affection for him. It is not intended to make these pages a eulogy; and therefore the words of these friends are not inserted. But a fact Dr. Clark stated is given as he said it: —

"Mr. Stoddard had selected from the thirty-third chapter of Isaiah, with the devotedness which characterized him, a verse to read at the next meeting of the Prudential Committee, on the Tuesday when he was prevented from being present. In this verse are the words, 'Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off.'

"Prophetic selection! but we can change the tense, and say, 'Thine eyes have seen the King in his beauty: they have beheld the land that is very far off.'"

Dr. Hopkins, in a broken voice, told of his loss of a dear friend in Mr. Stoddard's departure, while he mentioned, with high commendation, his labors as trustee of Williams College. The quiet sleeper heard no praises, nor did he feel the hot tears that fell from poor and lonely widows who came to take one more look at a face that had brought to them ever a blessing. More touching than all the other manifestations, were these tokens of love from solitary and humble children of God, who came to mourn in him a friend and benefactor. The closing hymn was the well-known

'Jerusalem, my glorious home,'

sung to strains of joy. According to his wish, his body was carried to his boyhood's home in Northampton; and in its cheerful but simple burial-ground, he was laid to rest.

Peaceful is the place. Over his grave tall pines murmur their plaintive song, while beneath their lofty branches streams the warm sunshine, with nothing to disturb the quiet.

Not far away are the graves of Brainerd, of Solomon Stoddard the minister, of David the missionary brother, — a goodly company, while those of his parents fill their place in the generations that long ago have reached their earthly goal. There his body is laid, separated from its tenant spirit till the morning of the resurrection.

> "Then shalt thou glorious rise, and fair,
> Nor spot nor stain nor wrinkle bear;
> While I, with hovering wing elate,
> The bursting of thy bonds shall wait,
> And bear the welcome of the sky,
> No more to part, no more to die,
> Co-heir of immortality."

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